THE PSALMS OF DAVID, IN English Metre;

Tranſlated from the ORIGINAL,

And Suited to all the TUNES now Sung in CHURCHES:

With the Additions of ſeveral NEW.

By *LUKE MILBOURNE,*
A Presbyter of the Church of *England.*

عَلَى البُرهَانِ تعرف السولِيعَت

Adag. Arab.

Thus by the Streams, the Spring is clearly ſhown;
And the Tranſlation makes the Author known.

Lord *Falkland.*

None can condemn the Wiſh or Labour ſpent,
Good Matter in good Words to repreſent.

Biſhop *King,* to Mr. *Sandys:*

London, Printed for *W. Rogers* at the *Sun, R. Clavill* at the *Peacock,* and *B. Tooke* at the *Middle Temple Gate,* all in *Fleetſtreet. J. Lawrence* at the *Angel* in the *Poultry,* and *J. Tayler* at the *Ship* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, 1698.



TO
His Highneſs
THE
DUKE
OF
GLOCESTER.

May it pleaſe Your Highneſs,

THis little Book wants a *Protector*; And where could it find a Better, than in *Our other Hope?* Your Highneſs has here the *greateſt King*, and the *beſt of Poets*, to

excite Your *Courage*, and enliven Your *Devotion*. You have the *Wit* and *Spirit* of a Court, without the *Follies* of the preſent Age; *Fineneſs* of Thought, without *Looſneſs* of Fancy; *Rapture*, without *Extravagance*; and *Piety*, without the Extreams of *Superſtition* or *Idolatry*. Theſe Hymns contain nothing but what may adorn the Innocence of *Youth* and the Vigour of a *Manly Age*. The Maſters of Muſick may try their Skill here, and ſing *God's Praiſes* in as charming Notes as *common* and *deſpicable Amours*; and advance the Love of their *Redeemer*, above all the Atchievments of a *fancied Hero*.

From

From Your Highneſs's Hand this Work may be acceptable to *His moſt Excellent Majeſty*, and find Admiſſion into the Cloſet of Your *Royal Mother*: If read by Your Self, it will be a *Divine Monitor* in Your Diverſions, a *Companion* in Your Privacy, a *Support* under Uneaſineſs, and a *Security* to Your Religion: Thoſe *Holy Truths*, convey'd through the Channels *ſmooth* and *eaſie Verſe*, will, with God's Bleſſing, make You *wiſer than Your Enemies*, *more knowing than any* Earthly *Teachers*, and *more apprehenſive than thoſe of Elder Years*. May the God of Heaven bleſs Your Highneſs's *Pregnant Youth* with advancing

Vertues, and unfading Years: May He crown You with *Love* and *Honour* here, and with *Love* and *Happineſs* hereafter: Which is the moſt earneſt Prayer of

Your Highneſs's

Moſt Humble, and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

Luke Milbourne.

To the Moſt Reverend Fathers in God the Archbiſhops, *the Right Reverend the* Biſhops, *and the Reverend* Clergy *of* Great Britain *and* Ireland; *eſpecially ſuch as now do, or hereafter may repreſent that whole Body, in* Convocation:

The Preface of *Luke Milbourne, Preſbyter*, and Author of this Tranſlation of the *Pſalms* of *David*.

Moſt Reverend, Right Reverend, and Reverend Fathers and Brethren!

THAT Pſalmody *was, amongſt the* Jews, *a conſiderable Part of* Divine Worſhip, *that Book, of which* this *calls it ſelf a* Tranſlation, *is a ſufficient Evidence: That it*

was uſed among Chriſtians *of old, is unqueſtionable. And perhaps it is no Diſparagement either to the Jewiſh or the Chriſtian Church, that a great part of the old Heathen Worſhip conſiſted in Singing* Hymns and Praiſes *to their Gods. There is ſomewhat ſo truly Divine and Charming in* Well-ſet Notes, *and* Vocal and Inſtrumental Harmony; *they are ſo apt to chear and revive* languid and drooping Spirits, *ſo likely to make ſtrong Impreſſions on the* Memory, *and ſo extreamly affecting to the* devout Soul, *that as the Agreeableneſs of their Numbers made* Poets *of old the fitteſt* Treaſures of Divine Knowledge, *ſo the Softneſs and Sweetneſs of their Notes may make the* Maſters of Sacred Muſick *among our ſelves (were but their Lives as Heavenly as their Art) the* fitteſt Companions for happy Souls, and Bliſsful Angels: *With reſpect to whom, our excellent* Waller *ſays;*

All that we know of thoſe above,
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

What

What Thoughts our first Reformers *in this Nation had of this part of Divine Worſhip is not eaſie to conjecture: But whether they judged* Singing of Pſalms by the whole Congregation *no neceſſary part of a* Publick Liturgy, *or ſuppoſed that the* Reading Pſalms, *chaunted in* Recitative, *or ſung as at preſent in Cathedrals, (which ſeems favour'd by that Title they carry in our* Common-Prayer-Book, The *Pſalter* or *Pſalms* of *David*, Pointed as they are to be Said or Sung in Churches,) *was enough to anſwer that part of Worſhip, 'tis certain they took no Care for any* Metrical Tranſlation *of thoſe ſacred Hymns, for publick Uſe. And though ſome pious and learned Men had taken pains to put them into* Verſe, *the* ſetled Liturgy *took no notice of the Matter. Nor could I ever find any* Authentick Allowance *for ſinging them in publick.*

However, the Practice of Singing pr
vail'd here every Day, in Imitation
the Reformed *abroad, and certainly ten*
ed very much towards the advancing
the Reformation *it ſelf; but, after al*
was only connived at, *or* tolerated
And after the Reſtauration *of* our Re
ligion, *and* our Government, *neve*
Authoriſed, or ſo much as mentioned, a
a Part of our Publick Service: And th
preſent and conſtant Practice of our Ca
thedrals and Collegiate Churches, an
our Colleges, not to mention the Chape
Royal, *and other Places where Choir*
are fixed, intimates, that ſuch *Pſalm*
were never deſign'd to be ſetled b
Authority; Proſe-Anthems *being ther*
generally ſung, taken out of the Reading
Pſalms; *ſome ſhort Parts of other* Scri
ptural Hymns; *ſome of* private Com-
poſure; *and, by chance, ſometimes a*
Verſe or two out of Sternhold *and* Hop-
kins; *as, particularly, out of the* 68*th*
Pſalm, Let God ariſe, *&c. Set, I think,*
by Mr. Laws. *Now the* Cathedrals *be-*
ing

ing Patterns to our Parochial Aſſemblies, *at leaſt in the main parts of ſolemn Worſhip, they having* no Example *of ſuch a Nature from them, could pretend to* no Right *of Singing Pſalms in Verſe by the entire Congregation.*

Hence, though the great Sir Philip Sidney *tranſlated the whole Book of* Pſalms *into* Rhyme; *and the pious Biſhop* Hall, *and the renouned Lord* Bacon, *and it may be ſome others, turn'd ſeveral particular Pſalms into Verſe, more correct, doubtleſs, than the former, yet there never was any Motion towards* introducing them into Churches. *And ſince our* Convocations, *to whom that Work properly belongs, never took any ſuch Cognizance of theſe, or of the* Ancient Verſion, *as to recommend them, with the* Liturgy, *to the* Parliament, *our* Common Pſalmody *remains a* Matter of Liberty: *And it never yet was made an* Article of Enquiry *at any* Epiſcopal Viſitation, Whether any Pſalms were ſung, or what Verſions of them were uſed in Parochial Churches.

On this Account it was, that whereas no Man better underſtood his own Supremacy in Eccleſiaſtical Affairs than Charles the Firſt, of bleſſed Memory, *yet, though he deſigned the utmoſt* Honour *to the Memory of his Father, when the* new Tranſlation of King *James* the Firſt *was made publick, he only allow'd and recommended it to common Uſe; which, as Experience ſhew'd, was not enough to break in upon* Inveterate Cuſtom, *or to exclude* that *which had for ſo many Years gotten* Poſſeſſion *of our* Bibles *and* Common-Prayer-Books *of all Volumes, and of our* Worſhipping Aſſemblies.

The Standart *of our* Engliſh Language *having been ſo much alter'd of late; and* Poetry *eſpecially having reach'd its utmoſt Height, by that noble Genius appearing in the Writings of Sir* John Denham, *Mr.* Waller, *and Mr.* Cowley, *and ſome later Authors, the Roughneſs and Uncorrectneſs of the* Ancient Verſion *has appear'd the more evident and notorious:*

The

The Obſervation of which made Mr. Sandys, *Mr.* May, *Mr.* Burnaby, *Biſhop* King, *Mr.* Barton, *Sir* John Denham *himſelf, Mr.* Smith, *Mr.* Goodridge. *Dr.* Patrick, *Dr.* Woodford, *and Dr.* Ford, *and now very lately Mr.* Brady *and Mr.* Tate, *make their ſeveral* Tranſlations *with different Succeſs. Mr.* Burnaby's *Book, and Mr.* May's *Eſſay, I have ſeen: Mr.* Sandys's *and the Reverend Dr.* Woodford's *are above our* ordinary Muſick, *the laſt eſpecially, whoſe Author ſeems to breath with* David's Spirit, *and to aſpire to Raptures almoſt equal with that* Divine Pſalmiſt; *and whoſe Steps are as nobly follow'd by that Maſculine* Poet, *as well as* Painter, *the incomparable Mrs.* Beal. *Mr.* Barton's *Verſion is generally appoſite enough to the Text, but exalted little above the* Old. *Sir* John Denham's *I have not ſeen, but find the admirable Dr.* Woodford *(a ſufficient Judge) giving them a* noble *and, doubtleſs, a* deſerv'd Character. *That of the Right Reverend Biſhop of* Chicheſter *labours under the unhappy*

Choice

Choice of his Rhyme (*as* Others *have obſerv'd*) *ſo far, as to render that otherwiſe* excellent Work *ungrateful to the Ear. Mr.* Smith *is very* gay, *and perhaps* too affected, *if the Reverend Doctor* Patrick *may be Judge, whoſe own is* pious *indeed, and generally* plain; *but an almoſt* Unpoetical Tranſlation *of the moſt* exalted Poetry. *For Mr.* Brady's *and Mr.* Tate's, *ſince they are now publiſhing a* New *and* Corrected Edition *of their* Tranſlation, *I ſhall paſs no Judgment on that Work, whoſe* Errours *and* Excellencies *I muſt be content to be ignorant of till it is publiſhed. Among thoſe which I have hitherto ſeen, which are fitted to common Tunes, the beſt, the moſt Elaborate, and the moſt Muſical, is, that of Dr.* Ford; *that Reverend Perſon having a truly* Poetical Genius, *attended with* great *and* ſolid Learning, *and* Exemplary Piety; *excellent Qualifications for a compleat* Paraphraſt. *Nor ought Mr.* Goodridge, *for his Zeal and Piety in promoting more* Correct Church-

Muſick.

Muſick, *to be paſſed without a juſt Commendation.*

What might be ſaid of the Uſe and Excellency of Pſalmody, *is ſo exhauſted by Dr.* Woodford, *Mr.* Goodridge *and Dr.* Ford, *as to ſuperſede any thing I can ſay. The Queſtion only recurrs now, Is* Pſalmody *a real* Part of Divine Worſhip, *or is it not? If not, 'tis no matter whether* David's Pſalms, *or only* Arbitrary Spiritual Philadelphian Hymns, *be ſung; whether* any, *or* none at all. *If it be* a Part of Divine Service, *how comes it to paſs that our* Eccleſiaſtical Repreſentatives *have not thought* Uniformity in ſinging of Pſalms *as beautiful, and as valuable, as in any* other Part *of the* Publick Service? *Why not in the* Poetical, *as well as in the* Proſe-Verſion? *This would take the Choice of them out of the* Pariſh-Clerk's *Power, and make it the* Prieſt's *Buſineſs, whoſe Diſcretion might be farther relied on in it. Admit the Tranſlation of* Sternhold *and* Hopkins *was rejected by the* Con-

Convocation *or* Commiſſioners *of* Edward *the Sixth, as appearing too mean; that could not preclude a more agreeable* One. *And though it might ſeem a very hard Work, which few of the* Clergy *(though the fitteſt for it) durſt undertake; yet, ſince at this time there are* ſeveral Verſions of the Pſalms *extant, why may not ſome* One, *or* a choice Collection out of All, *be made by Learned and Judicious* Perſons, *skill'd in* Divinity *and* Poetry *too, appointed for that purpoſe, in a* Convocation? *Why may not ſuch a* Committee *examine them ſeverely as to* Clearneſs of Senſe, Purity and Decency of Language, Agreeableneſs of Stile, Orthodoxy of Doctrine, Suitableneſs to the Original Text, *and* Smoothneſs and Muſicalneſs of Numbers? *And may not theſe, after ſuch an* Examination, *be approved by the* Convocation, as *the* whole Liturgy *formerly was, and ſo be recommended by them to the* Three Eſtates in Parliament, *and to* His Majeſty *as* Head of the Church; *and*

and ſo receive a Juſt *and* Legal Sanction, *and become one Part of our Publick* Unity *and* Uniformity? *Would ſuch an Action bring them under a* Premunire, *merely becauſe it was not particularly commanded by* His Majeſty? *I may, perhaps, be too fond of my own Thoughts; but I conclude, this Piece of* Uniformity *would give leſs Offence to* Diſſenters *of all ſorts, than ſome other Things which are yet* juſtly *ſtood upon; for* they *are not about Laying down the* laſt Tranſlation of the Bible: *The niceſt* Pretenders to Conſcience *would have no-nothing to object to pure* Scripture-Forms: *Nor would they, when* commanded *under a* Penalty *to ſing* David's Pſalms, of the beſt Verſion, *complain of* the Miſchief of Impoſitions.

This is ſuch a Point of Uniformity, *as* all Churches, our own only excepted, *agree in: The* Scots *have* theirs; *the* Dutch *and* French, theirs; *the laſt, indeed, corrected by Mr.* Conrart, *the Standart of their Language having been much*

much alter'd by the Academy, *ſince* Marot *and* Beza *tranſlated them*; *yet* their Work *being ſtill* good *and* intelligible, *Monſieur* Conrart's *has taken only among* particular Perſons, *without any* Intrenchment *upon the* general Harmony. *The* Lutherans *too keep up this* Uniformity; *though, beſides* David's Pſalms, *they have about* 750 Spiritual Songs *and* Hymns, *Stated, and Occaſional. And who knows, but now that* Singing of Pſalms by Rule *grows ſo much in Faſhion, this Settlement might ſomewhat temper and cicurate the* Humour of Separation *in other Matters?*

If ſuch a thing ſhould be thought fit, there is no doubt but that, of particular Verſions, the beſt *ought to be choſen:* Of all in general, the beſt particular Pſalms; *for* one Man's Spirit *might be raiſed, where* another *droop'd; and Men would commonly* perform beſt, *where they were* moſt affected *by the Matter. But to enjoin* Unity or Uniformity in a worſe Tranſlation, *where a* better *might be had;*

or

or to cull out meaner Performances, *where, out of our preſent Variety of Choice,* excellent Things *might be drawn, would daſh us upon the ſame Rock again; and the next Age might complain, that* the Names *of our* Pſalmographers *were alter'd indeed, but the* Defects *continued: This is a Failure which* a Convocation, aſſiſted by the good Spirit of God, *could not eaſily fall under the* Suſpicion *of.*

That I, as now an Ancient Presbyter *of the* Church *of* England, *might contribute my* poor Offering *to the Adorning of this part of* Sacred Worſhip, *I put this into your Hands,* Moſt Reverend, Right Reverend, *and* Reverend Fathers *and* Brethren! *A Work of ſome* Pains *and* Care; *and on which my* moſt ſerious Thoughts *were for a conſiderable time engag'd.* God's Honour, *and the* Church's Service, *was my* End; *and* his Grace, *earneſtly and humbly implor'd, both in the* Beginning *and* Continuance *of the Work, my* Aſſiſtance. *The* Original *was my* Text; *the* Polyglot Bible *and* Criticks, *my* Interpreters,

ters, *where needful ; and the* Double Tranſlation *of the* Reading Pſalms, *in that called* the Biſhops Bible, *and the* laſt *in our* common Bibles, *my* Correctors: *Though I have not tied my ſelf ſo ſuperſtitiouſly to any, as not to uſe my own Judgment ſometimes ; and in ſome Things to ſtem the Current of* Paraphraſts, *and other* Writers *on that* Divine Book. *Particularly, I have adhered to thoſe* Applications *made of* ſeveral Paſſages *here, by the* Inſpir'd Pen-men *of the* New Teſtament ; *whom to quit for* over-nice *and* Sociniani-zing Criticks, *I think abſurd and dangerous. I have, in general, made the* Senſe *and* Coherence *ſo plain, that this* Verſion, *perhaps may be as ſerviceable to ſome as a* Commentator.

The Meaſures *I have uſed are the* Old, *neither ſo hard, nor ſo harſh as ſome have thought : The* Rhymes *are every where* double, *ſometimes more ; ſuch being, when unforced, more pleaſant, and more grateful. I have generally avoided the* Claſhing *of* Conſonants, *as* Unmuſical. *About* 50 *are*

twice

twice Tranſlated, *ſome* thrice; *by that Means ſometimes taking in thoſe* different Senſes of particular Texts, *of which 'tis hard to fix the* beſt; Paraphraſing *ſome* lofty Pſalms *more fully, and uſing* higher Expreſſions *than a ſingle* Verſion *could have admitted of. Hence every* Pſalm *has* one Tranſlation *ſo cloſe and plain, as may be ſung in the* plaineſt Country-Congregations; *and yet I have uſed ſuch* Variety of Meaſures, *as may anſwer all the* Tunes *in* Playford's Edition: *And that the* Work *might be the more compleat, I have given all ſuch of Mr.* Sandys's Meaſures, *with their* Tunes *in* Two Parts, *which could not be ſung by the* common Notes. *The whole, indeed, may be an* entire Body *of* Church-Muſick: *No* Old Tune *is loſt, ſeveral* New *are added*; *and the* Words *ſo fitted, as to be more agreeable both to the* Dutch, French *and* Engliſh Tunes, *as ſung in any of our* Churches, *than any* former Verſion *has been.*

I have

I have generally followed the Stile of the Original, *rising and falling with* That. *The* Meaſures *of* Chearful Pſalms *are fitted to* Chearful Tunes *Thoſe more* Melancholick, *to* Slow Tunes, *and of a* ſadder Air. *The* Repetitions *in the* Hebrew *are ſo charming, that I could not but think they would be very* beautiful *in* Engliſh; *as particularly, in the* 118*th* Pſalm. *I have induſtriouſly avoided both* Obſolete *and* New-fangled Words; *I have* invented *none, nor uſed any* harſh Tranſpoſition *of* Words: *Though I doubt not, but, after all my Care, many* Miſtakes *may have eſcaped me, which whoſoever will* charitably *point out, will lay the* greateſt Obligation *upon me. That we might uſe* Doxologies *as well to the* Singing *as the* Reading Pſalms, *I have ſuited* One *to every* Meaſure, *through the whole* Book. *A* Right Reverend Prelate *of our* Church *did me the Honour to read the whole over very carefully; whoſe* Encouragement *was a great*

Motive

Motive *to this* Publication. *If it be* acceptable *to others, and* bleſs'd *by* God, *ſo as to promote his* Honour, *I have my End: And,*

Non nobis, Domine; non nobis:
Sed Nomini Tuo da Gloriam.

Adver-

Advertiſement.
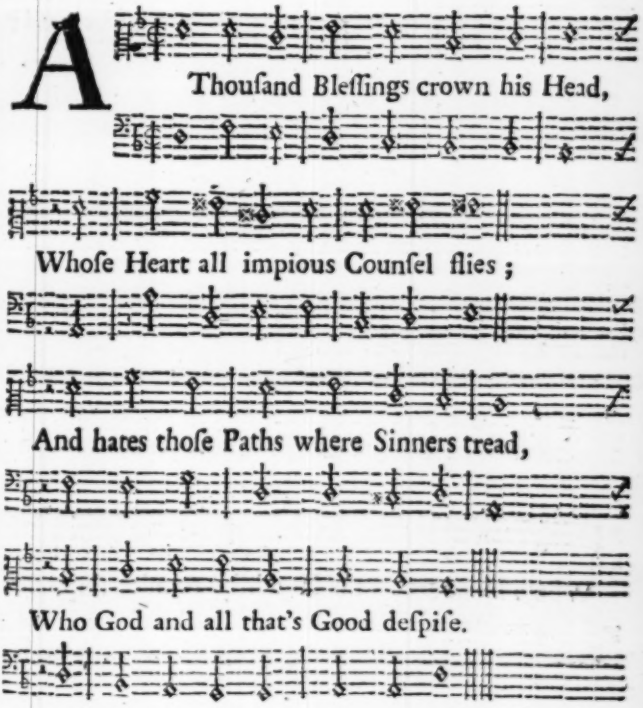
THat this Verſion of the *Pſalms* may be the more uſefull to thoſe who delight in *Church-Muſick*, I have tranſlated them to ſuch variety of Meaſures, that there's no Tune in *Playford*'s Editions, either in the *Pſalms* themſelves, or in the *Hymns* before or after, to which there is not ſome particular Meaſure appropriated here: That the Compaſs of *Church-Muſick* might be the larger and more entertaining, I have tun'd ſome to Mr *Sandys*'s Meaſures, the Muſick of which was compos'd by that great Maſter Mr. *Laws*, for the private uſe of his pious Maſter *Charles* the Firſt of bleſſed Memory: The whole then preſents you with one Verſion of every *Pſalm* to be ſung in Common Tunes, if at leaſt we may call thoſe of the 113 and 148 *Pſalms* ſuch; and they are to be ſung to the *ſame* with thoſe of the *ſame denomination* in the old Verſion, unleſs where the Meaſures are different, and the Proper Tunes referr'd to. Such as are not in Mr. *Play-*

ford's Book, are here ſet down with the proper Notes from Mr. *Laws*'s and *Ravenſcroft*'s; and the whole, if encourag'd, ſhall be re-printed with the Notes throughout. And that we may have a juſt Opportunity, at ſuch a time as this, to remember that Faith into which we are Baptiz'd, in every part of Divine Worſhip, I have ſuited particular Doxologies to every particular Meaſure, in due Order, at the end of the Book, with what *Pſalms* they refer to, beſides ſome in the Body of the Verſion.

Benedicat Deus Operi & Authori.

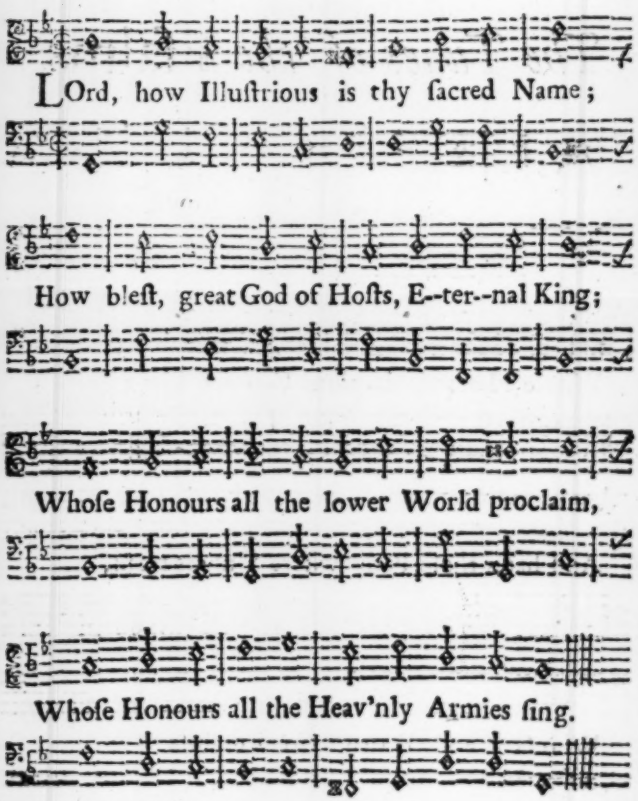
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The Tunes of the Pſalms.
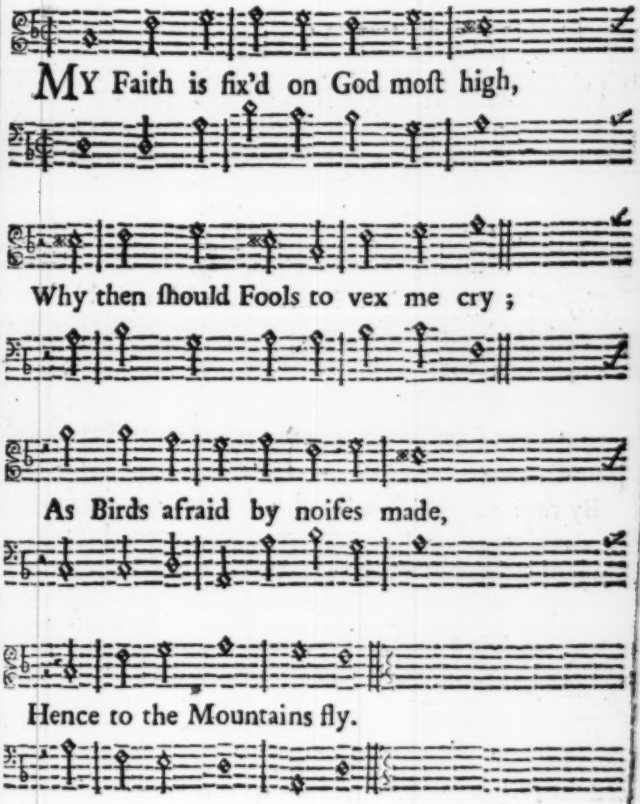


This ſerves indifferently for any Stanzas of Eight Syllables, which have no proper Tune of their own.

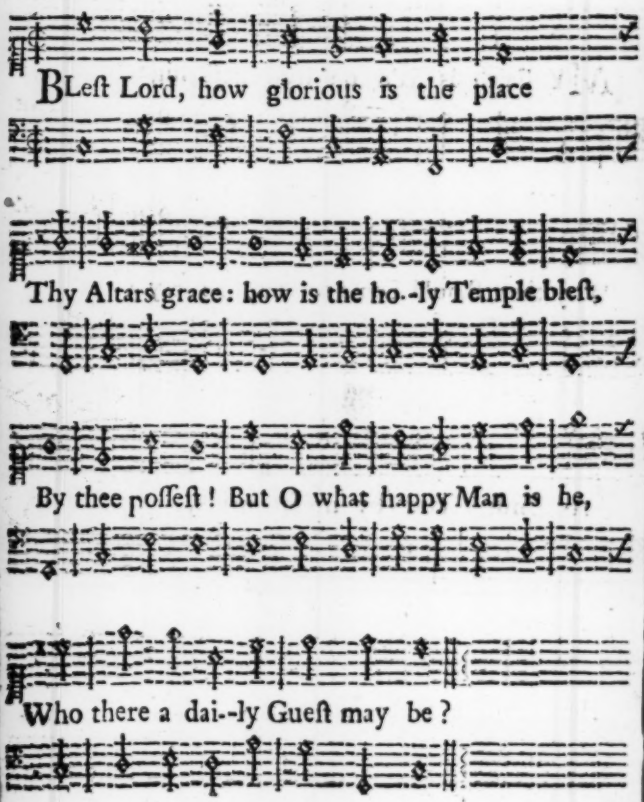
For the 8th *Pſalm.* 2d Metre.
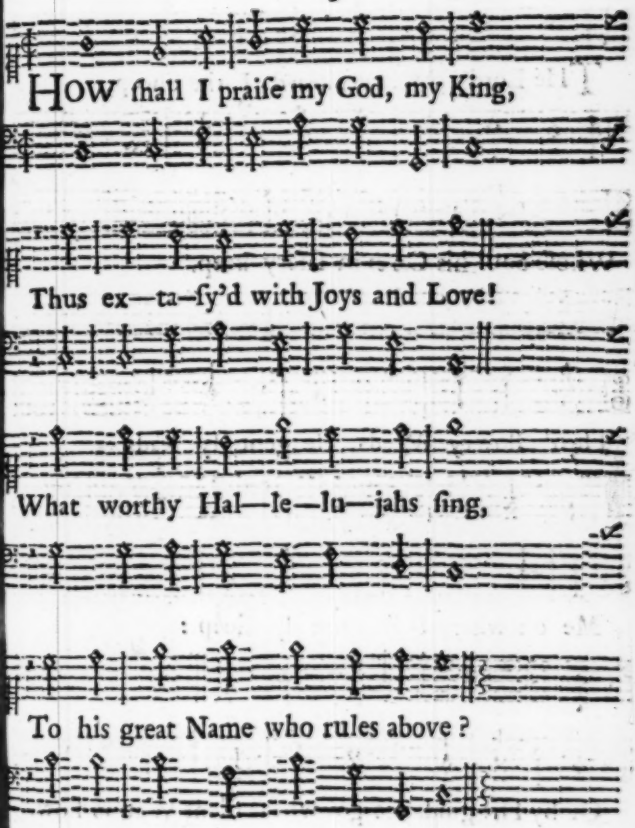


Pſalm 11*th.* 2d Metre.
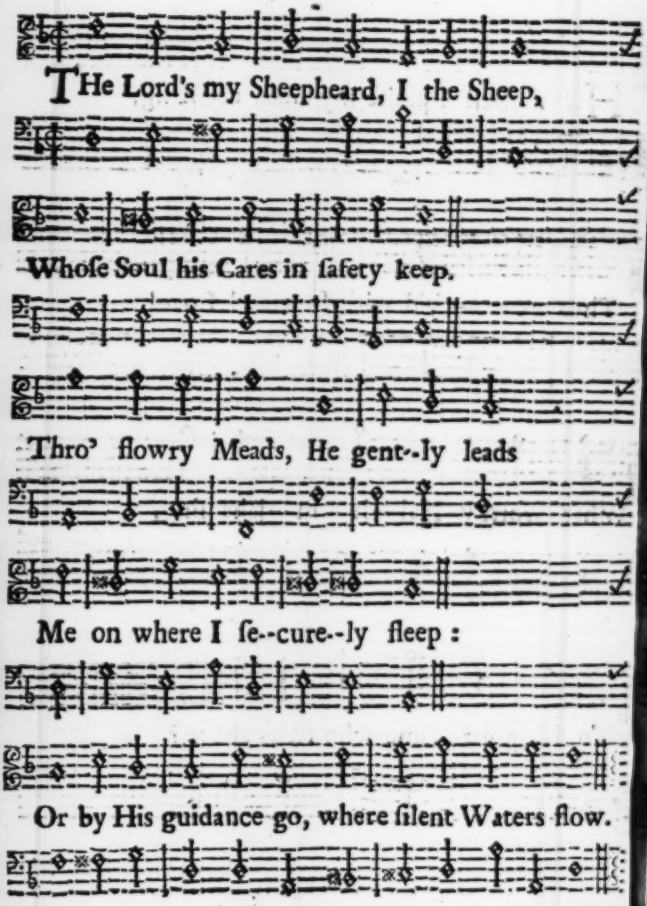


Pſalm 15. 2d Metre.
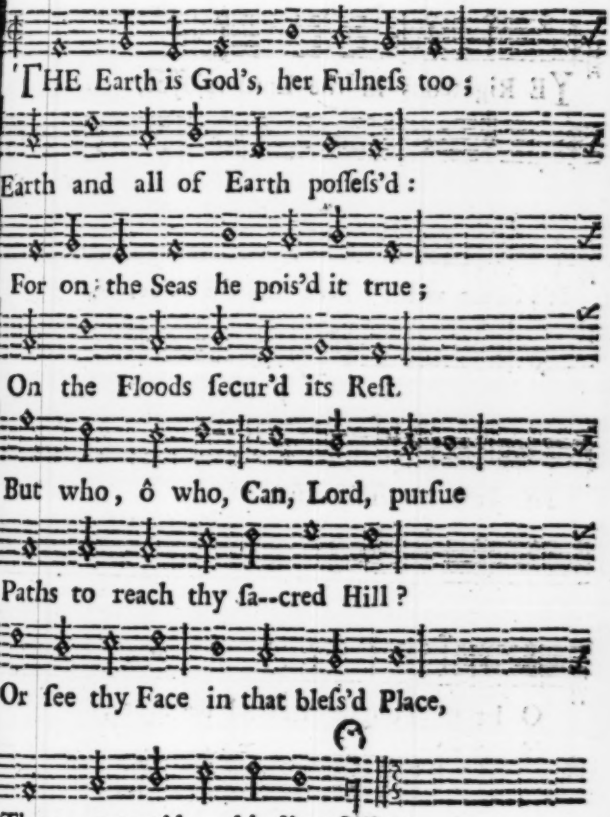


Pſalm 18, or 78.
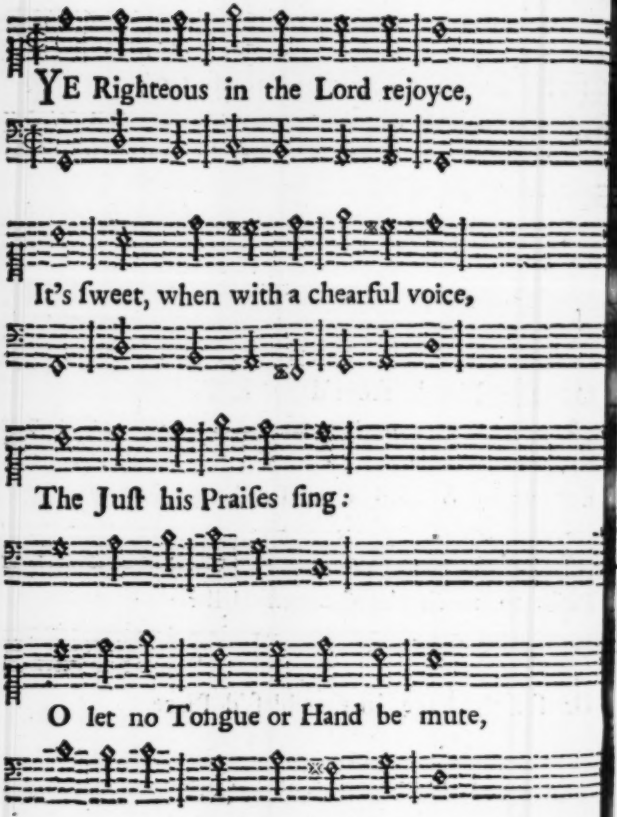


Pſalm 23. 2d Metre.
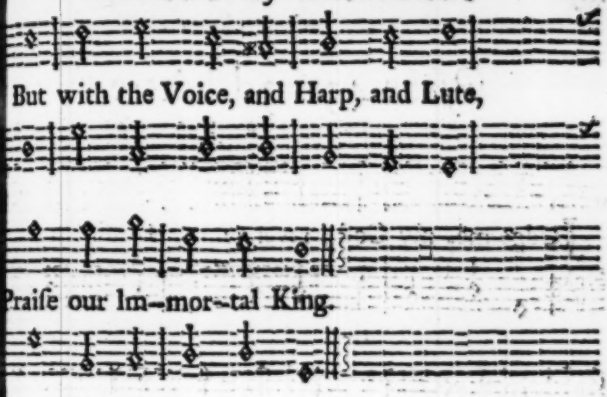


Pſalm 24. 2d Metre.

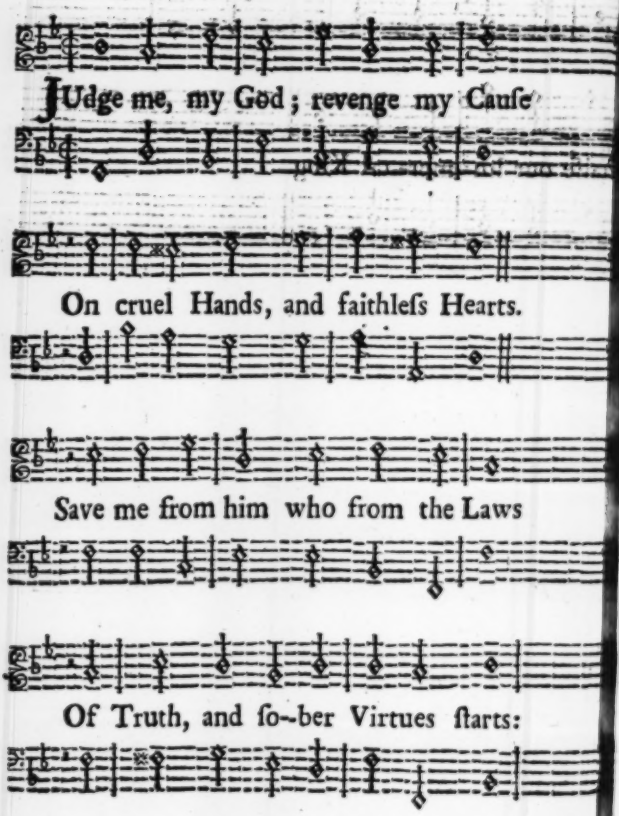


Psalm 33. 2d Metre.
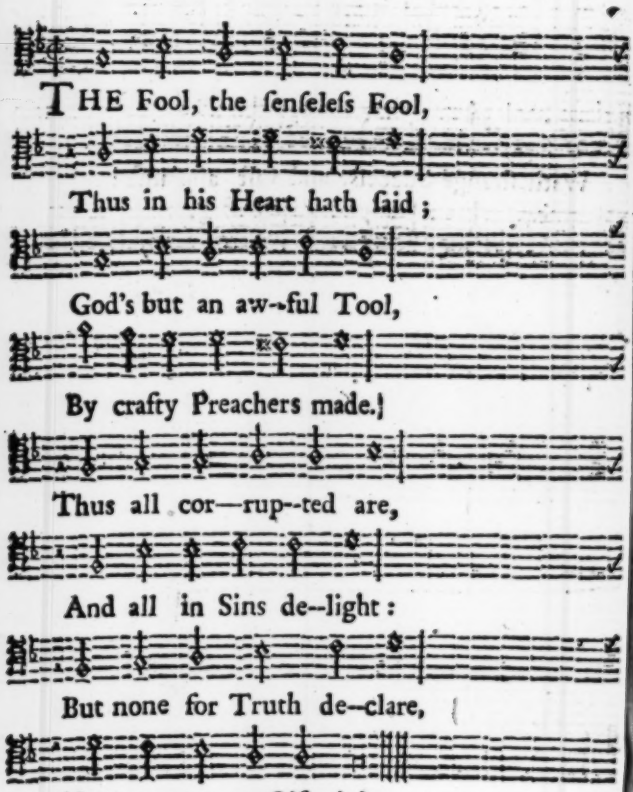



But with the Voice, and Harp, and Lute,
Praiſe our Im-mor-tal King.

Psalm 43. 3d Metre.

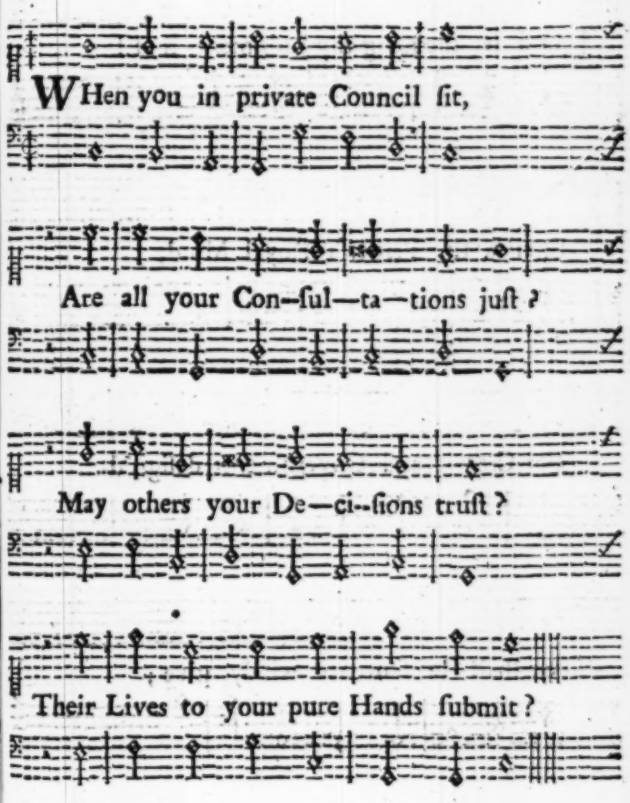



Who bold-ly acts the falſeſt Parts,
With ſtrange Succeſs, and vaſt applauſe!

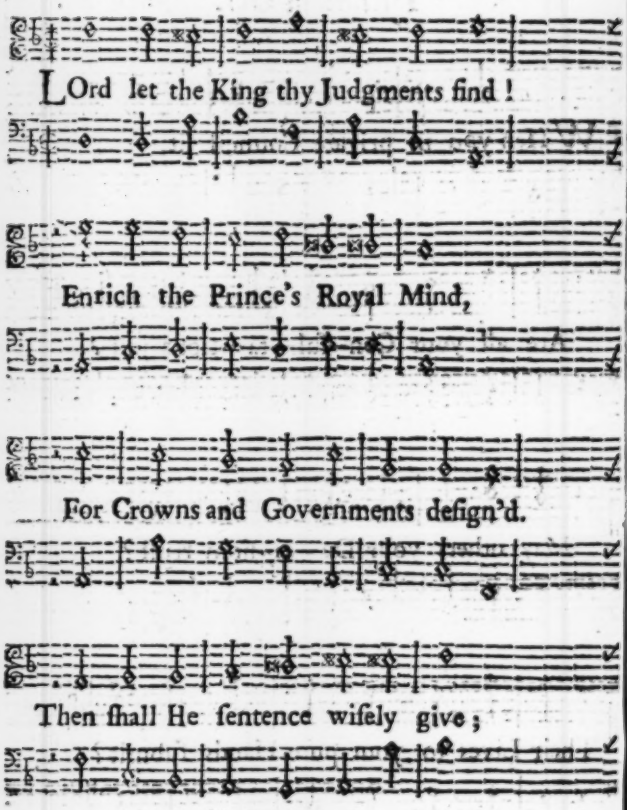
Psalm 53. 2d Metre.

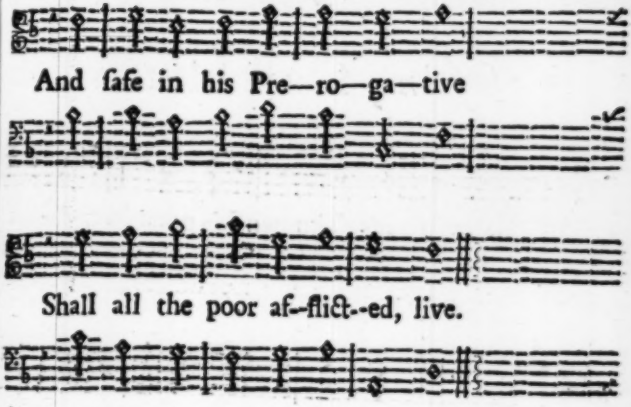


Pſalm 58. 1ſt Metre. *Pſalm* 72. *Pſalm* 106.

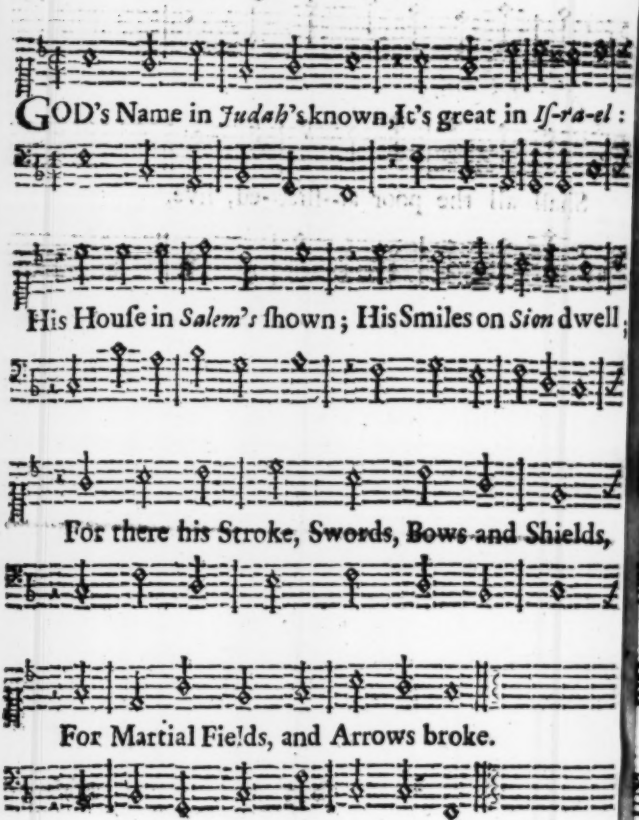


Psalm 72. 2d Metre.

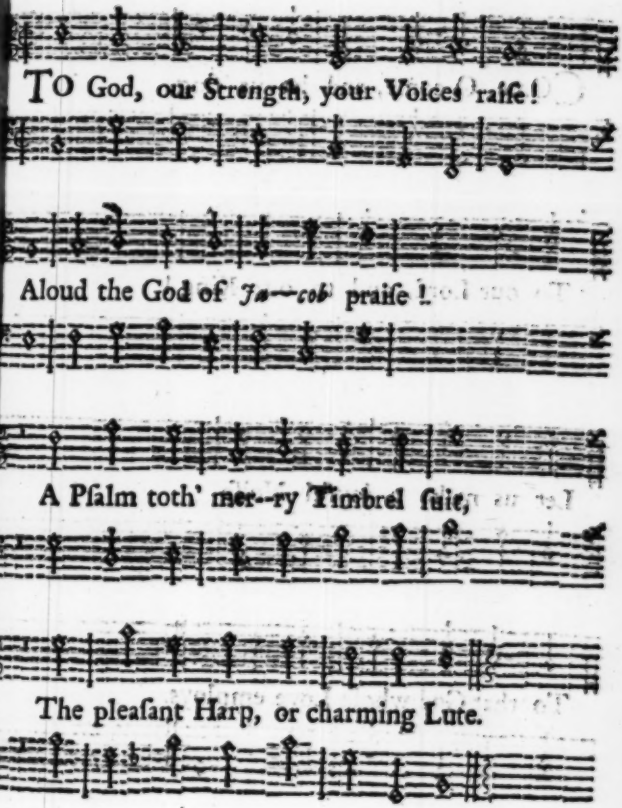



And ſafe in his Pre—ro—ga—tive
Shall all the poor af--flict--ed, live.
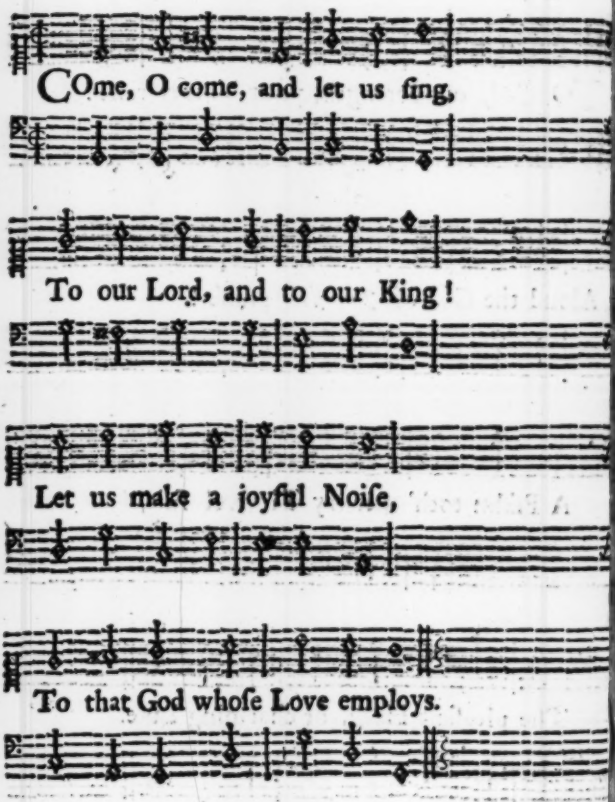
Pſalm 76. 1ſt Metre.



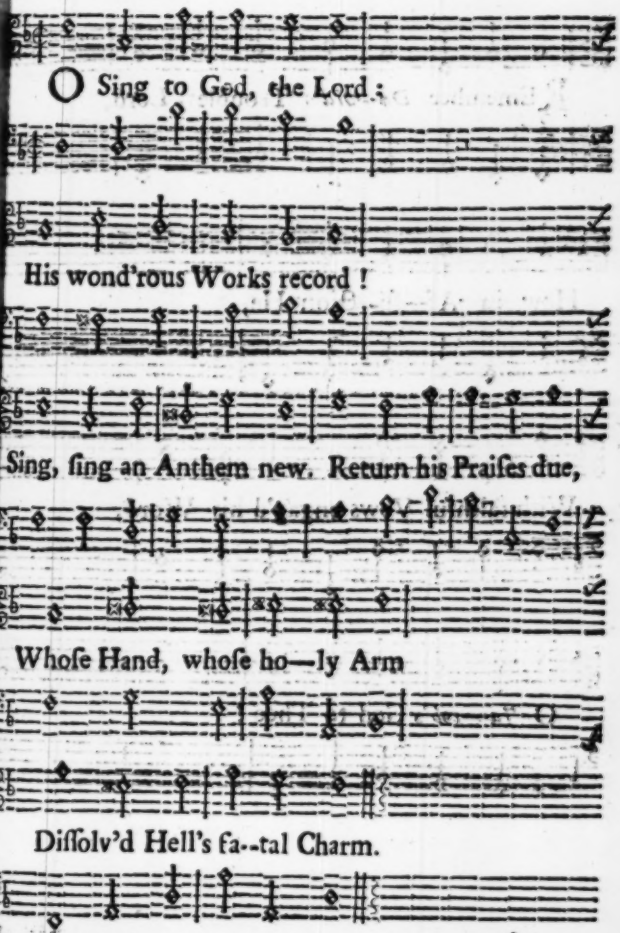
Psalm 81. 1st Metre.



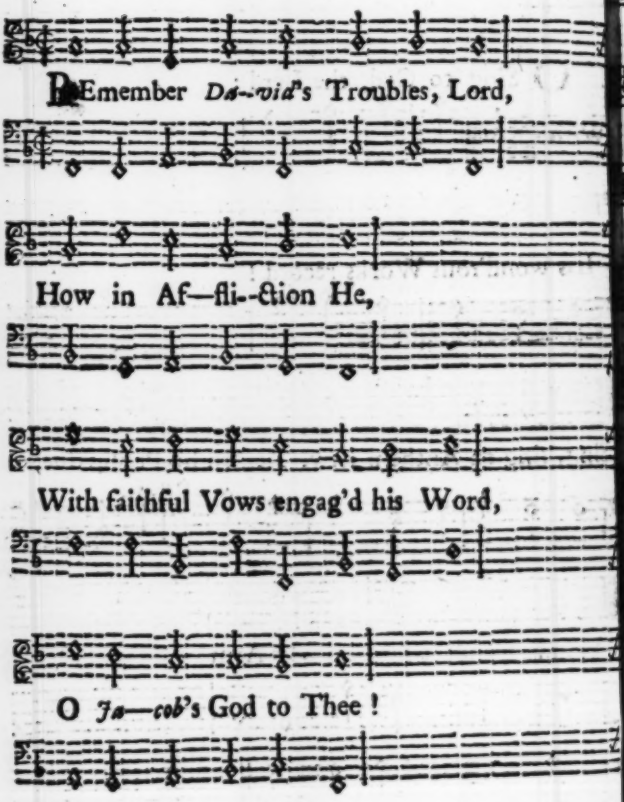
Pſalm 95. 2d Metre.

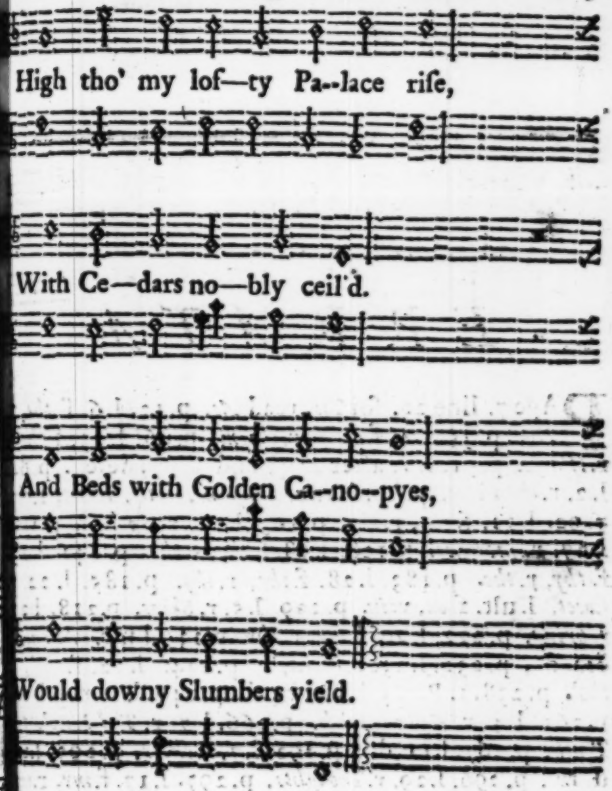


Pſalm 98. 2d Metre.



Psalm 132.


REmember *Da--vid*'s Troubles, Lord,
How in Af—fli--ction He,
With faithful Vows engag'd his Word,
O *Ja—cob*'s God to Thee!


High tho' my lof—ty Pa--lace riſe,
With Ce—dars no—bly ceil'd.
And Beds with Golden Ca--no--pyes,
Would downy Slumbers yield.

E R-

ERRATA.

PAge 7. line 20. for *Too*, read *As*. p. 12. l. 6. f. *tht*, r. *thy*. p. 35. l. 4. f. *gain*, r. *claim*. p. 46. l. 23. f. *Thy* r. *Whose*. p. 51. l. 1. after *Truth* and *Mercy*, dele *s*. p. 6[illegible] l. 2. r. *the Voice*. p. 89, l. 1. r. *out-shine*. l. 17. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 90. l. 31. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 103. l. 21. r. *thou'dst*. p. 10[illegible] l. 27. r. *sacrifice*. p. 108. l. 18. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 142. l. 1[illegible] f. *thy*, r. *the*. p. 183. l. 28. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 185. l. 22. [illegible] *sweet*. l. ult. f. *on*, r. *in*. p. 209. l. 5. r. *Skies*. p. 218. l. 2[illegible] r. *bring*. p. 222. l. 20. f. *the*, r. *thy*. p. 231. l. ult. r. *Wrath* &c. d., p. 232. l. 23. r. *betray'd*. p. 234. l. 12. f. *the'*, [illegible] *tho'*. p. 238. r. *Part 5th. Mitre 5th*. p. 240. l. 1. r. *quick* [illegible] p. 265. l. 4. r. *And me with*. p. 266. l. 7. r. *Thy Law's th[illegible] Truth*. p. 267. l. 11. d. ; p. 293. l. 7. r. *cheer*. p. 295. l. [illegible] d. *the*. p. 296. l. 29. r. *Thoughts*. p. 297. l. 17. f. *my*, r. *thy* p. 298. l. 1. f. *then*, r. *them*. p. 309. l. 6. r. *Seed*.

DAVID's PSALMS PARAPHRAS'D, IN ENGLISH METRE;

Agreeably to the TUNES commonly Sung in CHURCHES, *&c.*

Pſal. 1. *as the* 100*th*; *or Mr.* Sandys's 3*d.*

1 A Thouſand Bleſſings crown his Head,
Whoſe Heart all impious Counſel flies;
And hates thoſe Paths where Sinners tread,
Who God, and all that's good, deſpiſe.

2 But in his great Creator's Laws
He ſpends his happy Days and Nights;
And thence, by Meditation, draws
Both what inſtructs, and what delights.

3 All his Deſigns are juſt, and bleſs'd;
His Hopes, and ev'ry Action thrives:
And when his mould'ring Clay's at reſt,
His fragrant Memory ſurvives.

So fruitful Trees, near gentle Streams,
Their Burthens to Perfection bring,
Unhurt by Summer's ſcorching Beams,
And flouriſh with a conſtant Spring.

4 But the loſt Sinner toils in vain,
With faithleſs Joys to pleaſe his Mind;
His Roots, his Fruits, his curſed Gain,
All fly like Chaff before the Wind.

5, 6 Let the laſt dreadful Trumpet ſound,
The Juſt, his Head undaunted rears;
While Woes the ſinful Soul confound,
With Terrours rack'd, and torn with Fears.

His *Own* their mighty Maſter knows;
And loves, and keeps, and wiſely guides:
But Man, who ſins through various Woes,
To Hell's dark Pains, unminded, ſlides.

Another Metre, Pſal. 1.

1 HAppy, thrice happy's he, whoſe Feet
Ne'er took that curſed Way,
Where Atheiſts and Blaſphemers meet,
And God and Truth betray:
Who ne'er ſtood by, to countenance
What bold Tranſgreſſors dare;
Nor, that he might in Guilt advance,
Aſſum'd the Scorner's Chair.

2 He ſpends his happy Days and Nights
To ſearch his Maker's Laws;
And thence Inſtructions and Delights
By Meditation draws.
3 Calmly he looks his Actions o'er,
Their Juſtice calmly tries;

And

And then on Mercy's boundleſs Store
For good Succeſs relies.

So Trees near gentle Rivers plac'd,
Their Fruits in Seaſon bear;
With Leaves unfading always grac'd,
And flouriſh all the Year.
4 But off, like Chaff, God's angry Wind
The Godleſs Croud ſhall bear;
5 No Place ſhall they in Judgment find,
Nor with the Juſt appear.

6 For God, with Favour, kindly knows
The Juſt, and all their Ways:
But Ruin where the Sinner goes,
And ſure Deſtruction ſways.

PSAL. ij.

1 GOD's wiſe Decrees are fix'd, and ſtrong,
As his Eternal Throne:
Why then ſhould Heathen Fools ſo long
His ſacred Power diſown?
Vain are their Hopes, vain ev'ry Thought;
And all their Words are vain:
For what God's mighty Hands have wrought,
God's mighty Hands maintain.

2 Weak Kings with flatt'ring Slaves combine,
And fret with groundleſs Rage;
Againſt *their God* their Counſels join,
Againſt *his Chriſt* engage.
3 Come, let us break their Bonds, *they ſay*:
Throw off their ſlaviſh Yoke:
Why ſhould we unknown Lords obey?
Or unknown Pow'rs invoke?

4 But God, who, crown'd with Bliſs, reſides
Above the lofty Skies,
Laughs at their Madneſs, and their Pride,
And ſcorns their Policies.
5 From thundring Clouds his dreadful Voice,
Diſtracts their trembling Souls:
And in his Wrath their Plots deſtroys,
And thus their Rage controls.

6 Rave on, unhappy Fools! confound
Your envious Thoughts in vain:
My King ſits high, on *Sion* crown'd;
And I'll his Crown maintain.

Part 2.

7 The Son, with Love, all Heavenly mild,
His Awful Silence breaks;
And thus, to Pity reconcil'd,
With gentle Language ſpeaks:
Hear me, ah ſtupid World! declare
Th' unchangeable Decree.
Thus my Eternal Father ſware,
Before Time's Birth, to Me.

Thou art my Son, begot by Me,
On this Eternal Day:
8 Ask it, and I'll inveſt in Thee
The whole Creation's Sway.
9 To Thee the World, when made, ſhall bow;
Thee all its Hoſt adore:
All Nations ſhall thy Rights allow,
Thy Goodneſs all implore.

Thy Rod the Rebel Tribes ſhall feel,
Thy Sceptre, forc'd, obey;
Cruſh'd by thy Hand, as harden'd Steel
Would daſh the mould'ring Clay. 10 Be

10 Be wiſe, ye Heav'n-born Kings; be wiſe
All who on Earth command:
Adore your Lord with humble Eyes;
With Awe before Him ſtand.

11 Joys, but with Fears alloy'd, expreſs,
And early Homage pay,
Leſt in Rebellion's wild Exceſs
You loſe the perfect Way.
12 Bow, bow your Necks; for if his Wrath
In angry Tempeſts riſe,
Happy, ô happy's he, whoſe Faith
On Him ſecur'd relies!

PSAL. iij.

1 HOW are my Foes, dear Lord, increas'd?
What Crouds againſt me riſe?
2 And to diſturb my mournful Breaſt,
A thouſand Ways deviſe?
God is his only Help, *they cry*;
On God his Hopes depend:
Yet ſee that God can Help deny,
And leave his ſinking Friend!

3 Yet Thou, Lord, art my Shield, my Praiſe,
My Strength: And when to Thee
4 My Voice in humble Vows I raiſe,
Thy Goodneſs anſwers me.
5 Safely I ſleep, and ſafely wake;
In thy Protection ſure:
6 No gath'ring Hoſt my Heart can ſhake,
Nor my Defeat procure.

7 Riſe then, my God, and ſave me now!
And as thy Anger broke
My Rebels Teeth; and as they bow
Beneath thy dreadful Stroke.

8 So ſend thy ſaving Health, and Grace;
Let all thy Bleſſings flow:
And ſtill to *Iſrael*'s faithful Race
Thy promis'd Favour ſhow!

PSAL. iv.

1 O Righteous God, whoſe Juſtice freed
My Innocence of old;
O let my preſent Pray'rs ſucceed,
Thy Help my Cauſe uphold!
2 Vain Men, who by a fond Miſtake,
My ſolid Faith diſgrace;
And Vanities your Shelter make,
And empty Lyes embrace:

3 See how God ſingles out the Juſt,
His own peculiar Choice!
See how my God rewards my Truſt,
And hears my ſuppliant Voice!
4 Fear then, ô fear Him! ſin no more!
Your own falſe Hearts ſurvey;
Examine all your Actions o'er,
Your ſecret Crimes diſplay.

5 Pardon, with ſilent Tears, intreat;
And for an Off'ring give
An upright Heart, without Deceit;
And on his Promiſe live!
6 Mean Souls Earth's low Delights advance,
And fading Wealth embrace.
But grant us, Lord, thy Countenance,
And thy Enlight'ning Grace!

7 So ſhall more Bliſs my Heart enlarge,
My Breaſt more Joys contain,
Than theirs whom Wines and Oils o'er-charge,
And who in Plenty reign.

8 No Terrours then ſhall break my Reſt,
No Fears diſturb my Sleep,
While me thy pow'rful Arms inveſt,
And ſafe from Dangers keep.

PSAL. v.

1 LORD, hear me from thy bleſs'd Abode,
My Meditations weigh:
2 Attend my Cries, my King, my God,
When I devoutly pray!
3 To Thee I raiſe my Morning-cries,
To Thee my Prayers direct;
And with my longing Heart and Eyes,
Thy kind Returns expect.

4 Thy Frowns on wicked Workers light;
Thou hat'ſt Iniquity:
5 No Fools can bear thy angry Sight,
Nor Sinners dwell with Thee.
6 Thy Wrath ſhall lying Lips conſume,
And thoſe who thirſt for Blood;
Or on deceitful Arts preſume,
Too rarely underſtood.

7 But to thy Courts, dear Lord, I'll go,
Safe in thy Mercies ſtore;
And tow'rd thy ſacred Altars bow,
And in thy Fear adore.
8 O lead me in thy righteous Way,
To ſcape my watchful Foes:
To me thy Wiſdom's Rules diſplay,
Thy happy Paths diſcloſe!

9 My Foes in Fraud and Falſhood deal,
Their inward Parts are vile;
Their Throats devouring Graves conceal,
Their flatt'ring Tongues beguile.

10 Deſtroy them, Lord! in their own Arts,
The Rebel Crew confound:
11 So Joys from merry faithful Hearts,
In laſting Hymns ſhall ſound.

12 For, Lord, thy Favour on the Juſt
In mighty Streams deſcends:
Thy Goodneſs all who on Thee truſt,
Like ſome firm Shield, defends.

PSAL. vj.

1 REbuke me not in Anger, Lord;
Nor in thy Wrath correct:
2 Health to my aking Bones afford;
My wretched State reſpect!
3 My Soul quite faints: But oh! how long
Muſt I no Anſwer have!
4 O turn! ô free my Soul from Wrong!
My Soul in Mercy ſave!

5 In Death none thinks of Thee; no Praiſe,
No Thanks our Graves diſcloſe:
And, oh! my Strength, dear Lord, decays,
Quite ſpent with waſting Woes!
6 All Night my Eaſleſs Bed with Tears,
With Tears my Couch o'er-flows;
7 My Sight quite dim with Age appears,
Through my prevailing Foes.

But ſee one Beam of chearful Light!
Be gone, ye ſinful Crew!
8 My Prayers are in my Maker's Sight;
And all my Tears in view:
9 Bluſh then, miſtaken Fools! for ſhame;
For God has heard my Cries:
10 Be gone! for in his Mighty Name
My Strength, my Safety lies.

PSAL. vij.

1 IN Thee, my Lord, I firmly truſt;
My Foe, dear God! control!
2 Leſt, Lion-like, with Force unjuſt,
He tear my helpleſs Soul.
3 If e'er againſt my Prince, if e'er
My very Thoughts rebell'd;
If I his Crown unjuſtly wear,
Or e'er againſt him ſwell'd:

4 If e'er I War for Peace repay'd:
Nay, if my Filial Care
My King, my Foe unjuſtly made,
Did never kindly ſpare;
5 Then let my bloodieſt Foes prevail,
And hurl my Glories down;
My Life with due Succeſs aſſail,
And ſpurn my envy'd Crown.

6 But ſince I'm innocent, and from
Such Imputations free,
O now to my Aſſiſtance come,
Redeem and reſcue me!
O rouze thy Fury, Lord! and break
My Adverſaries Rage!
Rouze it, and in thy Judgment ſpeak,
And for my Rights engage!

7 So ſhall the Multitude ſurround
Thy Courts with grateful Praiſe:
Riſe then, with awful Glories crown'd,
And thy Tribunal raiſe.
8 O judge the Nations round, and me,
By thy impartial Laws;
Then clear'd my Innocence ſhall be,
And vindicate my Cauſe.

Part 2.

9 Let Sin, and ſinful Workers die,
The Juſt more firmly ſtand:
The Hearts and Reins ſeverely try,
And righteous things command.
10 For God's my Shield; that God, whoſe Grace
The Heart ſincere protects;
11 He's juſt, and on the ſinful Race
His daily Wrath reflects.

12 If ſtill his Sins the Sinner loves,
His Sword he fiercely whets;
And oft his deadly Bow-ſtring proves,
His Bow as often ſets.
13 Death's Inſtruments are all prepar'd,
His Arrows pointed right
At ſuch who dare, though kindly ſpar'd,
Againſt their Maker fight.

14 The Wretch, big with Iniquity,
And Lyes, and Miſchief, goes;
The monſtrous Birth brought forth, we ſee,
With Helliſh Pangs and Throws.
15 He plots, and is himſelf enſnar'd
In Nets himſelf had ſpread;
His Pains and Rage recoiling hard
On his contriving Head.

17 I'll praiſe the Lord; high as his Fame,
My lofty Praiſe ſhall fly:
I'll ſing to his Immortal Name,
Who ever lives on high.

PSAL. viij.

1 GReat Lord of Lords! how ſwift thy Name
Through ev'ry Climate flies!
Thy ſpreading Praiſe, thy glorious Fame,
Surmounts the lofty Skies.
2 Thy Strength in Babes and Sucklings ſhines,
To quell thy ſenſeleſs Foes;
To cruſh the Rebel-World's Deſigns,
And all their Rage expoſe.

3 When I the Sky's vaſt Arch ſurvey,
Rais'd by thy curious Hand;
How Moon and Stars thy Rules obey,
And fix'd, in Order ſtand:
4 Lord, how has Man thy Thoughts poſſeſs'd!
Loſt Man thy Smiles obtain'd!
Who ſinn'd; yet, with a Saviour bleſs'd,
New Hopes of Mercy gain'd!

5 Though He, our Lives to purchaſe, took
Leſs than an Angel's State,
All Graces in his God-like Look
With humble Greatneſs ſate.
6 To Him the whole Creation yields,
And at his Foot-ſtool bow:
7 The Herds, which trace the Woods and Fields,
His Sov'reign Rights allow.

8 To Him the feather'd Hoſts reſign,
And his Commands obey.
And Fiſh, which through the Ocean's Brine
Divide their wond'rous Way.
9 How ſwift, great Lord of Lords, thy Name
Through ev'ry Climate flies;
O how thy Praiſe, thy glorious Fame
Surmounts the lofty Skies!

Another Mode, as Mr. Sandys's 17th.

1 LOrd, how Illuſtrious is thy Sacred Name!
How bleſs'd, great God of Hoſts, Eternal King!
Whoſe Honours all the lower World proclaim!
Whoſe Honours all the Heav'nly Armies ſing!

2 Yet when the Foes, blind with malicious Rage,
Affront thy Honours, or thy Name defie,
Poor Babes, weak Infants, on thy Part engage,
And quickly make the boaſting Monſters fly.
More Strength, more Truth, from Infant-Language flows,
Than haughty Learning, or preſuming Pride.
The meaneſt Wretch, by thy beſt influence, grows
A faithful Preacher, a victorious Guide.

3 When I ſurvey the never-reſting Skies,
Whoſe moving Arch thy curious Fingers ſpread;
When to the Changing Moon I raiſe my Eyes,
The Stars with inexhauſted Brightneſs fed;

4 Lord, what's poor Man, or Man's polluted Race,
So pity'd yet, ſo kindly own'd by thee?
How could he hope for ſuch unbounded Grace,
That for his ſake, God ſhould Incarnate be?

5 Yet God, for our lov'd ſakes, our Nature took;
Beneath Himſelf, beneath his Angels found:
Tho God-like Beauties grac'd his Heav'nly Look;
His Sacred Head Majeſtick Glories crown'd.

6 Where-e'er He mov'd, ſubmiſſive Nature bow'd;
His Handy-works their great Creator knew:
And to adore his Feet, th' impatient Croud
On the ſwift Wings of juſt Obedience flew.

7 Before

7 Before Him ſavage Brutes their Fierceneſs laid:
On Him rough Lions fawn'd, and Panthers gaz'd:
Weak Sheep with hungry Wolves all fearleſs play'd;
And with fierce Tygers Kine ſecurely graz'd.

8 On lofty Trees, around his Glorious Head,
With ſtrange Delight the feather'd Chorus hung;
O'er Him their fanning Pinions gently ſpread,
And in their native Tunes his Praiſes ſung.

When o'er the Seas their King triumphant paſs'd,
Beneath his Feet the Billows ſilent lay;
The finny Herd his wondrous Foot-ſteps trac'd,
And with their Silver Scales deſcrib'd his Way.

9 Thy Honours thus the Lower World proclaim,
Thy Honours thus all Nature's Armies ſing.
Lord, how illuſtrious is thy Sacred Name!
How bleſs'd, great Lord of Hoſts, Eternal King!

PSAL. ix. *As the Firſt.*

1 I'LL praiſe the Lord with Heart and Voice;
His great, his wondrous Actions praiſe:
2 In Thee, O higheſt God, rejoice;
Thy Name in Songs Triumphant raiſe.

3 My Foes ſhall turn their Backs, and fall,
And ſink before thy Glorious Face;
4 Thy righteous Bar has judg'd 'em all,
And now my Cauſe obtains the place.

5 Thy Hand o'erturns the Nations round,
Thy Hand the ſinful World ſubdues;
Their Names Eternal Blots confound,
And dark Forgetfulneſs purſues.

6 O Enemy, preſume no more
To lay huge Towns and Countries waſte;
Thy Rage our burning Cities bore,
Thy Rage their very Names defac'd.

7 But our Eternal God appears,
His Bar prepar'd for Judgment ſtands;
8 The World His righteous Sentence hears,
His wiſe Decrees, and juſt Commands.

9 The Lord, their Refuge, ſaves the Poor,
With mighty Cares and Woes oppreſs'd:
10 His Saints live in His Help ſecure,
And in his conſtant Preſence bleſs'd.

Part 2.

11 To *Sion*'s God your Praiſes ſing,
His Acts through all the World declare!
12 When He his Queſt for Blood ſhall bring,
He'll grant the Poor's accepted Prayer.

13 Thou who my Soul from Death couldſt raiſe,
My Suff'rings, Lord, in Mercy view:
14 I'll then thy Name in *Sion* praiſe,
And Joys in thy Salvation ſhew.

15 In their own Pits the Gentiles fall,
Their own ſtrong Nets their Feet have caught;
16 Their own falſe Hearts have trap'd 'em all:
So wiſely God's Deſigns are wrought.

17 The Wicked, all ſhall ſink, and thoſe
Whoſe Heath'niſh Souls their God forget:
18 But Suff'rers ſha'n't for ever loſe
Their Hopes, or all in Darkneſs ſet.

19 Riſe

19 Riſe, Lord; ô let not Men prevail;
But riſe, and judge the Nations round!
20 Till all their Hearts with Terrour fail;
Not Gods, but Men, and mortal found.

PSAL. x.

1 WHY, Lord, ô why ſo far from me,
In my afflicted State?
2 When Sin and haughty Pride agree,
And all our Woes create?
3 O let their Arts themſelves enſnare
Who boaſt of Crimes they love,
Who bleſs the Covetous, and dare,
What God abhors, approve!

4 His God the proſp'rous Sinner ſcorns,
God ne'er his Thoughts employs;
5 The World beneath his Greatneſs mourns,
Which all Her Peace deſtroys.
Thy Judgments, Lord, exalted far
Above his Senſe appear;
Which makes him ſcorn his Foes in War,
And puff at Dangers near.

6 His Heart concludes, I'm great; no Ill
Can change my certain State:
7 His Mouth Fraud, Lyes and Curſes fill;
His Tongue, miſchievous Hate.
8 Cloſe in his Lurking-holes he lies,
To kill the Innocent;
Blood revels in his furious Eyes,
On their Deſtruction bent.

9 He like ſome Lion Couchant lies,
To ſeize the trembling Prey;
And would God's holy Saints ſurprize,
And tear their Souls away.

A thou-

A thouſand Traps and Snares he ſets
Where harmleſs Vertue goes;
And to the Tangled in his Nets
No Truth nor Mercy ſhows.

Part 2.

10 Sometimes the Wicked hangs his Head,
And feigns Humility;
That, by his harmleſs Air miſ-led,
The Meek may fall, and die.
11 God, if there's any God, he ſays,
Forgets what Mortals do:
He can't diſcern our crafty Ways,
Our ſecret Actions view.

12 Up, Lord! ſtretch out thy pow'rful Hand,
Afflicted Souls to ſave!
13 For why ſhould Fools againſt thee ſtand?
Thy dreadful Vengeance brave?
Why ſhould they cry, God minds it not?
14 O let thy piercing Sight
Look through their dark miſchievous Plot:
Re-pay their ſecret Spite!

On Thee the Poor for Help depend;
To Thee ſad Orphans fly.
15 Break wicked Arms, their Malice end,
And Sin it ſelf ſhall die.
16 The Lord for ever reigns; his Arms
Our Land from Gentiles freed:
17 He hears the Meek, their Courage warms,
And makes their Prayers ſucceed.

18 He helps the Fatherleſs and Poor,
And quells the Sinner's Rage,
Leſt they, our Ruins to procure,
Should all their Force engage.

PSAL. xj.

1 IN God my Hope ſecurely ſtands,
Why then ſhould Wretches cry?
Fly! fly to Hills, or foreign Lands!
Like Birds affrighted fly.
2 See how the Wicked bend their Bows,
And Nock their Arrows ſure!
That they with unexpected Blows,
May Death to thine procure.

3 And ſince Hopes beſt Foundations are
By wicked Hands deſtroy'd,
Oh, how ſhall Men of Juſtice fare!
Or how their Force avoid?
4 God in his Holy Temple ſits
Enthron'd above the Sky,
And all the Faults weak Man commits,
His pierceing Eye-lids try.

5 He proves the Juſt, but hates all thoſe,
Who Sin and Rapine love;
6 On them Snares, Flames and Sulphur throws,
And Terrors from above.
7 For God, who's infinitely Juſt,
In Juſtice takes Delight:
And Upright Men may ſafely truſt
In His reviving Sight.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *4th.*

1 MY Faith is fix'd on God moſt High.
Why then ſhould Fools to vex me cry,
As Birds afraid,
By Noiſes made,
Hence to the Mountains fly!

2 For loe! the Wicked bend their Bows,
Their Arrows on the ſtrings diſpoſe,
At Men upright
In Woes dark Night,
They make their deadly Blows.

3 Ill Men, by Force and Art, have thrown
The Governments Foundations down.
Where then, ô where
Can thoſe appear,
VVho Truth and Juſtice own?

4 God in his Holy Temple reigns,
The Lord enthron'd on High remains,
And with His Eyes
Severely tries
VVhat Sins the Soul retains.

5 Hee'l try and vindicate the Juſt,
But His Eternal Vengeance muſt
With Death purſue
That Impious Crew
Who dare in Rapine truſt.

6 Thick Snares, hot Flames, and Sulphur ſhall,
Like diſmal Storms on Sinners fall;
Strange Terrors will
Their Fancies fill,
And Fears confound them all.

7 The righteous God in Actions Right
Has ever fix'd his whole Delight;
Onely the Man
Who's Righteous can
Procure his favouring ſight.

PSAL. xij.

1 O Help me Lord, for Goodneſs now,
And Truth from Earth are flown!
None Honeſty nor Mercy ſhow,
They'r all Deceiful grown.
2 All double Hearts and Tongues employ,
When with their Friends they ſpeak;
3 But God will Lying-lips deſtroy,
And haughty Boaſters break.

4 Who ſay, Come let our Tongues be free,
Our Words at Random fly;
And when we uſe that Liberty,
What Lord ſhall ask us why?
5 But to relieve their miſery
To hear the Needy's cry,
I'le riſe, ſays God, and ſet him free
From Scorn and Cruelty.

6 And, Lord, Thy Promiſes are pure
As Silver oft refin'd,
7 And will thy happy Saints ſecure
From Men to Vice enclin'd.
8 The Wicked proudly ſtalks and ſwells,
But when Exalted high
Grief on each Humane viſage dwells,
And B uſhes Crimſon Dye.

PSAL. xiij.

1 LOſt in Oblivion, Lord, ſhall I
No more behold thy Face?
2 Muſt all my Thoughts diſtracted ly,
And Woes my Heart embrace.
Still ſhall my Foes my ſtrength aſſail,
And ſtill above me riſe?

3 Lord

3 Lord, hear me! and e're Death prevail
Uncloſe my failing Eyes!

4 O never let my haughty Foes
Preſume they've conquer'd me!
If they my ſmalleſt Trip diſcloſe,
They'l all Triumphant be.
5 But in thy mercy, Lord, I truſt,
Thy ſaving Health adore.
6 And ſing to Thee whoſe Bounty muſt
My doubting Soul reſtore.

PSAL. xiv.

1 THe wicked Fool's miſguided Heart
The World's great God denies;
Hence all from Ways of Virtue ſtart,
And horrid Crimes deviſe.
2 God from above the World ſurveys,
And Humane Actions reads,
To ſee who common Senſe obeys,
And God, or Goodneſs heeds.

3 But all from God's pure Ways decline,
And in his Noſtrils ſtink,
None, None at all on Truth's Divine,
Or ſober Virtues think.
" Their Throats like gaping Graves appear, [E
" Their oily Tongues deceive, Septu
" Their Lips more dealy Poiſons bear, gint
" Then biting Aſpies leave.

" Their Mouths with bitter Curſes ſtor'd,
" Their Feet to Murders fly,
" Deſtruction all their Paths afford,
" And certain Miſery.
" No Ways of Charity, or Peace,
" Their Pride, or Malice knows,

" And

" And they as ſtill their Crimes encreaſe,
" No Fear of God diſcloſe.

4 But can the Sons of Sin ſo looſe
Their Underſtanding power,
That they like Bread my Saints abuſe,
And all at once devour.
To God no Senſe can make them pray:
5 Tho' where no Ground appears
Their Souls a thouſand Terrors ſway,
And cauſleſs ſenſeleſs Fears.

But God who loves the Righteous Race,
Among the Juſt remains,
6 And while Ill Men their Hope diſgrace,
He ſtill their Hope ſuſtains.
7 Oh, whence ſhall *Iſrael*'s ſafety riſe?
If God their mournful State
Reſtore, in Them the kind ſurprize
Will boundleſs Joys create.

PSAL. XV.

1 HOw bleſt, how glorious is the Place,
Where thy great Name reſides!
How bleſt the Man whom there thy Grace
From impious Crouds divides!
But, Lord, what Gifts can fix him there?
What wondrous Virtues raiſe
His Soul to love thy Houſe, and there
To ſing thy daily Praiſe.

2 He only can with Hopes be bleſt
Of that Cœleſtial State,
Who hides no Envy in his Breaſt
Nor deadly lurking Hate:
But all his Thoughts are fix'd and true,
And all his Actions right.

Faith

Faith to his Word is always due,
His Lips in Truth delight.

No Falſhood e'er perverts his Heart,
No Lyes defile his Tongue;
3 Nor dares he, with malicious Art,
Contrive his Neighbour's Wrong.
He ſcorns thoſe Tales by Malice rais'd,
To blaſt his fragrant Name;
And all thoſe ſenſeleſs Scandals blaz'd
Againſt his riſing Fame.

Part 2.

4 That harden'd Wretch, who proudly ſlights
His great Creator's Laws;
Whoſe Wit againſt his Maker fights,
And backs a Godleſs Cauſe;
That vile, that deſpicable Slave
His nobler Thoughts deſpiſe.
But ſmiles the Good ſhall always have,
And Kindneſs in his Eyes.

No Loſs, no Gain his Juſtice bows,
His Words Aſſurance ſpeak;
He'll ne'er his Oaths, nor ſacred Vows,
Nor juſt Engagements break.
5 Boundleſs and wide his Bounty flows,
And vile Extortion hates.
Large as Men's Wants his Mercy grows,
And all their Wealth creates.

He loves the Innocent, and ſtrives
Their Vertues to protect:
From him no Bribe can buy their Lives,
Nor Falſhood gain Reſpect.
Thus ſhall he reach thy holy Place,
There grow, and flouriſh there:

And in the Glories of thy Face
No Loſs nor Dangers fear.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *7th.*

1 BLeſs'd Lord, how glorious is the Place
Thy Altars grace!
How is that holy Temple bleſs'd,
By Thee poſſeſs'd!
But, ô, what happy Man is he
Who there a daily Gueſt may be!

2 He's only of that Bliſs ſecure
Whoſe Life is pure,
Who never lets Contagious Sin
Prevail within;
For Right and Juſtice only cares,
And from his Heart the Truth declares.

3 He'll never ſlander, never lye;
Nor will his Eye
With Malice, or an envious View,
His Friend purſue;
Nor to his Neighbour's Hurt proceed,
Or break his Peace by Word or Deed.

4 He will, if Men in Sin delight,
Abhor their Sight;
And with a juſt Contempt deſpiſe
Their ſhameleſs Lyes.
But Rev'rence and Reſpect afford
To ſuch as love and fear the Lord.

If to his Neighbour's Profit e'er
He kindly ſwear,
Though to himſelf a Prejudice
From thence may riſe,
Falſhood on him ſhall ne'er prevail;
His Gain, but not his Faith, may fail.

5 He'll

5 He'll, if Extortion rais'd it, hate
A vaſt Eſtate;
And won't, for Bribes, quit the Defence
Of Innocence.
The Man whoſe Life is thus approv'd,
Shall ne'er by Fears or Pains be mov'd.

PSAL. xvj. *As the First.*

1 PReſerve me, Lord, who truſt in Thee!
2 To God my thankful Heart has ſaid,
Thou art my Lord, but canſt not be
More bleſs'd by my Submiſſions made.

3 I, with unbounded Bliſs, delight
In Saints, in ſuch as Goodneſs mind:
4 But Sorrows multiply'd ſhall light
On Men to other Gods inclin'd.

I'll ne'er, though kindly call'd, partake
Of their deteſted Sacrifice;
Nor Mention of their Idols make,
They never from my Lips ſhall riſe.

5 My God's my bleſs'd Inheritance,
My Right his mighty Arm ſuſtains:
6 My Lines on pleaſant Parts advance;
For me a goodly Let remains.

Part 2.

7 My Thanks I'll to my Teacher ſhow,
I nightly feel his gentle Hand;
8 He's ever fix'd before me, ſo
I ſtill unmov'd, unſhaken ſtand.

9 My Heart hence ſprings with riſing Joys,
My Tongue's with glorious Praiſes bleſs'd:
Though Death my Mortal State deſtroys,
My Fleſh in certain Hope ſhall reſt.

10 The Grave ſhall ſoon my Fleſh reſign,
Death quit his Triumphs o'er my Soul.
Tombs ſha'n't thy Holy One confine,
Nor Worms my mould'ring Corps control.

11 To me thy Grace new Life ſhall ſhow;
Lord, in thy Preſence Joys abound;
With thee Eternal Pleaſures flow,
And laſting Bliſs, with Glories crown'd.

PSAL. xvij.

1 HEar me, O hear me, Lord?
Accept my earneſt Cry!
Thy Juſtice to his Pray'rs afford,
Who hates Hypocriſie!
2 O weigh my Right, and let
My Sentence come from Thee!
3 Thou try'ſt my Heart, thy Looks are ſet,
By Night to viſit me.

Yet thou haſt found me pure
When in thy Furnace try'd:
My Lips, by Reſolutions ſure,
Are to thy Precepts ty'd.
4 Whate'r vile Sinners dare,
I know thy Word's Divine:
And from deſtructive Paths, with Care,
My wand'ring Feet confine.

5 Lord, all my Motions guide
To tread thy ſacred Way!

And never let my Foot-steps wide
From Paths of Vertue stray!
6 I only call to thee,
Who hear'st the Cries of thine:
Lord, bow thy gracious Ears to me,
And to my Words incline!

7 Thy wondrous Love disclose
To those who trust in thee;
And save them from the Rage of those
Who would their Ruin see!
8 Keep me as Eye-lids keep
And guard the tender Eye,
That I beneath thy Wings may sleep,
Beneath thy Shade may lie!

Part 2.

9 Save me from bloody Hands,
Who now inclose me round;
And all those cruel angry Bands,
Which would my Life confound!
10 Who, fat and haughty made,
Speak big with lofty Pride;
11 But Snares which in our Paths are laid,
With down-cast Looks can hide.

12 Who, like fierce Lions, would
Surprize the trembling Prey;
Or Lions Whelps, which, mad for Blood,
In Thickets lurking stay.
13 Rise, quell their Malice, Lord,
And break their Insolence!
From wicked Men, thy deadly Sword,
Be thou my Soul's Defence.

14 From Godless Brutes, employ'd
To scourge a careless Age;

Men who with Earthly Bleſſings cloy'd,
Their Hearts on Earth engage;
Whoſe craving Bellies all
The ſecret Treaſures fill;
Whoſe Sons are fat, whoſe Lordſhips fall
Down to their Children ſtill.

15 So I in Righteouſneſs
Thy glorious Face ſhall ſee
Which, when I'm rais'd again, ſhall bleſs
Me to Satiety.

PSAL. xviij. *as the* 100*th, or Mr.* Sandys's 9*th.*

1 HOW ſhall I praiſe my God, my King,
Thus eccſtaſy'd with Joys and Love?
What worthy Hallelujahs ſing
To his great Name who rules above?

He, by a thouſand ſacred Bands,
Has made my grateful Heart his own.
2 My Strength, my Rock, my Fort He ſtands,
His Force in my Deliv'rance ſhown.

My God, my ſolid Hope, my Shield,
Againſt my fierce inſulting Foes:
Safe in his Strength I keep the Field,
My Crown his mighty Arm beſtows.

3 Him will I praiſe, to him I'll pray,
And ſo from all my Foes be free,
4 Tho' Death's ſtrong Chains ſhould ſtop my Way,
And Floods of Horrour compaſs me.

5 Hell's diſmal Sorrows hedg'd me round,
Death's cruel Chains oppos'd my Way;
6 Yet my Diſtreſs his Mercy found,
And from his Seat He heard me pray.

Part 2.

7 His Awful Nod my Cries receiv'd,
Which all the World's Foundations ſhook,
And Mountains from their Baſes heav'd,
Unhing'd by his revenging Look.

8 Thick Smoak his kindling Furies rais'd,
His Wrath the ſtreaming Vapour ſhow'd,
Devouring Flames before him blaz'd,
And Bolts with living Sulphur glow'd.

9 He came, Heav'ns bending Arches groan'd,
His Steps thick Darkneſs cover'd o'er;
10 Triumphant Flames their Lord inthron'd,
On Wings of rapid Tempeſts bore.

11 Myſterious Gloom around him flow'd,
And where he forc'd his wond'rous Way,
His Way Majeſtick Darkneſs ſhow'd,
And heavy Clouds obſcur'd the Day.

12 But ſoon his fiery Wrath diſpell'd
The Clouds, the Clouds diſſolv'd around;
And Drops to monſt'rous Hail congeal'd,
With burning Bolts, rak'd o'er the Ground.

13 The thund'ring Skies his Voice reveal'd,
The Air return'd the dreadful Sound;
And Drops to monſtrous Hail congeal'd,
With burning Bolts, rak'd o'er the Ground.

14 Thick as his Hail his Arrows flew:
Nor could his Foes their Force avoid,
While his ſure Hand thick Lightnings threw,
And all their ſcatter'd Hoſts deſtroy'd.

Pat

Part 3.

15 Great God, when thy fierce Fury ſtorm'd,
Diſtracted Nature trembling lay;
And the unfathom'd Deep, deform'd
Through horrid Ruptures, felt the Day.

The Seas old Parent Springs appear'd,
And the great World's Foundations torn;
The tott'ring Hills their Doom's-day fear'd,
By thy impetuous Wrath o'er-born.

16 For me yet were his Loves engag'd,
His Brows with ſofter Glory ſhin'd;
He ſav'd me from the Gulphs enrag'd,
And all the greedy Floods combin'd.

17 His gracious Arm ſtill reſcues me
From all my Foes inſulting Hate,
That Arm which me alone can free,
And their prevailing Force abate.

18 Their Spite my ſaddeſt Moments watch'd,
But God was then my Guard, my Stay;
He lov'd, he lov'd my Soul, and ſnatch'd
From hungry Jaws the fainting Prey.

19 My harmleſs Innocence he knows,
And with his bounteous Love purſues;
20 For I his ſacred Methods choſe,
Nor would his juſt Commands refuſe.

Part 4.

21 God's Statutes ſtill before me lay,
22 Nor durſt I caſt his Laws aſide,
23 But with Him trod the perfect Way,
And all my craving Luſts deny'd.

24 So God my Love with Love repay'd,
Repay'd my righteous Innocence,
And to my Hands thus guiltleſs made
Hee'l ſtill His kind Rewards diſpenſe.

25 God's ever Juſt; where Mercy ſhines
His Mercy meets the tender Heart,
Where Man to perfect Deeds inclines,
His Smiles a perfect meed impart.

26 Where the plain Heart ſincerely moves,
God's Bleſſings are unmix'd and plain,
Where Man deceit and falſhood loves,
Falſe Hopes, falſe Joys, are all his gain.

27 Thou ſhalt thy poor Afflicted raiſe,
Bring down the Looks which proudly ſwell.
28 And make my Light more brightly blaze,
And all my darker thoughts diſpel.

29 By Thee with Godlike vigour arm'd
Thro' rally'd Hoſts I force my way,
Scale lofty Walls, till all alarm'd
My ever conquering Sword obey.

Part 5.

30 God's ways are perfect, try'd and pure
His Word; His Strength a certain Shield.
31 What God but Ours can help ſecure?
What Lord ſo firm a Shelter yield?

32 My God, my Arm with ſtrength ſupplies,
And makes my Ways and Counſels plain,
33 Through him my ſpeed the Hart out-flies,
And I ſet high ſecurely reign.

34 He

34 He taught my unskill'd Arms the ſlight
To throw the Spear and lift the Shield,
To break ſteel Bows with eaſe, and fight
The Duel, or the Marſhall'd field.

35 Thro' Thee I'me ſafe and guarded ſure,
And Greatneſs gain, and kind ſupport,
36 My Paths grow large, my Feet ſecure,
My Foes my Conquering Armies ſport.

37 My flying Foes I'le ſwiftly chaſe
And ſeize, and ſoon confound them all:
38 Till in their Breaſts my Shafts take place,
And Dead beneath my feet they fall.

39 When numerous Armies take the Field
With ſtrength thy Spirit girds me round,
40 Thou make'ſt my fierce Oppoſers yield,
Their humbled Necks to kiſs the ground.

Thro' Thee my Hands with eaſe deſtroy
Thoſe Crouds whoſe ſpite my Glory croſs'd.
41 In vain to God for Help they cry,
Their Prayers, their empty Cries are loſt.

Part 6.

42 Thro' Thee my ſcatter'd Foes are blown
Like Duſt before the ſtormy Wind,
Or like vile Dirt in ſtreets are thrown,
And I tread down their hated kind.

43 No more ſhall ſtrife the Tribes divide,
But I'le by join'd Agreement reign,
And o're ſtrange Heathen Lands preſide,
And Realms unknown ſhall drag my Chain.

44 They'l by my Name alarm'd obey,
And Strangers ſmooth pretences make,
45 And humble Reverence ſeem to pay
When all their ſtrongeſt Frontiers quake.

46 Bleſs'd be my God! O ever bleſt!
My ever-living Rock! may He,
47 Whoſe ſaving Help my Foes depreſt,
More honour'd ſtill, more glorious be!

48 Their Heads it's mark His Vengeance makes,
And He the ſubject Nations leads;
Me from their cruel Envy takes,
And ſets me high above their Heads.

And tho' Man's heady Fury ſtill
Fly out, thy Arms my Safety bring;
49 And I before the Gentiles will
Thy Praiſe, in grateful Anthems, ſing.

50 To Kings He great Salvation gives;
And ſure of his protecting Grace
His *David*, his Anointed lives,
And all his long ſucceeding Race.

PSAL. 19. *As the 18th.*

1 LOok up obdurate Wretch! Survey
The Heavens, the far extended Skyes:
See what thoſe ſacred Volumes lay,
Before thy Unbelieving Eyes.

To prove our God's Exiſtence, there
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties ſhine,
A thouſand glorious Marks appear,
Of Providence and Love Divine.

2 If ſtill thy ſullen Silence dare
Neglect thy great Creator's Praiſe,
Yet wiſer Nature's grateful Care
His Being ſpeaks, his Might diſplays.

There, Days to Nights, and Nights to Days,
Inſtructive Wisdom's Lectures read.
3 Yet to proclaim God's wondrous praiſe,
They neither Voice nor Language need.

Orders prodigious Eloquence,
O're all the ſeeing World prevails;
And with ſtrong Truth, and weighty Senſe,
Their willing Eyes and Hearts aſſails.

4 Nor can Earth's darkeſt Corners be
So far from Light or Senſe remov'd,
But they our God's Exiſtence ſee,
And Atheïſtic Lyes diſprov'd.

Part 2.

Above in open Skies He bleſt
5 The Place from whence the lightſom Sun
Like ſome Illuſtrious Bridgroom dreſt;
Or well-breath'd vigorous Youth ſhould run.

6 Thro' every Point he ſwifty drives,
And ſheds his Influences round,
And as He runs diſperſes Lives,
His Heat's with vaſt Productions crown'd.

7 Yet tho' that radiant Star declare,
So plain the Majeſty Divine,
Tho' Nature ſpeak her Maker's care,
And God in every Creature ſhine.

More happy we, to whom his Grace
Imparts his Will, and ſacred Laws;
Where, through each Word, the Poor may trace
His Works, and Him, their mighty Cauſe.

Thy Laws in full Perfection ſhine,
Great God, thy Statutes firmly ſtand;
Thoſe, ſinful Thoughts to Good incline;
Theſe make the Simpleſt underſtand.

8 Thy Precepts right, thy Dictates pure,
Give Joy, and clear the Cloudy Eyes;
9 Thy Worſhip ever ſhall endure,
Thy Judgments all are juſt, and wiſe.

Part 3.

10 Honey we'd eat, and Gold we'd gain;
That, for its Sweetneſs; this, its Price.
But nobler Sweets thy Laws contain;
More worth, thy Word's Divine Advice.

11 They warn my Soul when Danger's near,
Dangers which Health and Luſt create;
And then conduct me ſafely where
Rewards on juſt Obedience wait.

12 Yet who, ô holy God can know
What Guilt his inmoſt Thoughts attends,
Who weighs his Words, his Actions who?
Or on their Innocence depends?

Cleanſe me, ô cleanſe my Soul, my God,
From Sins o'er-look'd, and Guilt unknown:
13 O let me not beneath the Load
Of Madneſs or Preſumption groan!

So

So from great Guilt, great Errours, free,
14 I'll praiſe my ſtrong Redeemer's Name,
Till all my Thoughts and Words with Thee
May Favour and Acceptance gain.

PSAL. xx. *As the 12th.*

1 WHen, preſs'd with weighty Cares,
The Lord accept thy Prayers,
Thee with his glorious Name defend!
2 May his Aſſiſting-Grace
Come from thy Holy Place;
His Strength from *Sion*'s Hill deſcend!
3 O may thy Sacrifice
Right from his Altars riſe,
Conſum'd at once by Flames Divine!
4 He give thee wiſh'd Succeſs,
And all thy Counſels bleſs,
While we in Thanks and Praiſe combine!

5 With Joys Triumphant we
Thy great Salvation ſee:
In God's great Name our Standards high,
With humbly grateful Praiſe,
And chearful Hands, we'll raiſe:
May God to all thy Prayers reply!
6 He, from his holy Throne,
Will his Anointed own;
On him his God's Salvation flows:
That Health and Safety ſtrong,
Which to our God belong,
God's mighty Arm alone beſtows.

7 Some in their Chariots moſt,
And ſome in Horſes boaſt;
But we, in God's more pow'rful Name.

8 They,

8 They, cruſh'd and broken all,
In weighty Ruins fall,
While we our Saviour's Strength proclaim:
Through that we ſtrongly riſe,
And with erected Eyes,
The Spring of all our Strength adore.
9 O Thou, our God, our King,
Accept the Vows we bring,
When we thy needful Help implore!

Another Metre. As the 100*th.*

1 THE Lord, in dang'rous Times receive
Thy Pray'rs; his Name defend thee ſtill
2 Thy Wants with holy Aids relieve,
And help thee from his ſacred Hill!

3 O may He all thy Vows record,
Conſume thy grateful Sacrifice:
4 Succeſs to thy vaſt Thoughts afford,
And bleſs each mighty Enterprize!

5 So, in his Health Triumphant, we
Will raiſe our happy Standards high
In God's great Name, while kindly he
Shall to thy fervent Pray'rs reply:

6 Now, now I know the Lord his Health
on his Anointed King beſtows;
Whoſe Strength, whoſe Happineſs, and Wealth,
From his Celeſtial Treaſure flows.

7 Some truſt in well-arm'd Chariots; ſome
In Horſes, and in Horſe-men's Force:
In God's more pow'rful Name we come;
To him alone's our whole Recourſe.

8 They

8 They quickly bend, and quickly fall;
We riſe more high, and ſtronger ſtand;
9 Help, Lord! and when, diſtreſs'd, we call,
For us thy Royal Aids command!

PSAL. xxj. *As the* 100*th.*

1 THE King ſhall in thy Might be glad,
And in thy ſaving Health rejoice,
2 Since he, bleſs'd Lord, his Wiſhes had,
And thou haſt heard his humble Voice.

3 Thy Goodneſs all his Hopes prevents,
And crowns his Head with envy'd Gold:
4 He beg'd for Life; thy Love conſents,
He long may live, and ne'er be old.

5 Thy great Salvation ſet him high,
With all Majeſtick Glory crown'd:
6 On him Eternal Bleſſings lie;
Thy Heav'nly Joys his Heart ſurround.

7 The King on God above relies,
And in his Mercy firmly ſtands:
8 No Foe beyond his Anger flies,
Nor ſcapes his long revenging Hands.

9 Lord, when thy dreadful Fury burns,
Its Flame their Stock at once conſumes,
10 And all their Race on Earth o'erturns,
And all their wretched Pride intombs.

11 Againſt thee they conſpir'd, and fram'd
Such Plots as no Effect could take.
12 O let them turn their Backs aſham'd!
Thine Arrows ſharp againſt them make!

13 Exalt

13 Exalt thy Might, thy Glory, Lord;
Arise, exalt thy lofty Name,
While we with Songs thy Might record,
And all thy wondrous Acts proclaim.

PSAL. xxij.

1 WHY, ô my God; my God, ô why
Hast thou forsaken me?
How long so distant from my Cry
Shall thy Salvation be!
2 To thee, my God, I cry by Day;
To thee by Night I cry;
With Tears, with restless Tears, I pray;
Yet, unregarded, die.

3 Yet Thou art holy, Lord, and pure;
With faithful Praise ador'd:
4 Our Father's Hopes in Thee were sure,
Thy Help their Souls restor'd.
5 On Thee they call'd, and hop'd in Thee,
Yet no Disgrace receiv'd:
Thy Hand procur'd their Liberty,
And all their Wants reliev'd.

6 But I, a wretched Worm, the Name
Of Man in vain have born;
By Men expos'd to common Shame,
And all the Vulgar's Scorn.
7 Their Heads, their Lips, when I appear,
With Scoffs disdainful move.
8 Let's see, they cry, if God can hear,
If God his Cause approve.

God was his Hope, in God his Trust,
On God the Wretch re'y'd:
God, if He'll have him, strong'y must
Espouse his Darling's Side.

9 But from my Mother's Breasts and Womb,
Thou wast my God, my Guide:
10 Thy careful Hand my youthful Bloom,
My Infant Cries supply'd.

11 So on thy Grace I still depend,
O never cast me by;
For daily Woes my Life attend,
And no Assistant's nigh.

Part 2.

12 Against me Sinners fierce engage,
And impious Arms prevail;
13 And me with Lions rampant Rage,
And open Mouths, assail.
14 My Life runs off, like Winter-Streams;
My Bones, disjointed, start:
As Wax before the Sun's hot Beams,
So melts my careful Heart.

15 My Strength quite dries away, my Tongue
Cleaves to my parching Jaws;
And I shall soon to Earth belong
By Death's determin'd Laws.
16 For angry Dogs around me meet,
And all the Godless Crew:
They pierce my bleeding Hands and Feet,
And Wounds on Wounds renew.

17 Each Passenger may tell my Bones,
While here I rack'd appear;
And gaze in Scorn, while deathful Groans
My wasted Vitals tear.
18 My Robes my cruel Murd'rers seize,
And carefully divide;
And for their Shares, their doubtful Pleas,
Impartial Lots decide.

19 But

19 But leave me not, my Strength, my Lord!
O fly to reſcue me!
20 My helpleſs Soul, ô from the Sword,
And bloody Dogs ſet free!
21 From Lions Mouths, and Brutiſh Might,
O ſave, and hear my Prayer!
22 So I'll, in all thy Church's Sight,
Thy Name, thy Praiſe declare.

Part 3.

23 O ye who fear the Lord, with Praiſe
His happy Smiles implore!
Ye faithful Seed, his Glories raiſe,
His ſacred Name adore!
24 He ne'er deſpis'd, nor caſt aſide
The Poor's afflicted Caſe;
Nor hid his Face; but when I cry'd,
Beſtow'd his wonted Grace.

25 To thee, my God, I'll lofty Praiſe
In vaſt Aſſemblies ſing;
My humbleſt Vows on holy Days,
With juſt Devotion bring.
26 The Poor ſhall eat to Fulneſs there,
Thy Saints thy Praiſes ſound;
Their joyful Hearts with Heav'nly Cheer,
And Life Eternal crown'd.

27 Earth's fartheſt Bounds to Thee ſhall bow,
The World thy Grace proclaim:
All Nations Thee their God ſhall know,
And bear thy ſacred Name.
28 For God above the Nations reigns,
And o'er the Wor'd preſides:
His Word their quiet State maintains,
And Truth to all divides.

29 The

29 The Rich ſhall all his Rights allow,
And juſt Obedience pay.
The Poor to him ſhall gladly bow,
And his Commands obey.
Nay, thoſe whoſe drooping Souls draw near
The dark devouring Grave,
Shall at his Name reviv'd appear,
And his Protection crave.

30 Their Seed their gracious God ſhall ſerve,
And in his Family
Their happy States and Names preſerve,
And all his Goodneſs ſee.
31 They ſhall his Righteouſneſs to all
Succeeding Ages ſhow;
That thoſe to come on God may call,
And all his Wonders know.

Another Metre: As the 124th.

1 WHY, O my God, O why, my God, doſt Thou
Deſert a Soul oppreſs'd with mighty Woe!
Thou, whoſe unbounded Mercies largely flow;
And ready Help, and kind Supports allow
To others, who beneath their Suff'rings bow!

2 Cruſh'd by thy weighty Wrath, my dreadful Cries,
My flowing Tears, conſume the chearful Light;
My reſtleſs Groans diſturb the ſi'ent Night:
Yet ſtill my abſent God his Smi'es denies;
For Tears or Groans has neither Ears nor Eyes.

3 What! Can thy Wrath againſt a Godleſs Race
Thy Nature change? or to thy Servants make
Thy Promiſe fail? Can God himſelf forſake?
O, no! He's holy ſtill: His wondrous Grace
The faithful Wor'd with Praiſe and Thanks em-
brace.

4 On him our happy Fathers long believ'd;
Their Faith in him, in him their Hopes were sure;
Their Confidence in him from Shame secure.
5 His ready Arm their pressing Wants reliev'd;
Their ancient Freedom, and their State retriev'd.

6 But I'm beneath a Man's exalted Name,
A trampled Worm, a Wretch, forgot, forlorn;
Expos'd to all th' insulting Vulgar's Scorn.
My heavy Woes their scoffing Wits inflame,
And think I merit greater Pains and Shame

7 See how they toss their Heads! the barb'rous Crew
Shoot out their Tongues with pointed Flouts and Jeers,
(Unkind returns for all my sanguine tears!)
With cruel Joys the Rout my Life pursue,
And my unutterable Torments view.

8 God was th' Impostors Patron once, they cry;
God was his Strength, his Friend, his Father too:
Let's see what that Almighty Friend can do:
Let's see his God, through the dividing Sky,
On rapid Wings, to his Assistance fly!

2 Yet from my Mother's Breasts, and Virgin-womb
Wast thou my God, and I was only thine;
My Birth, Conception, Nature, all Divine.
10 On Thee I trusted in my early Bloom:
Thy Image in my Infant-Soul had Room.

And can I doubt my God's immortal Love?
Can Seas or Earth again, or can the Sky,
Dissolv'd in one unshap'd Confusion, lie?
Can groundless Hate pursue the spotless Dove?
Or can unkind Oblivion reign above?

11 Lord,

11 Lord, be not abſent long! to thee alone
My drooping Soul for ſure Aſſiſtance flies;
On Thee, for Help, my drooping Soul relies.
My Griefs are nearer now, and ſtronger grown;
My Foes unnumber'd, my Aſſiſtants none.

12 Not angry Bulls with more ungovern'd Rage,
Curl'd Bulls of lofty *Baſan*'s ſurly Breed;
13 Not hungry Lions rouz'd, with fiercer Speed
Againſt the daring Hunters Spears engage,
Than againſt me this blind malicious Age.

14 With cruel Spite they vex and wildly tear
My mangled Body, and my wounded Mind;
No ſinewy Strength my loos'ning Joints can find.
Woes ſwell my throbbing Heart, and deadly Care,
And horrid Pangs approaching Death declare.

15 What Pray'rs, what Cries, what melting Tears can I,
To cool Men's Rage, or eaſe my Torments, uſe?
My Tongue its Cries, their Tears my Eyes refuſe.
And that thou, Lord, may'ſt caſt thy Thunders by,
I groan, I ſweat, I bleed, and faint, and die.

16 To grieve me more, they pierce my Hands and Feet,
My Hands, my bleeding Feet, are rudely torn;
My dying Groans ſuppreſs'd by noiſy Scorn.
So greedy Dogs about the Carcaſe meet,
And Paſſengers with ſurly Snarlings greet.

17 Stretch'd on this Croſs, my Bones are all deſcry'd;
Their Eyes, ſtill dry, the ſtupid Vulgar raiſe,
And, hard as Rocks, on all my Sorrows gaze.
18 My Robes among themſelves my Guards divide;
And with impartial Lots, their Claims decide.

19 But,

19 But, ô with Haſte, my God, with Haſte to me;
Fly on thy own Salvation's Balmy Wings:
From that alone my Strength and Safety ſprings.
To give me Life, let thy Aſſiſtance be
Swift as my own Obedience was to Thee!

20 And though my Foes with Dog-like Fury rave,
My wretched Soul, deſerted, Friendleſs, mourn,
And all their Swords againſt my Boſom turn,
Be thou but mine, their ſwords and teeth ſhall have
A Check, and all their Malice find a Grave.

21 Though Men, as Rampant Lions fierce, would tear
My trembling heart, tho they'd with force control
With rabid Force diſtract my peaceful Soul;
Be thou but mine, I'll live more free from Fear
Than Mariners when Halcyon Calms appear.

22 Then to my faithful Brethren I'll declare
Thy gracious Actions, and thy glorious Name;
And in thy Houſe thy wondrous Love proclaim.
23 O ye who in th'Almighty's Favour ſhare,
Now to his Court with grateful Songs repair!

Ye who of *Iſrael*'s Privilege partake,
By Faith united to the choſen Seed,
To his bleſs'd Courts with grateful Songs proceed.
24 He ne'er would yet his praying Saints forſake,
Nor to th' Oppreſs'd himſelf a Stranger make.

25 Thy Name I'll in the great Aſſemblies praiſe,
And there, in publick, pay my Vows to Thee:
There all thy Saints my Gratitude ſhall ſee:
My Sacrifice their fainting Hope ſhall raiſe,
And turn their Mourning to their Feaſting-Days.

26 Then

26 Then thoſe who ſeek their God, their God ſhall ſee;
Their Hearts with no uncertain Tumours ſwell,
But in Eternal Joys and Pleaſures dwell:
Where chang'd their happy Hymns of Praiſe ſhall be,
To Angels Tunes, and Heav'nly Harmony.

27 Thee ſhall the bleſs'd converted Nations know:
Earth's utmoſt Borders, deareſt Lord, be thine:
To Thee the fartheſt Pagan Tribes incline
To Thee ſhall all th' enlightned Nations flow,
And holy Rev'rence and Devotion ſhow.

28 For God's the King, and o'er the Nations reigns:
29 The Rich, the Mighty to his Sceptre bow:
His Government the naked Poor allow.
Their God to them his Kindneſs ſtill retains;
And gives them Life, and then their Lives maintains.

30 From them ſhall an immortal Race deſcend,
To God devoted, and from God be nam'd;
For ſacred Rites and holy Virtues fam'd:
31 Who downward ſhall the gladſom Tidings ſend,
And his great Acts to future Heirs extend.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt, Almighty Three,
One only God, one Glorious Trinity!
As ſhall be, is, and was e'er Time begun,
Be laſting Glories paid, and Homage done.

PSAL. xxiij. *As the 100th.*

1 AMidſt a Thouſand Wants and Woes,
My Soul on God for He'p relies:
My Griefs his pitying Wiſdom knows;
My Wants his pitying Love ſupplies.

2 He

2 He like a Shepheard gently leads,
My Soul thro' Truths delightful Ways:
My Foot ſure by his Conduct treads,
And ne're from Paths of Wiſdom ſtrays.

3 As graſſy Meads, and wholeſom Streams,
New Health on ſickly Flocks beſtow,
So in thy Favours quickning Beams
I ſweetly live, and kindly grow.

4 Thro' Death's dark ſhades I fearleſs move,
By Thee, dear God, ſecur'd from Harms;
Thy very Rod demonſtrates Love,
Thy Staff ſupports my wearied Arms.

5 What tho' an envious World ſhould frown
On all my chief Delights? from Thee
Sweet Wine and Oil my Bowl ſhall crown,
And boundleſs Plenty compaſs me.

6 In Thee, my God, I'me always bleſt.
On Thee my Hopes, my Joys depend.
Then in thy Houſe I'le fix my Reſt,
My Life in laſting Praiſes ſpend.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *10th.*

1 THE Lord's my Sheepherd, I the Sheep,
Thoſe Soul his Cares in ſafety keep.
Through flowery Meads,
He gently leads
Me on where I ſecurely ſleep:
Or by His guidance go,
Where ſilent Waters flow.

3 His Loves, his conſtant Loves refin'd,
The Errors of my wand'ring Mind:

For his Name's ſake,
He brought me back,
When I from Virtue's paths declin'd.
And to his righteous Ways,
Confines my fleeting Days.

4 I now no Fears or Danger know,
Tho' thro' Death's gloomy ſhades I go;
Since there with me,
My God will be.
From Thee alone my Comforts flow,
Which to me, ever Lord,
Thy Rod, thy Staff afford.

5 Thou wilt for Me before my Foes,
A Table nobly ſtor'd diſpoſe,
Oils largely ſhed,
Around my Head.
And till the purple Juice o're-flows,
Thy endleſs Bounty will,
My Bowl divinely fill.

6 Goodneſs and Mercy both ſhall be,
A Portion all my Life for me:
And then my Reſt,
Supremely bleſt,
Within thy ſacred Houſe ſhall be;
Where, to my God and King,
I'le endleſs Praiſes ſing.

PSAL. xxjv.

1 THis Earth, the World, their Hoſts, and Store,
To God above belong,
2 Who rais'd it on the Seas, and o're
The Waters built it ſtrong.
3 Yet fix'd in one ſelected place
His own Immortal Name:

But

But ô, what Man can find ſuch grace,
Dear Lord, to reach the ſame?

What happy Man divinely bleſt
Attend thy Altars there,
Or of a Seat ſecure poſſeſt
Before thy Face appear?

4 He, whoſe pure Hands are free from Blood,
From all Corruptions free,
Whoſe honeſt Heart, ſincerely good,
Abhors Hypocriſy.

Who ne're in Thoughts, or Actions vain,
His active Soul employ'd,
Nor falſly ſwore, nor liv'd in pain
To make his Promiſe void.

5 To ſuch a Man God's goodneſs will,
Unfading Bleſſings give,
Reward him well, and let him ſtill,
On his Salvation live.

6 Such, with unweary'd Dilligence,
Seek God's Immortal Name,
And *Iſraelites* by Faith commence,
And *Iſrael*'s portion claim.

7 Yee Doors, yee Gates Eternal high,
Your glorious Arches raiſe,
Then ſhall the King of Majeſty,
Come in with lofty praiſe.

8 O who'es that great that glorious King?
It's God, the mighty Lord,
Whoſe Might his happy Servants ſing,
And wondrous Wars record.

9 Yee Doors, yee Gates, Eternal high
Your glorious Arches raiſe,
Then ſhall the King of Majeſty,
Come in with lofty praiſe.

10 O who's that great, that glorious King?
It's God, the mighty Lord
Of Hoſts; whoſe Praiſe his Subjects ſing,
Whoſe Honours all record.

Another Metre: As Da Pacem Domine.

1 THE Earth is God's, her Fulneſs too;
Earth, and all of Earth poſſeſs'd:
2 For on the Seas he pois'd it true;
On the Floods ſecur'd its Reſt.
3 But who, ô who
Can, Lord, purſue
Paths to reach thy ſacred Hill?
Or ſee thy Face
In that bleſs'd Place,
There, unmov'd, abiding ſtill?

4 He, only he, whoſe Hands are clean,
He who purifies his Heart;
Whoſe Soul is neither proud, nor vain,
Nor can from his Oaths depart.
5 All Bleſſings he
From God ſhall ſee,
And his Saviour's Righteouſneſs:
6 Such, ſuch are they
Who ev'ry Way
After *Jacob*'s Maker preſs.

7 Lift up your Heads, ye ſacred Gates!
Doors Eternal, open wide!
Then ſhall the King of glorious State
Through your Ports triumphant ride.
8 O who is He
Whoſe Majeſtie
Your Angelick Anthems ſing?
The Lord of Might
Supream in Fight;
He's our Great, our Glorious King.

9 Lift up your Heads, ye ſacred Gates;
Doors Eternal, open wide;
Then ſhall the King of glorious State
Through your Ports triumphant ride.
10 O who is He
Whoſe Majeſtie
Your Angelick Anthems ſing?
The Lord, whoſe Sway
All Hoſts obey:
He's our Great, our Glorious King.

PSAL. XXV.

1 I, Lord, to thee my Heart diſpoſe;
2 My God, I truſt in thee!
O ſave me from inſulting Foes,
And Shame, and Infamy!
3 Let wilful Sinners ſink with Shame,
But keep thy Servants free:
4 And let thy Faith my Heart inflame,
Reveal thy Paths to me;

5 O let thy Truth direct my Ways,
To me Salvation give;
To me, dear Lord, who all my Days
In ſacred Longings live!
6 Thy never-ending Mercies, Lord,
Thy Bowels, Lord, re-call!
7 My youthful Crimes, my Sins abhorr'd,
Forgive, forget them all!

O, for thy tender Mercy's ſake,
With Favour think on me!
8 The blindeſt Sinners God will make
His righteous Paths to ſee.
9 He makes the Meek with Prudence move;
The Humble kindly draws:

10 His Ways all Truths and Mercies prove
To thoſe who keep his Laws.

Part 2.

11 For thy Name ſake, a Sinner ſpare,
With weighty Guilt oppreſs'd:
12 To him who fears thee, Lord, declare,
Thy Paths with Safety bleſs'd!
13 His Hand on happy Ground ſhall build,
His Race the Land ſhall hold:
13 T' his Soul, with holy Secrets fill'd,
Will God his Grace unfold.

15 To Thee I look, dear Lord, my Feet
From ſubtile Snares retrieve:
16 My Sorrows, Lord, with Mercy meet;
With Love my Woes relieve.
17 Increaſing Woes diſtreſs my Soul;
O kindly reſcue it!
18 My Sorrows and my Pains controul,
And all my Sins remit!

19 Help from my num'rous Foes I crave,
Who hate me wrongfullie.
20 My Soul from all Confuſion ſave,
Becauſe I truſt in Thee.
21 Truth, Juſtice, I'll as Guards eſteem,
And on thy Favours wait:
22 But, Lord, thy holy Church redeem
From its afflicted State!

PSAL. xxvj.

1 JUdge, Lord; aſſert my Cauſe; for I
Have trod the perfect Way:
1 truſt in Thee; no Dangers nigh
Can make my Hopes decay.

2 Prove me, my God; examine well
My Reins, and ſearch my Heart:
3 My Eyes on all thy Mercies dwel;
From Truth I'll ne'er depart.

4 The Lyer's Seat my Thoughts abhor;
My Soul hates Hypocrites:
5 Ne'er joins with wicked Councils, nor
In impious Ways delights.
6 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
And grateful Off'rings bring:
7 Of Thee declare my humble Senſe,
And all thy Wonders ſing.

8 Lord, I have lov'd thy Temples while
In them thy Glories dwell:
9 O don't my Life to Sinners vile,
Nor bloody Murth'rers ſell!
10 Whoſe Hands to any Miſchief move,
Who love large Bribes to ſee:
11 So I'll in all that's good improve:
O ſave, ô pity me!

12 I'll to the Paths of Righteouſneſs
My ready Steps confine;
And ſtand where thy great Name, to bleſs
Aſſembling Saints, combine.

PSAL. xxvij.

1 THE Lord's my Light, my Health; Can I
Poor changing Mortals fear?
His Smiles my Life and Strength ſupply;
And can I faint appear?
2 When wicked Men, my ſpiteful Foes,
To eat me up deſign'd,
They trip'd, and fell, but never roſe,
With Ma'ice deadly blind.

3 Wh

3 What though huge Hoſts beſet me round?
My Heart no Fear can know:
Though War's Alarms about me ſound,
My Faith ſhall ſtronger grow.
4 One Grant, to keep his Houſe Divine,
From God I long to hear;
To ſee his ſacred Beauties ſhine,
And ſerve his Altars there.

5 He me in dang'rous Times ſhall hide
Within his ſecret Place;
A Reſt, a Rock for me provide;
6 My Head with Honours grace
Above my Foes, which preſs me round;
While mighty Off'rings I
Shall bring with Joys triumphant ſound,
And praiſe my God moſt High.

Part 2.

7 Thy Ears, Lord, to my Cries afford,
And hear, and pity me!
8 To ſeek Thee thou command'ſt me, Lord;
I'll ſeek, dear Lord, to Thee.
9 O never, never hide thy Face
In Anger, Lord, from me:
My Help of old, ô let thy Grace
My Guard, my Safety be!

10 Though off by cruel Parents thrown,
My God will own me ſtill.
11 To ſave me from my Foes, make known
To me thy righteous Will;
12 O give me not, dear Lord, a Prey
To barb'rous Enemies!
Who Snares for me by Falſhood lay,
And hunt my Soul with Lyes.

13 Lord, of thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſure,
My fainting Soul reviv'd,
Of thy refreſhing Love ſecure
While here on Earth I liv'd.
14 Wait then on God with Courage bold,
And he'll exalt thy State:
Thy Heart, with Strength renew'd, uphold;
On him ô humbly wait!

PSAL. xxviij.

1 TO Thee, my Rock, my Lord, I cry:
Thy Anſwer, Lord, I crave,
Leſt, by thy Silence ruin'd, I
Too ſoon approach the Grave.
2 Hear his Petitions when to Thee
Thy lowly Servant prays;
When toward thy Seat of Mercy he
His Hands ſhall humbly raiſe.

3 O leave me not with impious Men,
With wicked Workers, who
Speak friendlieſt to their Neighbours when
They plot their Overthrow.
4 On their own wicked Heads at laſt
Their black Deſigns return:
And let 'em all, beneath the Blaſt
Of ſelf-ſown Miſchief, mourn.

5 Since they God's mighty Works deſpiſe,
And what his Hands have wrought,
Let Ruin all their Works ſurprize,
To ſwift Deſtruction brought!
6 O bleſs'd, ô bleſs'd be God, who hears
His praying Servant's Voice;
7 My Might, my Shield from all my Fears,
In whom my Thoughts rejoice!

To

To Him, whoſe Help my Faith requites,
I'll joyful Praiſes ſing;
Whoſe Strength, and whoſe Salvation fights
For his Anointed King.
O ſave, ô bleſs thy People, Lord,
Thy old Inheritance;
And their Salvation, by thy Word,
From Age to Age advance!

PSAL. xxix.

BRing to the Lord, ye Sons of Might,
A grateful Sacrifice:
In his unbounded Strength delight,
And to his Glories riſe!
Riſe to his Glory, praiſe his Name,
His ſacred Name alone:
Bow, bow to Him, his Praiſe proclaim
Before his Awful Throne!

See how his dreadful Lightnings break!
Heark how his Thunder rolls!
The Lord from o'er the Water ſpeaks,
And all the Deep controls.
Vaſt is the Force, the Brightneſs great,
Which on his Voice attend:
Flames ſhot from his Imperial Seat,
The lofty Cedars rend.

He makes the frighted Mountains trip,
Like Heifers o'er the Field;
Old *Libanus* and *Hermon* skip
When Clouds their Thunder yield.
Wrap'd in a Thouſand Flames, it roars,
And makes the Deſart ſhake.
The barren Sands, and diſtant Shoars,
Before his Thunder quake.

9 His Terrours make the trembling Deer
Their Young unperfect caſt;
And Foreſts bare and ſtripp'd appear,
As with a Winter's Blaſt.
10 The Lord, on Clouds enthron'd on high,
Reigns an Eternal King;
And all his glorious Majeſty
In Heav'ns bright Temples ſing.

11 The Lord, with unreſiſted Might,
Will guard his Churches round:
His Bleſſings on their Heads ſhall light,
With Peace and Plenty crown'd.

Another Metre: As the 112*th.*

1 COme! to the Lord a Sacrifice
Of fatteſt Rams from *Baſhan* bring:
To Him let mighty Princes riſe,
2 His Might, his wondrous Glories ſing;
Juſt Honours to their Lord allow,
And in his ſacred Temple bow.

3 Heark how the Lord, from Clouds above,
In Cracks of dreadful Thunder ſpeaks!
4 With horrid Force his Thunders move,
His Voice with diſmal Glory breaks:
5 Down fall the lofty Cedars torn,
With its tempeſtuous Force o'er-born.

6 The Hills their ſtrong Foundations leave,
The rooted Hills before him ſhake;
Before his Voice the Mountains cleave,
And *Libanus* and *Hermon* ſhake:
And Earth as ſudden Motion yie'ds,
As Heifers tripping o'er the Fields.

7 His

7 His Voice ſhoots out with pointed Flames,
8 And ſhocks the Deſarts all around:
Its Force the trembling Wild proclaims,
9 And at his Thunders awful ſound.
The Foreſt-Herds, and trembling Deer,
Caſt out their Young, unform'd, for Fear.

His Lightnings ſtrip the Foreſts round;
10 His Might the ſwelling Floods reſtrains:
All in his Houſe his Praiſes ſound,
And He a King Eternal reigns.
11 That God who His with Strength endues,
And all the Sweets of Peace purſues.

PSAL. xxx.

1 TO Thee, my God, with Heart and Voice,
I'll Praiſes ſing to Thee,
Who haſt not made my Foes rejoice,
But haſt exalted me.
2 I cry'd, my Lord, my God, to Thee,
And Health thy Mercy gave.
3 My Life from Death's ſharp Pains ſet free,
And from the loathſom Grave.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye Meek! with Praiſe
His ſacred Name adore:
5 His Wrath but one ſhort Moment ſtays,
His Favours Life reſtore.
One Night may paſs in Griefs and Tears,
One melancholy Night;
But Joy, with Golden Wings, appears
Before the dawning Light.

6 Once, bleſs'd with Peace, I boaſting ſaid,
I ne'er ſhould fall, nor move:
7 Thou, Lord, my Hill ſo ſtrong hadſt made
By thy ſurrounding Love.

Thy Face withdrawn, a Thouſand Cares
Diſturb'd my tortur'd Breaſt :
8 Then I to God, with hearty Prayers,
And fervent Cries, addreſs'd.

9 What Honours can my Blood to Thee,
My Death what Trophies raiſe ?
Can mould'ring Duſt thy Glories ſee,
Thy Truth or Goodneſs praiſe ?
10 Hear, Lord, and pity him who mourns ;
To my Aſſiſtance fly !
11 Thy Love my Tears to dancing turns ;
My ſable Weeds to Joy.

12 To Thee, my Lord, my God, I'll ſing ;
My Tongue ſhall praiſe thy Name :
My Harp on ev'ry tuneful String,
Thy Deathleſs Praiſe proclaim.

PSAL. xxxj.

1 IN Thee, dear Lord, I truſt : my Soul
From all Confuſion free !
With Juſtice all my Foes controul,
And ſtill deliver me !
2 To me thy gracious Ears incline,
And to my Reſcue fly !
Be thou my Guard, with Strength Divine ;
My Rock, and Fortreſs high !

3 Thou art my Rock, my Fortreſs Thou :
O, for thy Mercy's ſake,
For thy great Name, direct me now
The ſafeſt Ways to take !
4 From ſecret Nets withdraw my Feet,
O Thou, my Strength eſteem'd !
5 I to thy Hands my Soul commit,
Lord, by thy Truth redeem'd !

6 I hate vain lying Men, but in
God's Mercy ſure rejoice,
7 Who has my deep Affliction ſeen,
And heard my mournful Voice.
8 Me to my Foes he ne're betray'd,
But ſet my Feet at large.
9 O with thy Mercies undelay'd
My preſent Woes diſcharge!

Part 2.

My Eyes, my Mind, my Bowels all,
Beneath thy Anger waſte,
10 My Spirits with my Sufferings fall,
My Years in Sighs are paſt.
My ſtrength with Sins huge weight oppreſt,
My putrid Bones decay.
11 Foes, Neighbours, ſuch as know me beſt,
With my Diſaſters play.

To them a Laughing-ſtock, a Scorn,
A Bug-bear I appear,
And thoſe who meet a Wretch forlorn,
Draw back their Heads for fear.
12 Me they, like Men long dead, forgot,
Or threw like Potſherds by,
13 While cruel Cenſures were my Lot,
And barbarous Emnity.

Fear ſinks my Soul, while mighty Men
Againſt my Life combine;
14 Yet ſaid I to my Saviour then
Thou ſtill, dear Lord, art mine.
15 My Times are Thine, ô reſcue me,
From perſecuting Foes,
16 And, that I may thy Mecies ſee,
Thy ſaving Smiles diſcloſe!

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17 Preſerve

17 Preſerve me, Lord, from Shame, who call,
And thy Aſſiſtance crave!
But let confounded Sinners fall
Down to the ſilent Grave!
18 So ſhall thoſe wretched Fools be huſh'd,
Whoſe proud Contempt and Scorn,
That good Men might be throughly cruſh'd,
Could lying Lips ſuborn.

Part 3.

19 Oh, what vaſt Good's reſerv'd for thoſe
Who fear thy ſacred Name!
What Good for them thy Loves diſpoſe,
Thy mighty Works proclaim.
20 Thou from the Proud thy Saints ſhalt hide,
Within thy ſecret Place;
And in thy Houſe a Reſt provide,
From brawling Tongues Diſgrace.

21 O bleſs'd be God, whoſe Mercies wrought
Such wondrous Things for me!
Who from a well fenc'd City brought
Me out, and ſet me free!
22 I ſaid in haſte, No more ſhall I
Before my God appear;
Yet, Lord, thou heard'ſt my Pray'r; my Cry
Obtain'd thy gracious Ear.

23 O love the Lord, ye Saints! the Lord
His faithful Servants keeps:
But off at once the Proud, abhor'd,
His equal Vengeance ſweeps.
24 Take Courage then, and God to you
More Courage ſtill ſhall ſend,
Whoſe Hearts are to his Service true,
And on his Truth depend.

PSAL. xxxij.

1 THrice happy's he whoſe Sin's paſt o'er,
Whoſe Errours Mercies hide;
2 Whoſe Crimes his God imputes no more;
Whoſe Soul's ſincere, and try'd.
3 But I, unpardon'd, ſpeechleſs lay,
My aking Bones decay'd;
And through long Night, and tedious Day,
One diſmal Roaring made.

4 Me thy ſevere afflicting Hand
All Day, all Night chaſtis'd;
My fainting Spirits were at a ſtand,
Like Brooks by Drought ſurpriz'd.
5 At laſt I all my Crimes diſplay'd,
My wretched Sins confeſs'd:
To God I'll own my Guilt, I ſaid;
And God my Guilt releas'd.

6 Now Saints to thee, when thou 'lt be found,
ſhall in their Pray'rs complain;
And though Woes deluge all around,
Themſelves untouch'd remain.
7 By thee I'm hid from mighty Woes,
From preſſing Ills ſecur'd;
And all my chearful Muſick flows
From Liberty aſſur'd.

8 Come to me all who'd fain be bleſs'd,
And I'll your Souls inſtruct;
And in the bliſsful Ways of Reſt
With careful Eyes conduct.
9 O do n't like Mules or Horſes move,
Whoſe Brutiſh Furies will,
Unreign'd, uncurb'd, unruly prove,
And balk their Riders Skill.

10 Great

10 Great Sorrows on the Wicked fall;
The Juſt with Mercy's crown'd.
11 Ye Juſt in God rejoice, and all
Whoſe Hearts are right and ſound.

PSAL. xxxiij. *As the* 100*th.*

1 YE Righteous, in the Lord rejoice:
From you how comely Praiſe appears?
2 With Lute and Harp's melodious Voice
O reach the Great *Jehovah*'s Ears!

3 Sing to his Praiſe a Song that's new;
His Praiſe with Art and Courage ſing:
4 For all his ſacred Words are true,
His Faith approv'd in ev'ry thing.

5 Judgment and Juſtice gain his Love,
O'er Earth his wondrous Mercies flow;
6 The Skies, and all the Hoſts above,
His Active Word and Spirit ſhow.

7 He makes the Seas like Mountains ſwell,
And ſinks unfathom'd Deeps below.
8 Let Earth it ſelf, and all who dwell
On Earth, their mighty Maker know!

9 He ſpoke, and ſtreight this mighty All
Broke from vaſt Nothing's fruitful Womb;
And did, at his commanding Call,
Shape, Order, Beauty, Strength aſſume.

10 God makes the Gentiles Counſels vain,
And breaks the Nations fond Deſigns:
11 But firm his own Reſolves remain,
And paſs all Time's extended Lines.

Part

Part 2.

12 O bleſs'd, thrice bleſs'd that happy Land,
Where God has Fix'd his glorious Name!
Where He aſſumes the chief Command,
And lays his own peculiar Claim.

13 God from his holy Heav'n look'd down,
And Man's weak Race and Actions view'd;
14 His Eyes, from his Imperial Throne,
Survey'd the careleſs Multitude.

15 He forms their Hearts, their Tempers guides,
And all their various Actions weighs.
16 No prudent Prince in Crouds confides,
Or mighty Hoſts, or empty Praiſe.

17 In vain for Courage, Strength, or Flight,
He on his foaming Steed relies:
18 The Good a'one God's guarding Sight
With Help and Mercy both ſupplies.

19 From Death's ſtrong Arms He ſets them free,
In Famine He their Wants relieves.
20 On Him our Souls attend, and He
To us his Shield's Aſſiſtance gives.

21 His Name's our Confidence and Fear,
By which we all our Hopes excite.
22 O, as our Faith's in Thee ſincere,
On us, Lord, let thy Mercy light!

Another Metre: As Mr. Sandys's *34th.*

1 YE Righteous in the Lord, rejoice:
Its ſweet when with a chearful Voice
The Juſt his Praiſes ſing.

2 O let no Tongue or Hand be mute,
But with Voice, and Harp, and Lute,
Praiſe our Immortal King!

3 With skilful Notes advance his Praiſe,
With loudeſt Joys his Glory raiſe;
Let all your Songs be new!
4 For all God's Promiſes are right,
Performance is his whole Delight,
And all his Works are true.

5 He Righteouſneſs and Judgment loves,
With ſpreading Wings his Mercy moves
O'er all the ſpacious Earth.
6 God by his Word ſtretch'd out the Skies,
And bade their num'rous Armies riſe;
That Word was all their Birth.

7 At his Command thoſe Waters roſe,
Which now the rolling Seas compoſe;
And Heaps on Heaps were thrown:
Unfathom'd Whirl-pools, dang'rous Deeps
His Subterraneous Treaſure keeps
In hollow Vaults, unknown.

8 His Name let all the Nations fear:
With Awe let all the World appear
Before its Maker's Face!
9 He ſpoke, the ſolid Earth was made;
He gave the Word, it fix'd and ſtay'd
In its appointed Place.

10 God baffles all the deep Deſigns,
The ſubtile Plots, and crafty Mines,
Which Heathens cloſely frame.
11 But all his own Deſigns are ſure,
His Thoughts and all his Ways endure;
From Age to Age the ſame.

Part 2.

12 Happy's the Nation, happy ſure,
Which God will to himſelf ſecure,
His own Inheritance.
13 He ſits above the lofty Skies,
From thence o'er all Mankind his Eyes,
His piercing Eyes advance.

14 All Men He from his Throne ſurveys;
15 He frames their Hearts; and all their Ways
His Thoughts ſeverely try.
16 No prudent Kings on Crouds depend:
The Men who mighty Strength pretend,
On Strength in vain rely.

17 A Horſe, though fleeter than the Wind,
And, by his Make, for War deſign'd,
His Rider can't ſecure.
18 God views his Saints with gentler Eyes,
And all his Mercy's kind Supplies
Are to the Faithful ſure.

19 From Death the fainting Souls he ſaves:
In Famine, what their Hunger craves,
His careful Hands provide.
20 Our Souls on Him with Patience wait:
He, as a Shield, ſecures our State;
And is our Help and Guide.

21 In Him ſhall all our Hearts rejoice;
His holy Name's our happy Choice,
On which our Hopes may reſt.
22 O Father, as we truſt in Thee,
So let thy faithful Servants be
With thy Compaſſion bleſs'd!

PSAL. xxxiv.

1 I'LL ever bleſs God's mighty Name,
My Mouth ſhall ſound his Praiſe:
2 In God my Soul its Boaſt proclaim,
His Love in Anthems raiſe.
The meek and humble Souls ſhall hear
Of my exalted State:
Thy Loves, which ſo immenſe appear,
Shall all their Joys create.

3 O hear my Lot; rejoice with me,
My Saviour magnifie!
Let's to exalt his Name agree,
And raiſe his Glories high.
4 I ſought the Lord, He heard my Caſe,
And all my Fears redreſs'd:
5 And others too, without Diſgrace,
With Love and Life were bleſs'd.

6 I in my deep Affliction pray'd,
And God receiv'd my Pray'r;
And free from all Afflictions made,
And all perplexing Care.
7 Bright Angels happy Saints ſurround,
And threat'ning Ills divert.
8 See, taſte how good the Lord! how crown'd
With Bliſs the faithful Heart!

9 O fear, ô fear the Lord, ye Saints!
For ſuch no Wants ſurprize.
10 The Lion's Whe'p with Hunger faints,
And, ſpent with faſting, dies.
But thoſe who ſeek the Lord, with all
That's good or ſweet are ſtor'd:
11 Come then, ye Children, hear my Call;
And learn to fear the Lord!

Part 2.

12 Who's he who loves long Life, and fain
Would ſee delightful Days?
13 Thy Lips from all that's ill refrain,
Thy Tongue from guileful Ways.
14 Ill Works of ev'ry kind decline,
What's good and vertuous do;
And Love and Peace with Flames Divine,
And conſtant Care, purſue!

15 God on the Juſt hath fix'd his Eyes;
His Ears their Pray'rs attend:
16 His Frowns againſt the Wicked riſe,
Their Lives from Earth to rend.
17 To good Men's Pray'rs He Favour ſhows,
And ſets them ſafe from Harms;
18 But loves the broken Heart, and thoſe
Whoſe Souls Repentance warms.

19 A Thouſand Ills the Good ſurround,
But God their Force diſpels;
20 And keeps their Bones and Entrails ſound,
And all their Bruiſes heals.
21 Ill Men their in-born Malice kills,
And thoſe who hate the Juſt;
22 While God his own with Goodneſs fills,
Who on his Mercy truſt.

PSAL. xxxv.

1 LOrd, plead my Cauſe, my Battels fight,
With ſuch as ſtrive with me!
2 Riſe, take the Shield, defend my Right;
My mighty Guardian be!
3 Put on thy dreadful Arms, oppoſe
My Perſecutors Rage!

To me thy Saving Health diſcloſe,
And for my Soul engage!

4 Let ſuch as hunt my Soul, with Shame
Their own Confuſion ſee;
5 With Scorn their Daſtard Flight proclaim,
Who Miſchief brew for me:
6 Like flying Chaff, let Angels Force
Diſperſe their angry Crew!
Their ſlipp'ry Ways be dark, their Courſe
Angelick Arms purſue!

7 For, unprovok'd, their Pits they made;
For me they laid their Snare:
O let ſuch Woes their Hearts invade,
As unſuſpected are;
8 O let the Nets for mine deſign'd,
Their own Deſtruction prove!
While flowing Joys my raptur'd Mind
With kind Salvation move.

Part 2.

9 O let my Bones his Praiſe dec'are,
Who gives the Poor diſtreſs'd,
10 From ſavage Foes, and deadly Care,
And bloody Tyrants, Reſt!
11 Falſe Witneſſes againſt me riſe,
And unknown Crimes object;
12 With Ill, for Good, my Death deviſe,
And on my Soul reflect.

13 Yet when on ſickly Beds they groan'd,
I faſted, mourn'd and pray'd;
Their Pains with kind Concernment own'd,
To Heart their Sorrows lay'd.
14 If Mother, Brother, or my Friend,
My dearer Self, had dy'd,

No

No farther could my Griefs extend,
My Love no more be try'd.

15 But when I fail'd, the Croud my Woes
With barb'rous Joy ſurvey'd;
The Rabble grew my ſawcy Foes,
And us'd the flouting Trade.
16 With Men of double Hearts combin'd
The witty ſcornful Crew:
And at my Life, with Hate refin'd,
And gnaſhing Fury, flew.

17 And canſt thou this with Patience ſee?
O ſave my helpleſs Soul!
My Darling from their Jaws to free,
Their Lion-Force control.
18 So where the great Aſſemblies are,
I'll celebrate thy Name;
And where the valiant Bands repair,
Thy lofty Praiſe proclaim.

Part 3.

19 Let not my Foes rejoice; uncheck'd,
My Cauſeleſs Haters ſmile;
20 Who Wars with peaceful Men project;
Whoſe ſtudy'd Words beguile.
21 They gap'd, and cry'd, Aha, Aha!
Our Eyes his Downfall ſee.
22 Thou ſeeſt; ô don't in Silence ſtay,
O ſtay not long from me!

23 Awake! ariſe! to judge my Cauſe,
My God, my Lord, deſcend!
24 O clear me by thy righteous Laws,
And from Reproach defend!
25 O let not ſcornful Sinners ſay,
We have our Heart's Delight:

Nor let them proudly boaſt, Aha!
We have devour'd him quite.

26 Let Shame and Bluſhes thoſe purſue,
Who at my Harms rejoice;
And Horrour and Diſgrace ſubdue
The proud inſulting Voice.
27 But thoſe who love my righteous Ways,
With chearful Spirits ſing:
God loves his Servants Peace; ô praiſe,
O praiſe our mighty King!

28 So ſhall my Tongue with chearful Air
Thy righteous Acts proclaim;
Thy Juſtice ev'ry Day declare,
And praiſe thy glorious Name.

PSAL. xxxvj.

1 WHen th' horrid Acts of impious Fools
My ſober Cenſures try
My Heart concludes by Reaſon's Rules,
Such Brutes a God deny,
2 Their Conſciences no Terrours wound,
But Sin's their who'e De'ight;
Till all their dark Intendments found,
A gen'ral Hate excite.

3 Their Ta'k's deceitful, all in vain,
And off their Vertue's thrown:
4 Vile Thought, their very Beds contain,
In viler Actions ſhown.
5 Thy Mercy, Lord, in Heav'n commands,
Thy Truth ſurmounts the Skies:
6 Thy Righteouſneſs like Mountains ſtands;
Thy Judgments dark and wiſe

Like ſome unfathomable Deeps,
Unbounded Wealth incloſe:
And Man and Beaſt thy Favour keeps,
And Health on all beſtows.
7 What Worth thy Mercies, Lord, contain!
Beneath thy ſacred Wings
How ſafe the Sons of Men remain
At Lov's immortal Springs!

8 They 're with o'erflowing Mercies fill'd,
And drink delightful Streams,
From thoſe Eternal Springs diſtill'd;
And feel thy gracious Beams.
9 From thee Life's laſting Fountains flow;
Thy Light affords us Light:
10 O Goodneſs then, and Juſtice ſhow
To thoſe whoſe Hearts are right!

11 From wicked Pride, Lord, ſet me free,
My tott'ring State reſtore!
12 Till ſuch as work Iniquity
Sink, fall, and riſe no more!

PSAL. xxxvij.

1 FRet not, nor for great wicked Men
Thy ſelf of Peace deprive:
Nor ſwell with ſecret Envy when
The wicked Workers thrive.
2 See how green Graſs and Herbage dies,
And painted Flow'rs decay!
More ſwift the Sinner's Glory flies,
And ſooner fades than they.

3 Do good, and truſt in God, and live;
And Faith and Truth defend:
4 Delight in him, he'll largely give,
And all thy Pray'rs attend.

5 Walk

5 Walk upright, on his Grace recline,
For his Performance ſtay:
6 He'll make thy righteous Counſels ſhine
Bright as the Cloudleſs Day.

7 On God with faithful Silence wait,
But ne'er for Sinners grieve;
Nor wicked Men, in all their State,
Secure, or fix'd believe:
8 But Wrath and wrathful Hate refrain,
Leſt Sin on thee prevail;
9 For Godly Men the World ſhall gain,
But Sinners ſink and fail.

10 Wait but a while, the Sinner's Race
Deſtroy'd, no more ſhall be:
Yea, thou ſhalt ſearch to find his Place,
And not his Dwelling ſee.
11 The lowly Hearts ſhall ſeize the Earth
For their Inheritance;
There live, and with delightful Mirth,
Abundant Peace advance.

12 Sinners, with gnaſhing Teeth, and Rage,
Againſt the Juſt combine:
13 God's ſcornful Smiles their Falls preſage;
He ſees their Days decline.
14 Againſt the Poor and Righteous, fierce
Their Bows and Swords they try:
15 But their own Hearts their Swords ſhall pierce,
Their Bows in Splinters fly.

Part 2.

16 On pious Men, their humbler State
More true Content beſtows,
Than Sinners find when all their State,
With Pride and Plenty flows.

17 Fo

17 For God's Almighty Arm ſuſtains,
And ſtrongly guards his own;
While broke the Sinner's Force remains,
His cruel Hopes o'erthrown.

18 God knows the good Man's Ways, and makes
His Heritage endure:
19 In ſpiteful Days from Scandal takes,
In Famine feeds them ſure.
20 His ſinful Foes fly, like the Fat
Of Lambs, in Fumes, away;
21 Thoſe faithleſs Brutes, who borrow that
They ne'er deſign to pay.

22 The Juſt compaſſionately give,
And all their Race is bleſs'd;
And when the Sinners fall, they live
Of all the World poſſeſs'd.
23 God's mighty Hand their Steps directs,
Their Ways their Maker pleaſe:
24 They ſtumble, but their God protects
And holds them up with Eaſe,

25 Young have I been, and now am old,
But never yet could ſee
The righteous Man to Ruin ſold,
Or his Poſterity.
I ne'er God's holy Saints have known,
Deſerted quite, complain;
Nor off their wretched Children thrown,
Nor beg their Bread in vain.

Part 3.

26 Good Men are pitiful and kind,
And all their Seed are bleſs'd:
27 Ceaſe then from Sin, and bend thy Mind
To Good, and live at Reſt.

28 The Juſt, the Merciful, the Free,
God's ſacred Arms embrace,
And ſuch in Safety keep, but he
Cuts off the Sinner's Race.

29 This Earth to pious Men belongs,
Where many Years they live:
30 Their Lips in Wiſdom ſpeak, their Tongues
A righteous Sentence give.
31 God's Statutes in their Hearts you'll find,
Their Steps are firm and ſure;
32 Though wicked Men their Fall deſign'd,
Or would their Deaths procure.

33 Yet God in cruel Hands will ne'er
His faithful Friends forſake;
Nor Goodneſs, like a Judge ſevere,
His Anger's Object make.
34 Wait then on God, obſerve his Ways;
And ſo, exa'ted high,
On Earth thou'lt ſee delightful Days,
And impious Wretches die.

35 I've ſeen a Sinner, Great, and ſpread
His Boughs, like Laurels, round;
36 Yet ſoon he vaniſh'd, quickly fled,
Nor could his Place be found.
37 Obſerve the good, the perfect Man,
How down in Peace he lies;
38 While the vile Wretch, beneath the Ban
Of weighty Curſes, dies.

39 God, who Salvation to the Juſt,
And Might in Danger ſends,
40 From Sinners, ſuch as in him truſt,
Sets free, aſſiſts, defends.

PSAL. xxxviij.

1 IN Fury, Lord, rebuke me not,
Nor in thy Wrath chaſtiſe!
2 Thy Arrows through my Sides are ſhot,
On me thy Terrour lies:
3 Thy Anger makes my Fleſh decay,
Sins make my Bones to waſte;
4 On me a damning Weight they lay,
And o'er my Head are paſs'd.

5 My Sins make e'ery gaping Wound
With foul Corruption flow;
6 My Vigour-cutting Pains confound,
And I all mourning go.
7 My Loins with horrid Pains are torn,
My Carcaſe mortify'd;
8 My throbbing Heart with Sighs o'er-born,
My roaring Cries divide.

9 Yet, Lord, to Thee are all my Pray'rs,
To Thee my Sighs are known.
10 My Strength decays, my Heart deſpairs,
My Sight and Eyes are gone.
11 My Friends, my dear Companions once,
My Wounds at diſtance view;
My Kindred all my Doom pronounce,
And cruel Strangeneſs ſhew.

Part 2.

12 My Foes, who ſeek my Hurt, for me
Their ſubtile Snare have ſet;
Their Tongues are all to Miſchief free,
Their Studies, all Deceit:
13 But I was deaf and dumb, nor cou'd
14 Their cruel Words deny;

15 But hop'd my God, my Saviour would
On my Behalf reply.

16 I ſaid, My God would ſoon rebuke
My Foes inſulting Pride,
Who Pleaſure in my Stumbling took,
And all my Hopes defy'd.
17 Too near, indeed, my Fall appear'd,
My Woes before my Face;
18 I knew my Treſpaſſes, and fear'd
My wretched guilty Caſe.

But now my Sins, and guilty Fears,
I'll in thy Preſence lay,
Till Sorrows and repenting Tears
Shall waſh my Guilt away.
19 My Cauſeleſs Foes in Might increaſe,
And in their Multitude:
20 Ungrateful! who diſturb'd my Peace
Becauſe I Good purſu'd.

21 Then leave me not, my God, my Lord;
Nor ſtay too long from me:
22 But haſte, thy ready Aids afford,
And my Salvation be.

PSAL. xxxix.

1 I Said, When wicked Men were by,
I'd watch my ſinful Ways;
For oft my Words at random fly,
My Tongue, unguarded, ſtrays.
2 So I a while in Si ence ſtood,
And curb'd my haſty Tongue:
Nay, I forbore to ta k of Good,
Till Sorrow grew too ſtrong.

3 My

3 My Heart within my Boſom glow'd,
Sad Thoughts inflam'd my Breaſt;
At laſt my Words in Torrents flow'd,
And thus my Thoughts expreſs'd:
4 My final Doom, Lord, let me know,
How far my Days extend,
That I may all my Time beſtow
To weigh my lateſt End.

5 Loe! Thou haſt made my Days a Span
A Point, compar'd with Thee:
And all the wretched Race of Man
Is empty Vanity.
6 Man, as a Shadow, vainly moves,
And ſpends himſelf in vain;
In vain that uſeleſs Wealth improves,
Which unknown Heirs may gain.

Part 2.

7 On whom then, Lord, ſhould I rely?
My Hopes are all in Thee:
8 Save me from all my Sins, that I
No Scorn to Fools may be!
9 The Strokes on me thy Hands had laid
I humbly ſilent bear:
10 O cure the Wounds thy Strokes have made,
And eaſe my waſting Fear!

11 When us for Sin thy Hands correct,
Our broken Beauties lie
Like Cloth which fretting Moths affect,
And prove we're Vanity.
12 O view my Tears, attend my Cry,
My Supplications hear;
For like a Stranger here am I,
As all my Fathers were.

13 O ſpare a while! my Suff'rings eaſe,
My failing Faith reſtore,
E'er Death my fainting Spirits ſeize,
And I appear no more!

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One ſacred Trinity,
Who fram'd this Univerſe, alone,
Eternal Glories be.

PSAL. xl.

1 WIth longing Expectation I
For God's Compaſſion ſtay'd;
Who bow'd his Ear, and heard my Cry,
When I ſubmiſsly pray'd:
2 He rais'd me from the diſmal Pit,
And from the miry Clay;
And on a Rock ſecur'd my Feet,
And then prepar'd my Way.

3 Then to my Mouth new Songs he gave,
New Songs of ſacred Praiſe:
This all ſhall ſee, and fear, and have
Juſt Grounds their Faith to raiſe.
4 His Head a Thouſand Bleſſings crown,
Whoſe Truſt on God relies;
Who ſcorns the Sinner's haughty Frown,
And Men inur'd to Lyes.

5 Would I, my Lord, my God, pretend
Thy wondrous Acts to ſhow,
Thy Thoughts for us, thy Acts tranſcend
Whate'er I think or know.
6 When Off'rings fail'd, thy Wiſdom fram'd
A Body fit for me:
By Thee were no Burnt-Off'rings claim'd,
To purge Iniquity.

7 The

7 Then ſaid I, Loe! I come! Thy Book
My Name and Work deſcribes:
8 To do thy Will, my God, I took
My Fleſh from Jacob's Tribes.
Thy Laws, which I in Heart embrace,
Flow from my grateful Tongue.
9 Thou know'ſt, Lord, how I preach thy Grace
To all the liſt'ning Throng.

Part 2.

10 My Tongue thy Righteouſneſs reveals,
And thy Salvation ſhows;
My Heart thy Mercy ne'er conceals,
My Lips thy Truth diſcloſe.
11 Thy Servant never, never from
Thy Pity, Lord, exclude:
To ſave me let thy Goodneſs come,
And all thy Truth be ſhow'd!

12 For Ills, beyond all Numbers gone,
My wretched Heart ſurround:
My Treſpaſſes, too weighty grown,
My failing Sight confound.
More than my Hairs my Sins appear,
And break my fainting Heart:
13 To free me, Lord, from all my Fear,
Thy winged Aid impart.

14 Let Shame and Bluſhes on them fall,
Who hunt my Life with Hate:
Let dark Confuſion ſeize them all,
Who for my Ruins wait.
15 That black Diſgrace, deſign'd for me,
On their own Heads return,
Who laugh, and proudly flout, to ſee
Thy wretched Servant mourn.

16 Let thoſe who love and ſeek thy Name,
With lively Briskneſs rais'd,
Sing all to thee; and all proclaim,
The Lord, the Lord be prais'd!
17 But, Lord, I'm poor, in Sorrows loſt;
On me ſome Thoughts beſtow:
Nor let thy Help to me be croſs'd,
Nor thy Aſſiſtance ſlow!

PSAL. xlj.

1 THrice happy he, whoſe tender Care
The needy Poor ſupplies;
The Lord will to his Help repair,
When greateſt Dangers riſe.
2 He ſhall be ſafely kept alive,
And proſper'd here below;
And the malicious Hate ſurvive
Of his deſigning Foe.

3 When on his Sick-Bed faint he lies,
The Lord will raiſe his Head;
In ſharpeſt Pains, ſome Means deviſe
To eaſe his reſtleſs Bed.
4 Lord, pity! heal my Soul, I ſaid,
Too long in Sins employ'd!
5 My Foes, with Curſes, wiſh'd me dead;
My very Name deſtroy'd.

6 If they pretend to viſit me,
Their whole Diſcourſe is Lyes;
Their publick Talk's Iniquity,
Which there their Hearts deviſe.
7 My Hurt, with hollow Whiſpers, all
My ſpiteful Foes contrive:
8 God's Plagues, they cry, upon him fall;
He can't his Plague ſurvive.

9 Nay,

9 Nay, he my Confident: My Friend,
Who was my daily Gueſt,
Could all his ſubtile Counſels bend
Againſt his Maſter's Breaſt.
10 In Mercy raiſe me, Lord, again,
And I'll their Deeds requite.
11 I ſee thy Love, thy Hands reſtrain
My Foes triumphant Spite.

12 I'll walk in my Integrity,
Thy Strength my Heart ſupports;
And all my Happineſs ſhall be
To tread thy ſacred Courts.
13 O bleſs'd be *Iſrael*'s God! his Praiſe
Through laſting Ages ſing:
With loud Amens the Glories raiſe
Of *Jacob*'s mighty King!

PSAL. xlij.

1 AS Harts, by Thirſt and Heat oppreſs'd,
Pant for the cooling Streams,
So pants my Breaſt, dear God, till bleſs'd
With thy reviving Beams.
2 My thirſty Soul to God would fly,
The living God be near:
O when ſhall I, Lord, happily,
Before thy Face appear!

3 By Night Tears waſh'd my reſtleſs Bed,
By Day my Cheeks o'erflow'd;
On Tears I fed, while Scorners ſaid,
Where's now his boaſted God?
4 When that ſweet Bliſs, of old poſſeſs'd,
My ſerious Thought re-calls,
In my ſad Breaſt, my Soul, oppreſs'd,
Beneath its Burthen falls.

Then I, with mighty Numbers proud,
To God's bleſs'd Temple went;
And all the Croud, with Songs aloud,
To Him their Praiſes ſent.
5 But now, alas! Thoſe Days are paſt,
Thoſe bliſsful Minutes gone;
Yet where ſo faſt, with Sorrow's Blaſt,
Is all my Courage flown!

Why droops my Soul ſo much? O why
Doſt thou diſturb my Breaſt?
My Faith on high to God ſhall fly,
And on his Boſom reſt.

Part 2.

6 Near *Hermon*'s Caves, and *Jordan*'s Flows,
While I thus baniſh'd live,
Againſt my Woes tormenting Throws,
Dear Lord, I vainly ſtrive.
7 Deeps call to Deeps, and from their Source
Thy treaſur'd Tempeſts blow;
And in their Courſe, with mighty Force,
The mighty Waters flow;

8 All break on me: yet, Lord, I find
Thy Mercies ſtill by Day;
To praiſe my Mind by Night's inclin'd,
Or I devoutly pray.
9 I'll ſay to God, my Rock, O why
Am I rejected ſo?
O why muſt I thus groaning lie,
Beneath my angry Foe?

10 My wounded Heart with Scorn they view;
And with Reproaches fly,
And Scoffs anew, my Soul purſue;
And, Where's his God? they cry.

11 Ye

11 Yet why, my Soul, dejected ſo
In my deſpairing Breaſt?
What weighty Blow, what dreadful Woe
Thus breaks thy ancient Reſt?

Hope yet in God, in Patience wait
On Him, my Health, my God;
I yet his State ſhall celebrate,
And ſpread his Works abroad.

PSAL. xliij.

BY Men of Blood beſet, diſtreſs'd
By all the treach'rous Crew,
My Pray'rs to pitying Heav'n addreſs'd,
For Life and Safety ſue:
O Thou, juſt God, aſſert my Cauſe,
My ſinking Cauſe maintain;
And, try'd by thy impartial Laws,
Let me thy Smiles re-gain.

2 Thy Strength, dear God, is all my Stay;
Why, from thy Preſence thrown,
Muſt I, deſpairing all the Day,
Beneath Oppreſſion groan?
3 O yet thy Truth, thy Favour lend,
My wandring Steps to guide,
Till I thy holy Mount aſcend,
And near thy Houſe reſide.

4 There I'll before thine Altars bow,
And chearful Anthems ſing:
Thy Praiſe, bleſs'd God, my Harp ſhall ſhew
On ev'ry tuneful String.
5 Why ſo dejected then, my Soul,
Within my wounded Breaſt?
Why ſhould Deſpair thy Thoughts controul?
Or break thy ancient Reſt?

Truſt

Truſt yet in God! I ſhall my Part
Still in his Love obtain:
And God within my grateful Heart,
Enthron'd in Joys, ſhall reign.

Another Metre. As the old 130*th.*

1 JUdge me, Lord; revenge my Cauſe
On thoſe who Mercy hate!
From deceitful, cruel Jaws
O ſave my ſinking State!

2 All my Strength deſcends from thee;
Why then muſt I, unbleſs'd,
Thus a conſtant Mourner be,
By barb'rous Foes oppreſs'd?

3 Send thy Truth, ô ſend thy Light,
And let them guide me ſtill;
To thy Houſe conduct me right,
And to thy holy Hill!

4 I'll to God's pure Altars go,
the God of all my Joy;
And his Praiſes there to ſhow,
My tuneful Harp employ.

5 Why, my Soul, then why depreſs'd?
Why thus diſturb'd within?
On that God ſecurely reſt,
Who oft thy Help has been.
Fear not, droop not; I ſhall yet
His Health with Praiſes ſee:
He's my God, and can'd forget
My kind Defence to be.

Another

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *22th.*

1 JUdge me, my God; revenge my Cauſe
On cruel Hands, and faithleſs Hearts.
Save me from him who from the Laws
Of Truth, and ſober Virtues, ſtarts,
Who boldly acts the falſeſt Parts,
With ſtrange Succeſs, and vaſt Applauſe!

2 Thou art my God alone; from Thee
My Strength, and Help, and Hopes deſcend:
Why then muſt I rejected be?
Why thus beneath Oppreſſions bend?
On thee ſo long in vain attend,
From bloody Foes to ſet me free?

3 O ſend thy Truth, thy ſaving Light,
To be my conſtant, faithful Guides;
To lead me to that ſacred Height,
Where thy illuſtrious Name reſides,
Where thy Illuſtrious Houſe abides,
With thy immortal Glories bright.

4 Then I'll to God's pure Altars go,
That God who all my Joy creates,
To whom I all my Pleaſures owe,
On whom my Soul, reviving, waits.
My Lord, my God, in whoſe bleſs'd Gates
His Praiſe my tuneful Harp ſhall ſhow.

5 Why then caſt down, my Soul? ô why
Thus vex'd in my uneaſie Breaſt?
To God for Help and Safety fly,
On his Divine Aſſiſtance reſt,
For with my God's Salvation bleſs'd,
I yet ſhall ſound his Praiſes high.

PSAL. xliv.

1 LOrd, oft we've heard our Fathers tell
Thy wondrous Works of Old;
2 How by thy Hand the Gentiles fell,
And we their Countries hold.
3 Them their own Swords could ne'er advance,
Nor Native Valour save:
Thy Arm, thy Love, thy Countenance
Their Lands and Safety gave.

4 Thou art my King: Salvation, Lord,
For *Jacob*'s Seed command:
5 We'll crush our Foes if thou afford
Thy kind assisting Hand.
Their Heads, in thy Almighty Name,
We'll quickly trample o'er;
6 And I'll my Bow's Defence disclaim,
And trust my Sword no more.

7 Thou only sav'st us from our Foes,
And break'st their Hearts with Shame:
8 Each Day we'll with thy Glory close,
And ever praise thy Name.
9 But thou hast cast us off, and we
A strange Disgrace endure:
Thy Aids no more our Armies see,
Nor can thy Help procure.

10 Before their Foes the Dastards fly,
And we are spoil'd with Ease:
11 Like scatter'd Sheep, dispers'd we lie,
Where-e'er the Gentiles please.
12 Thou hast thy wretched People sold,
Yet not advanc'd thy Gain:
13 And us in Scorn our Neighbours hold,
And treat with proud Disdain.

14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

Part 2.

14 We are the Gentiles By-word now,
At us each ſhakes his Head:
15 And while we ſuffer Shame, my Brow
A Thouſand Bluſhes ſpread.
16 My Shame from Men's foul Blaſphemies,
And black Reproaches, grows,
The Barb'rous Acts, and ſhameleſs Lyes
Of our revengeful Foes.

17 Yet though we're thus with Woes oppreſs'd,
We can't our God forget;
But in thy Covenant we reſt,
Thy Truth before us ſet.
18 Our Hearts have ne'er declin'd from Thee,
But to thy Judgments true,
19 Though we the Dragon's Fury ſee,
And Death our Steps purſue.

20 Had we forgot God's glorious Name,
Or Idol-Gods ador'd,
21 Wou'd not our God have found the ſame,
Our ſecret Thoughts explor'd?
22 For Thee we 'ere kill'd all Day; like Sheep,
To Slaughter deem'd for Thee.
23 Wake, Lord; ô riſe, no longer ſleep,
No diſtant Stranger be!

24 Why, Lord, are all our Woes deſpis'd?
Why hid thy lightſom Face?
25 While we with Sorrow's Duſt diſguis'd,
The Earth, forlorn, embrace.
26 O riſe! with thy Almighty Aid
Our ſinking State retrieve!
Our Souls, to Sorrow Captives made,
With Mercy, Lord, relieve!

PSAL. xlv.

1 WArm'd by a Beam of ſacred Light,
I'll ſing a lofty Song;
The Streins, my buſie Thoughts indite,
To our bleſs'd King belong.
And though the Pen-man's nimble Hand
Flies ſwiftly o'er his Scrowl,
More ſwiftly, and with more Command,
My Tongue attends my Soul.

2 Fair be the Sons of Humane Race;
Thou, Lord, art fairer found:
Thy Lips diſtil Celeſtial Grace,
With God's due Bleſſings crown'd.

3 Ride on thou Prince of wondrous Might,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
With Majeſty, and glorious Light,
And Truth's All-conqu'ring Word.

4 May Love and Righteouſneſs attend
Thee with aſſur'd Succeſs:
Thy dreadful Arms all Fame tranſcend,
And all thy Foes depreſs.

5 Before thy Pointed Arrows all,
Thy Foes ſhall ſpread the Field;
And at thy Foot-ſteps wounded fall,
And to their Conqu'ror yield.

Part 2.

6 Thy Throne, ô God Eternal, ſtands,
And Right thy Sceptre crowns;
Bright Juſtice fills thy righteous Hands,
Sin dies beneath thy Frowns.
Mov'd with thy Gifts, and Acts Divine,
Thy God anoints thy Head;

Thy Joys thy Fellows Joys out-ſhines,
On Thee in plenty ſhed.

8 Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia ſweet
From all thy Garments flow;
And round thy Iv'ry Palace meet,
And all thy Motions ſhow.
9 Kings Royal Daughters, richly dreſs'd,
Among thy Maidens ſtand:
The Queen, with Golden Crowns oppreſs'd,
Waits at her Sov'reign's Hand.

10 Hear me, great Queen, my Words receive
With humbly prudent Care:
Thy Fondneſs of thy Fathers leave,
And of thy Country's Air.
11 So ſhall the King his boundleſs Love
To thy bright Charms allow;
For He's the Lord, He reigns above;
To Him ô humbly bow.

Part 3.

12 Then ſhall the *Tyrian* Dames reſort
With Gifts, fair Queen, to thee:
The wealthy Men ſhall make their Court
To awful Majeſty.
13 Rich Robes the Royal Princeſs wears,
But richer far her Mind;
An inward Heav'nly Treaſure bears,
By Love and Grace refin'd.

14 Her they, to ſee her King, adorn
With all th' Embroid'rer's Art;
Her Train's by Royal Virgins born,
Who ſhare her Joys and Heart.
15 Pleaſures around their Boſoms play,
Their Eyes ſoft Loves create,

When,

When, to attend their Monarch, they
On their great Miſtreſs wait.

16 For Fathers, Sons, thy Court adorn,
A gallant, ſprightly Train:
Brave Youths, to Crowns and Sceptres born,
And o'er the Nations reign.
17 Thy Praiſe, ô thou Immortal King,
I'll ever thus proclaim;
And all the joyful World ſhall ſing
Thy Godlike Acts, and Name.

Another Metre: As the 113th.

1 TOuch'd with a Beam of Love Divine,
My Heart, my Head, my Tongue combine
To bleſs the World's Incarnate King.
No nimble Pen-man's flying Hand
More ſwiftly can his Quill command,
Than I my Saviour's Glory ſing.
2 How wondrous bright, how Heav'nly fair,
Dear Lord, thy Godlike Beauties are!
Thy Lips Eternal Sweets diſtil.
Hence, by thy mighty Father bleſs'd,
Thy humble, but capacious Breaſt,
All Heav'n's immenſe Endowments fill.

3 Gird on thy Thigh, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on thy dreadful, glitt'ring Sword;
And with Majeſtick Honours crown'd,
4 In proſp'rous State triumphant ride;
Truth, Meekneſs, Juſtice guard thy Side.
Thy Arm with Terrours brac'd around,
5 Each Bow then drawn, each Arrow loos'd
By the Right Hand, to Conqueſt us'd,
Shall pierce thy ſtubborn-hearted Foes:
And all the trembling World ſhall meet,
To caſt themſelves beneath thy Feet,
O'er-aw'd by thy reſiſtleſs Blows.

6 Thy Throne, bleſs'd God, for ever ſtands;
A righteous Sceptre fills thy Hands:
To Thee the ſuppliant Nations bow.
7 The vertuous Soul thy Favour gains,
Thy Frown the wicked World reſtrains,
And Sinners fly thy threatning Brow.
Hence God, thy God, with Joys around,
Above thy Mates, thy Heart has crown'd;
His Balmy Joys thy Paſſions warm.
8 Thy Robes with nobleſt Odours flow,
Which from thy lofty Palace blow;
And Sweets thy pleas'd Attendants charm.

Part 2.

9 Among thy Maids of Honour, wait
Fair Virgins, all of Royal State,
Like bigger Stars i' th' Galaxy.
And at thy Hand enthron'd is ſeen
Thy charmingly victorious Queen;
Her Crown pure Gold, but purer ſhe.
10 Hear me, illuſtrious Queen! forget
Thy native Land's and Father's Seat;
And for thy King, thy Kindred quit:
11 So ſhall he love thy Beauties more,
And thou his Deity adore,
And to his Heav'nly Will ſubmit.

12 Nor ſhall thy Beauties ſlighted lie,
Thy Service in Oblivion die;
But through the fartheſt Regions fam'd:
To thee ſhall *Tyrian* Dames reſort;
And wealthy Princes make their Court
To thee, by thy Renown inflam'd.
13 Fair are thy Eyes, but fairer far
Thy Soul; a Thouſand Beauties there
Thy Diamonds and Rubies ſtain,

14 When

14 When in Embroider'd Robes they bring
Thy Majeſty to meet thy King,
Attended with thy Virgin-Train.

15 Bleſs'd by the raviſh'd Croud, they'll move;
Bleſs'd by thy King's exalted Love,
Thou'lt in his Starry Palace reign.
16 For thy old Stock, a lovely Race
Of Princely Youths thy Marriage grace,
And Royal Crowns and Empires gain.
17 The Name, great King, I'll celebrate:
Thy Majeſty, and glorious State,
I'll ſing in never-dying Verſe.
The World ſhall thy bright Throne adore,
The Suppliant World thy Grace implore;
Thy Spouſals bleſs, and praiſe rehearſe.

PSAL. xlvj.

1 GOD is our Hope, our Strength, our Aid,
When greateſt Danger's near:
2 Whence, for thoſe dreadful Changes made
On Earth, we ſcorn to fear.
Though Mountains, torn from ev'ry Shoar,
Into the Seas be hurl'd;
3 And ſwelling Waves, with threatning Roar,
Aſſault the trembling World.

4 Yet near God's Houſe, and thoſe fair Walls
Which round his City go,
Refreſhing Springs, with gentler Falls,
And eaſie Windings, flow.
5 God in his Houſe reſides; no Force,
No Strength his Walls can move:
God guards it; Malice can't divorce
It from his earlieſt Love.

6 When he in dreadful Thunder ſpoke,
The frighted Nations heard;
The Kingdoms felt the fatal Stroke,
And Earth diſſolv'd appear'd.
7 With us the Lord of Hoſts remains,
To us his Care extends:
With us the God of *Jacob* reigns,
And all our Coaſt defends.

8 Come, ſee the mighty Works which He
Through all the World has wrought;
What wondrous Deſolations He
On ev'ry Land has brought!
9 He makes the Noiſe of Battels ceaſe,
And breaks the Spears and Bows;
And to the Flames, to keep the Peace,
The rattling Chariot throws.

10 Be ſtill! with humble Silence know
I'm God, and only I:
To me the Nations round ſhall bow,
And raiſe my Glories high.
11 With us the Lord of Hoſts remains,
His Care to us extends:
With us the God of *Jacob* reigns,
And us from Ills defends.

PSAL. xlvij.

1 WIth Hands and Hearts accod,
All People, praiſe the Lord:
With Triumph's Voice, in him rejoice,
His wondrous Name record!
2 For He, the Lord moſt High,
With dreadful Majeſty,
A Monarch reigns, and Earth reſtrains
With his commanding Eye.

3 He

3 He makes the People all
Beneath our Empire fall:
The Nations meet, to kiss our Feet,
And us their Masters call.
4 But us He chose, that we
His Heritage might be:
His Favours grace the faithful Race,
Whose Wealth He loves to see.

5 Our Lord's gone up on high,
With Trumpets toward the Sky.
6 Sing Praises, sing, to our great King;
With Songs and Praises vye!
7 With Understanding raise
Earth's mighty Monarch's Praise,
8 Whose sacred Throne the Nations own;
Whose Will the World obeys.

9 To God, his Servants now,
With neighb'ring Princes bow,
While He, though high, continually,
Defends our Earth below.

PSAL. xlviij.

1 GReat is our Lord, and greatly prais'd
In *Sion*'s sacred Hill:
On which immortal Buildings rais'd,
That glorious Mountain fill.
2 Fair is its Sight, the Pleasures vast,
It gives to distant Lands;
And on its Northern Quarters plac'd,
God's holy Temple stands.

3 God in her Palaces is great,
A certain Refuge known;
4 And angry Kings, who fiercely met,
Are off as swiftly gone.

5 They

They ſaw, admir'd, and terrify'd;
From thence diſtracted flew:
Fear ſeiz'd 'em all; and o'er their Pride,
Pangs, as of Child-birth, drew.

Though mighty Navies, cloſe combin'd,
For our Deſtruction meet,
He breaks them with his ſtormy VVind,
And ſcatters all the Fleet.
Oft have we heard, and oft have ſeen,
In thy bleſs'd Reſidence,
How Thou, great God of Hoſts, haſt been
Thy City's ſtrong Defence.

Secur'd by Thee, it ne'er decays;
And in thy Temple we
Thy Everlaſting Mercies praiſe,
And ſing, dear Lord, to Thee.
o Great is thy Name, thy Praiſes great
Through all the VVorld reſound:
Thy Name with Righteouſneſs compleat,
Thy Hand with Juſtice crown'd.

1 Let *Sion*'s Mount rejoice and ſing,
And *Judah*'s Daughters dance;
Such Bleſſings, Lord, thy Judgments bring,
So much their Peace advance.
2 VValk *Sion* round; quite round her go,
Her Bulwark's Numbers find;
Her Battlements and Ramparts know,
Her ſtately Buildings mind.

Then let unborn Poſterity
Your wondrous Records have;
For God's our God for ever, He
Our Souls from Death ſhall ſave.

Another

Another Metre: As the 112th.

1 OUR Lord is great, and greatly prais'd
From *Salem*'s Walls, and *Sion*'s Hills;
2 That ſacred Mount, which nobly rais'd,
Our happy Land with Glory fills;
That Temple guilds her Northern ſides,
Where God, the King of Kings, reſides.

3 God in her Pa'aces is known;
A ſtrong Defence, and Refuge ſure.
4 See how th' aſſembling Kings are flown!
Nor could the glorious Sight endure:
5 They ſaw, and what they ſaw, admir'd;
But off, on Terrour's Wings, retir'd.

6 They felt ſuch horrid Pangs and Throws,
As Women in their Child-birth feel:
By Land they met God's angry Blows,
7 By Sea their ſhatter'd Navies reel.
By furious Eaſtern Tempeſts toſs'd,
Till all their Strength and Pride are loſt.

8 Within God's holy City we
Have ſeen what oft we'd heard of old:
The Lord of Hoſts her Strength will be,
His Hand her laſting Wal's uphold.
9 Thy ancient Love and Kindneſs, Lord,
We in thy holy Houſe record.

10 Thy Name Earth's utmoſt Borders know:
As far, great God, thy Praiſes fly,
Thy Hands Eternal Juſtice ſhow:
Let *Sion*'s Mount then cheerfully,
Let *Judah*'s Virgin-Daughters ſing
The Judgments of their glorious King.

12 Walk

12 Walk *Sion*'s Rounds; her Towers deſcribe;
Obſerve how ſtrong her Bulwarks are:
The Palaces of *Judah*'s Tribe;
Let thoſe to come with theirs compare;
They'll read God here: and only He
So good, ſo ſure a Guide cou'd be.

PSAL. xlix.

1 ALL People, Nations all, which o'er
The World your Tribes extend;
2 The High, the Low, the Rich, the Poor;
My ſacred Songs, attend:
3 My Mouth ſhall Wiſdom ſpeak, my Heart
Of Knowledge meditate:
4 My Harp myſterious Truths impart,
And Things of ancient weight.

5 Why ſhould I fear in dangerous days,
By ſinful Men diſtreſs'd,
6 Who on their Lands, and crafty Ways,
And mighty Treaſures reſt?
7 Yet all their Wealth, and all their Store
Can't one loſt Soul redeem:
Nor God, to bate their ſinful Score,
Their largeſt Gifts eſteem.

8,9 Nay, though they live a Thouſand Years
The Grave's expected Prey,
Such Price a Soul's Redemption bears,
As they can ne'er repay.
10 They ſee the Wiſe and Fools muſt die,
And all that Wealth deſcend
To unknown Heirs, which fooliſh'y
They thought no Time could ſpend.

Part 2.

11 They vainly thought their Seats ſecure
From Time's conſuming Hands;
Their Names and Memories endure
On all their purchas'd Lands.
12 Yet Man in Honour can't remain,
But, like the Beaſt, muſt fall:
13 And, though their Heirs their Wit maintain,
Their Ways are fooliſh all.

14 Death feeds on them, as Sheep; the Juſt
Shall ſoon their Force ſubdue:
Their Graves, ſoon fill'd with crumbling Duſt,
Their fading Natures ſhew.
15 But God ſhall ſave my Soul from Hell,
His Hand will mine ſupport.
16 Then fear not Men, whoſe Wealth may ſwell;
Nor Sin exalted court.

17 For when Death comes, they'll leave behind
Their Wealth and Glories too;
18 Tho' while they liv'd they pleas'd their Minds,
As common Mortals do.
19 Men who enrich themſelves below,
A mighty Name may gain;
But quickly to the Dead they go,
And Light no more obtain.

20 Man, when to Honours rais'd, if he
The Ways of Wiſdom ſlight,
Involv'd like Thoughtleſs Beaſts muſt be
In everlaſting Night.

PSAL. l.

VAin Hypocrites and Atheiſts, bow
To new Alarms your careleſs Ears:
The Lord, the Great *Jehovah*, now
To plead Religions Cauſe appears.

From Eaſt to Weſt, from Shoar to Shoar,
The dreadful Summons ſwiftly rolls:
His Voice, in Thunder's diſmal Roar,
At once the frighted World controls.

Our God ſhines from his choſen place,
With Majeſty and Terrours crown'd:
He comes! devouring Flames his Face,
His Steps impetuous Storms ſurround.

To hear his Judgment paſs'd, he calls
The Heavens above, and Earth below;
That where his righteous Sentence falls,
The World, all ſatisfy'd, may know.

Go, call my Saints together; thoſe
Who in my Laws delight, and o'er
Their Sacrifice my Covenant choſe,
And there to me devoutly ſwore.

The Summons paſs'd, the Lord alone,
As Judge, the great Tribunal holds:
Bright Angels make his Juſtice known,
While He Eternal Truth unfolds.

Part 2.

Hear me, my People; *Iſrael*, hear!
With thee the Caſe I'll calmly plead:
Loe! I, the Lord of Hoſts, appear;
Thy mighty God, thy Sov'reign Head!

8 Did I e'r call for Sacrifice?
Or of thy ſparing Hand complain?
Or bid that conſtant Steams ſhould riſe
From bleeding Bullocks, duly ſlain?

9 Poor Trifles all! Thy ſolemn Feaſts,
Thy Bullocks, and thy Goats, I ſcorn:
10 The Foreſt-Herds are mine, the Beaſts,
Which on a Thouſand Hills are born.

11 The feather'd Hoſt, the Fowls, are mine;
And all the Droves which graze the Fields:
12 If hungry, I'd not ask of thine;
To me the World its Plenty yields.

13 Think'ſt thou the Fleſh of Bulls I'd eat,
Or Goats? or drink their ſtreaming Gore?
14 No: Give me Praiſe, my Praiſe repeat;
My Grace, with Vows perform'd, implore.

15 Then in the Times of Danger cry
To Me, to me thy Griefs diſplay;
And thou, when I to ſave thee fly,
Juſt Honours to my Name ſhalt pay.

Part 3.

16 Then to the Wicked thus: And how
Dar'ſt thou to preach my Laws preſume?
With what ſtrange Impudence canſt thou
My Covenant in thy Lips aſſume?

17 Thou hat'ſt all ſacred Diſcipline,
Behind thy Back my Words are thrown:
18 Thy Thoughts with crafty Thieves combine
And make th' Adult'rer's Lot thy own.

19 T

Thy Mouth is all engag'd in Ill;
Thy Tongue deceitful Lyes contrives:
Thy Brethren, thy malicious Skill,
Thy Mother's Sons of Fame deprives.

Thus haſt thou done, while ſilent I
Thy ſenſeleſs Crimes with Patience view'd:
And thou, with wondrous Policy,
Couldſt me juſt like thy ſelf conclude.

But now before thy mournful Eyes
I'll ſet thy Sins, thy Crimes diſpoſe.
My Wiſdom ſhall thy Soul ſurprize,
And all thy fooliſh Arts diſcloſe.

Conſider this, ô ye who dare
Forget your mighty God, leſt He
Your Souls with utmoſt Fury tear,
And none your fainting Souls can free.

That Man who offers Praiſe, alone
Due Glory to my Name can raiſe:
And I'll my Saving Health make known
To him who wiſely guides his Ways.

Another Metre, to the old proper Tune.

WAke drowzy World! no more let Sleep ſurprize
The heavy Lids of thy Lethargick Eyes.
Hark, thy Creator calls! awake! awake!
He comes! See how the Dead their Graves forſake!
Before his Face the fatal Trumpet ſounding,
And all his Angel-Guards his Throne ſurrounding.

From Eaſt to Weſt the dreadful Summons roll,
And ſhake the Southern and the Northern Pole.

Nature in cold faint Sweats diſſolving lies;
A ſudden Heat melts down the folding Skies;
And Seas and Earth, torn from their old Foundation,
Are all o'erturn'd in one great Deſolation.

2 That God who long in *Sion*'s Glory reign'd,
Whoſe Preſence long her happy State maintain'd,
3 Mov'd by our Crimes, no more can Silence hold;
His Menaces in diſmal Flames are roll'd:
Black Clouds from ev'ry piercing Eye defend him;
And dreadful Storms, with Thunder's Roar, attend him.

4 Hark, how he calls! Earth, Sea, and Air, and Sky,
Before his Frowns, in empty Vapours fly:
The new-cloath'd Bones for their old Mates enquire,
And flutt'ring Souls to their own Homes retire.
Then God his Silence breaks, his Angels hearing,
With Adorations at his Bar appearing.

5 Go fly, ſwift Angel-Bands: go fetch me thoſe
Whoſe Follies durſt my juſt Commands oppoſe:
But gently home thoſe holy Souls convey,
Who would my Laws, with upright Thoughts, obey;
Who in bleſs'd Covenants, for their Salvation,
Depend on me by ſolemn Dedication.

6 Hear Me, my bright Eternal Throne; and you,
Bleſs'd Guards, my Judgments and my Juſtice view:
I'll no unrighteous Judges Part aſſume;
My Lips on none ſhall paſs a private Doom:
My very Foes this Honour ſha' n't deny me;
And even Souls condemn'd ſhall juſtifie me.

7 Hear Me, ô ye of *Iſrael*'s faithful Race;
His Sons by Nature, and his Sons by Grace!
I am thy God, ô *Iſrael*, only thine;
And all, thy ſelf, thy Strength, and Hopes, are mine.

I'll plead my Cauſe with thee: ô, ſpeak ſincerely!
If e'er I dealt with thee, or thine, ſeverely!

8 Tell me: Did ever I thy Slackneſs chide?
Or bid thee greater Gifts, or more, provide?
Did I complain when Incenſe rarely fum'd,
And ſcarce one Lamb my holy Day conſum'd?
Did ever I for Sacrifice reprove thee?
Or to external coſtly Worſhip move thee?

9 For me, thy Bullocks ſafe their Stalls may hold;
Of Goats or Kids I'll never rob thy Fold.
10 What ſhould I ask of thee? The ſpacious Field,
Hills, Foreſts, Woods, to me their Stores muſt yield.
11 Mine are the Fowls about woods, lakes & fountains;
And all the Cattel on a Thouſand Mountains.

12 If Hunger's Force my Nature could invade,
Canſt thou believe I'd beg the Creature's Aid?
13 That I the Fleſh of *Baſhan*'s Bulls would eat?
Or Goats rank Blood would make a Heav'nly Treat?
Can He who owns the World, and all its Plenty,
Or He who fills *this All*, himſelf be empty?

14 But if th' ſhould'ſt bring a grateful Sacrifice,
Let humble Praiſe, with holy Incenſe riſe.
15 Thy Vows, made in Affliction, juſtly pay;
16 And to thy God in deep Afflictions pray;
And I'll ſoon change thy melancholick Story,
And thy Deliv'rance ſhall advance my Glory.

17 But to the Wicked, God in Anger turns,
And thus at him his jealous Fury burns:
18 Thou whoſe black Soul Divine Inſtruction hates,
In whom my Word no Reverence creates: (them:
Know thou, my Laws are Life to thoſe who chuſe
But, ô, how dare thy wretched Lips abuſe them?

How dar'ſt thou th' Office of a Prieſt aſſume?
Or in my Cov'nant read thy diſmal Doom?
No Thieves commended, in my Laws appear;
Nor canſt thou find Adult'rers pardon'd there:
Yet with Adulterers and Thieves thy Sentence,
Thy Words, thy Life, agree, without Repentance.

19 All Helliſh Arts thy Lips, thy Tongue poſſure;
Lyes are their Product, Falſhood all their Fruit.
Thy Talk, thy Neighbor and thy Friend blaſphemes;
20 Thy Mother's Sons are all thy ſcornful Themes:
Its thy whole Study, thy affected Faſhion,
To ſpread vile Scandals with Deliberation.

21 Thus haſt thou done, and I in Silence ſtill
Ne'er broke thy Reſt, and never croſs'd thy Will:
So my Exiſtence was at laſt deny'd;
Or mine, at leaſt, by thy vile Nature try'd;
Like ſome mean Idol, to the World preſented:
And againſt me, all bold Affronts invented.

But now my Anger's rouz'd, thy Actions all,
Before my Sight, in horrid Order fall.
See how they ſtand before thy trembling Eyes;
And in thy Face thy guilty Conſcience flies.
No Sleep, no Reſt, nor Quiet now befriend thee;
But Helliſh never-ceaſing Woes attend thee.

22 O ye who God forget, my Speeches weigh,
Leſt you become my uncheck'd Fury's Prey!
23 Praiſe to your Maker's Glory ſacrifice;
Be your Words holy, and your Actions wiſe:
So may your Bliſs obtain a long Duration,
And all be crown'd with my Divine Salvation.

PSAL.

PSAL. lj.

1 MErcy! ô Mercy! Lord, to me
Extend thy Mercy's Store!
Let me thy pard'ning Mercy ſee,
To clear my ſinful Score.
2 Waſh me from my Iniquity,
And purge me, Lord, from Sin;
3 For I my Folly throughly ſee,
It racks my Breaſt within.

I ſee, I ſee my Crimes when Sleeps
Should ſeal my weary'd Eyes:
Me ſtill awake my Conſcience keeps,
Or frightful Dreams ſurprize.
If I with noiſie Pleaſures try
To eaſe my tortur'd Soul,
Black Luſt and Blood are ever by,
And all my Joys control.

4 To thee alone I've ſin'd, to thee;
And treſpaſs'd in thy Sight;
That juſtify'd thy Words might be,
And all thy Dealings right.
5 Loe, I at firſt was ſhap'd in Sin,
In Sin at firſt conceiv'd;
To that I've ſince a Captive been,
By Helliſh Arts deceiv'd.

6 Thou look'ſt for inward Truth; to me
Thy ſecret Wiſdom ſhow:
7 Purge thou my Soul, my Soul ſhall be
More white than Northern Snow.
8 O let me once again the Voice
Of Joy and Gladneſs hear;
And let theſe broken Bones rejoice,
Which now thy Vengeance bear!

Part 2.

9 From all my ſinful Actions paſt
O turn thy angry Face!
10 Make me a Heart that's clean at laſt,
A Mind renew'd by Grace!
11 Caſt me not wholly off, nor take
Thy ſacred Gifts from me:
12 Reſtore thy Saving Health, and make
My Spirit large and free!

13 Then I the ſinning World ſhall teach
To tread thy perfect Way;
Converſion and Repentance preach
To ſuch as looſely ſtray.
14 Save me from Guilt of Blood; to me
Thy kind Salvation bring,
And then my Tongue, from Fetters free,
Thy righteous Acts ſhall ſing.

15 Unſeal my Lips, and then my Tongue
Shall celebrate thy Praiſe;
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my conſtant Song,
As in my fairer Days.
16 God wo'n't for coſtly Offrings call,
Nor ask for Sacrifice;
Elſe ſhould a Thouſand Oxen fall,
And Incenſe daily riſe.

87 No: God demands a nobler Part;
The Heart's his Sacrifice:
A wounded Soul, a bleeding Heart,
His Mercy can't deſpiſe.
18 O now at laſt thy Favour ſhow
To thy ſelected Place:
Thy Church, now deſpicably low,
With lofty Walls embrace!

19 Then

19 Then ſhall a righteous Sacrifice
With thee Acceptance gain:
And humble Hearts and lifted Eyes
Thy Altars Flames maintain.

Another Metre, to the old proper Tune.

1 ROus'd from a deadly, ſinful Dream,
With guilty Pangs of Conſcience torn,
I proſtrate here, without one Beam
Of Comfort, lie, a Wretch forlorn.
Mercy to me, ô Mercy ſhew;
A Wretch thy Mercy, Lord, implores:
On me ô let thy Mercies flow,
And waſh out all my guilty Scores!

O waſh, ô cleanſe my Conſcience, Lord,
From Falſhood, Luſt and Cruelty;
3 For now I all my Guilt record,
And only diſmal Objects ſee.
Lord, how it racks my Soul! how ſtrong
Guilt's terrible Convulſion moves!
What Chains of Woes it drags along!
How bitter Sin's Remembrance proves!

4 Againſt Thee, Thee alone, I've ſin'd,
And boldly treſpaſs'd in thy ſight;
That I thy righteous Truth might find,
Thy Judgment pure, thy Sentence right.
5 Shap'd in Iniquity at firſt,
At firſt in Sin and Guilt conceiv'd;
I was originally curs'd,
My Soul of Innocence bereav'd.

Hence ſprung the fatal Fruit, and Hell
With Eaſe my native Propenſes won,
My careleſs Pride, unguarded, fell,
With ſhameleſs actual Guilt undone.

6 If inward Truth, Lord, pleaſes Thee,
O let my Heart thy Wiſdom know.
7 Waſh, purge me through, and I ſhall be
More white, more pure than Northern Snow.

8 So ſhall I feel thy Beams again,
Thy Loves ſhall fill my pardon'd Soul.
My Bones, long juſtly rack'd with Pain,
With Balmy Joys be ſound and whole.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One bleſs'd, one glorious Trinity,
On whom our Hopes depend alone,
Eternal Praiſe and Glory be.

Part 2.

9 From all my Crimes, Lord, turn thy Face,
No more my cancell'd Errours view.
O change my Heart, and, by thy Grace,
My Mind with Heav'nly Thoughts renew!
22 Caſt me not off, nor from my Breaſt
Thy ſacred Influence remove;
12 But, with the ſaving Pleaſures bleſs'd,
In Good my forward Soul improve.

13 Then Sinners I'll bring home to thee;
Tranſgreſſors ſhall thy Laws eſteem.
14 From Blood, dear Saviour, reſcue me;
My Soul from Crimſon Guilt redeem!
15 If thou, bleſs'd Lord, my Lips unſeal,
My Tongue, thy ſacred Name ſhall raiſe;
Thy Love, my flowing Songs reveal!
My Mouth thy righteous Judgments praiſe.

16 No bloody Sacrifice with thee,
No Fumes from ſteaming Altars rais'd,
Prevail; elſe, num'rous Herds, for me,
Had on a Thouſand Altars blaz'd. 17 A

17 A Soul with Senſe of Sin depreſs'd,
Is, Lord, thy nobleſt Sacrifice:
A broken Heart, a contrite Breaſt,
Thy tender Mercies ne'er deſpiſe.

18 Lord, in thy Love thy Church defend,
Its ruin'd Hopes and Walls repair;
19 So ſhall our favour'd Vows aſcend,
With righteous and accepted Pray'r.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One bleſs'd, one glorious Trinity,
On whom our Hopes depend alone,
Eternal Praiſe and Glory be.

PSAL. lij.

1 AND canſt thou, vileſt Wretch, of thy
Prevailing Malice boaſt?
Think'ſt thou God's Mercies e'er can die?
His boundleſs Love be loſt?
2 We know thy Tongue the Razor's Edge
Out-cuts with ſharpeſt Lyes:
We know thy Heart, Hell's certain Pledge,
Can only Frauds deviſe.

3 Miſchief thy very Soul approves,
But honeſt Actions hates:
Thy Tongue no Truth or Juſtice loves,
But Lyes on Lyes creates.
Thy Tongue, baſe Wretch, ſuch Language ſpeaks,
As may the Juſt devour:
4 But God thy cruel Pride ſhall break,
By his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

He'll tear thee out, and from thy place
Root out thy hated Name:
5 The Juſt ſhall ſee thy ſtrange Diſgrace,
And thus expoſe thy Shame: Loe!

" Loe! here's the Man, who, lofty grown,
" His God regarded not;
" But could his favouring Hand disown,
" And God himself forgot.

" 5 But of his mighty Wealth he'd boast,
" With vast Possessions bless'd:
" In impious Arts he trusted most,
" In Malice fix'd his Rest.
" See where he lies, forgot, forlorn,
" By all the World despis'd:
" His Name, his shatter'd Fortunes torn,
" His Life by Hell surpriz'd.

7 But like a thriving Olive, I
In God's bless'd House shall stand;
And on the Mercies sure relie
Of his unchanging Hand.
8 Through thee I scap'd th' intended Blow,
And I'll adore thy Name;
And with thy Saints thy Mercies show,
Thy gracious Acts proclaim.

PSAL. liij.

1 GOD, in his Heart, the Fool denies,
Such Fools the wretched World are grown
Corrupt, defil'd, seduc'd with Lyes;
Not one for sober Practice known.

2 God, from his lofty Seat, survey'd
The World, and all their Actions view'd
To see if any duly pray'd,
Or Wisdom's Lectures understood.

3 But all were now Apostates, all
Corrupt at once, and filthy grown;
Not one would on his Maker call,
Not one to practise Good was known.

4 Is all their Senſe ſo loſt in Sin,
That they, like Bread, my Saints devour?
In all their Talk, God ne'er comes in;
They ne'er invoke, nor own his Pow'r.

5 Yet now with groundleſs Fears they fly,
Their Strength God's weighty Anger breaks.
With Shame thy fierce Beſiegers die;
God's angry Scorn their Downfall ſpeaks.

6 O whence may *Iſrael*'s Safety ſpring!
If God his baniſh'd Tribes reſtore,
Then *Iſrael* ſhall triumphant ſing,
And *Jacob*'s Race deſpond no more.

Another Metre: As the Complaint of a Sinner

1 THE Fool, the ſenſeleſs Fool,
Thus in his Heart hath ſaid;
God's but an awful Tool,
By crafty Preachers made.
Thus all corrupted are,
And all in Sins delight:
But none for Truth declare,
None ever practiſe Right.

2 God, from the lofty Sky,
Look'd down on Earth below,
To ſee what Man would try
His God to ſeek or know.
3 But all Apoſtates there,
They're vile and filthy all:
None good on Earth appear,
Nor on their Maker call.

4 But have the Wretches loſt
Their Apprehenſions quite,

Againſt

Againſt my Saints to boaſt,
And with their God to fight?
Dare they my *Iſrael*'s Seed,
Like common Bread, devour?
And on my People feed,
And ſcorn my ſaving Pow'r?

5 Fear ſhall their Hearts ſurprize,
A ſenſe'leſs, ground'leſs Fear:
And all thy Enemies,
Who durſt in Arms appear,
Shall cruſh'd and ſcatter'd lie
By God's revenging Hand;
And all, confounded, die,
Deſpis'd by God's Command.

6 Oh, when ſhall *Iſrael*'s Wealth
From *Sion*'s Mount proceed!
When ſhall their Saviour's Health
Redeem his Captive Seed!
When that bleſs'd Time appears,
Poor *Iſrael* ſhall rejoice;
And *Jacob*, freed from Fears,
Exalt his chearful Voice.

PSAL. liv.

1 ME, Lord, with wondrous Might,
By thy great Name relieve!
2 O in my Pray'rs, dear Lord delight;
My flowing Words receive!
3 For cruel Stranger, here
Againſt me fiercely riſe;
They hunt my Life, who have no Fear
Of God before their Eyes.

4 But ſee; my God, for me,
Among my Friends appears!

5 He'll

He'll cruſh my Foes: His Truth ſhall be
The End of all my Fears.
To Thee, with Sacrifice,
I'll then devoutly pray:
Thy Name ſhall in my Praiſes be;
It's good thy Praiſe to pay.

God has my Saviour been,
From all my Griefs and Woes:
Through him my longing Eyes have ſeen
My Wiſh on all my Foes.

PSAL. lv.

LOrd, hear my Pray'rs! ô never turn
From him who prays to Thee!
When I in Words diſtracted mourn,
O hear! ô anſwer me!
Free me from cruel Foes, from thoſe
Who would oppreſs me quite;
Who me with impious Lyes oppoſe,
And proſecute with Spite.

My Heart bleeds with its inward Wounds,
Death's Terrours round me fall;
Fear, Trembling, Horrour, Woe confounds
My Thoughts and Actions all.
I cry'd, Oh, who ſwift Wings will give,
Swift as the Doves, to me?
Then would I fly away, and live
Where I ſome Reſt might ſee.

I'd wander far, and, in my Flight,
Some loneſom Deſart find,
Where I might ſoon in Safety light,
From ev'ry ſtormy Wind!
Lord, to confound their p'otting Brains,
Their Tongues and Hearts divide;

For

For Strife within the City reigns,
And cruel Thieves reſide.

Part 2.

10 Such, Day and Night, their Walls ſurround;
Within are Sins and Woes:
11 All Miſchief in their Streets are found,
And Fraud and Falſhood grows.
12 Had Foes profeſs'd procur'd my Shame,
I then had Patience held:
Had Enemies deſpis'd my Name,
I h'd ſoon my ſelf conceal'd.

13 But it was he, my truſted Guide,
My Boſom's Partner made,
In cloſeſt Bonds of Friendſhip ty'd,
My private Thoughts betray'd.
14 Oft with a charming ſweet Conſent,
Each other's Souls we read:
Oft to the Temple jointly went,
By like Devotions led.

15 O let the treach'rous Brute, alive,
To Hell's dark Womb deſcend!
Who could with Helliſh Art contrive
To kill his kindeſt Friend!
16 For me, to God, the Lord, I'll cry;
My God ſhall reſcue me:
17 Each Night, each Noon, each Morning, I
His ſuppliant Slave will be.

Part 3.

18 He'll hear my Pray'rs, my Life redeem
From Wars, on me deſign'd:
For though too ſtrong my Foes might ſeem,
My God was always kind.

19 Thus

19 That God who ever lives ſhall hear,
And humble all their Pride
Who ne'er were ſhock'd on Earth with Fear
And therefore God defy'd.

20 They Wars with Men of Peace began,
And all Agreements broke:
And Spite through all their Counſels ran,
Howe'er they ſoftly ſpoke.
21 Not Oil nor Butter ſmoother flow'd,
Than their deceitful Words;
Yet Villains ne'er more Malice ſhow'd,
Nor fought with ſharper Swords.

22 Thy Cares then on thy Maſter caſt,
His Hand ſhall ſet thee free:
He'll always hold the Righteous faſt,
No Time their Change ſhall ſee.
23 The Bloody and Deceitful ſhall
Untimely ſink, and die,
And in the Pit's Deſtruction fall:
But I'll on God rely.

PSAL. lvj.

1 TO me thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
For Men wou'd me devour;
Againſt me all their Forces bend,
And preſs me ev'ry Hour.
2 Each Day my cruel greedy Foes
Deſign'd to ſwallow me;
And Armies which my Soul oppoſe,
Would my Deſtruction ſee.

3 When-e'er I fear, I'll truſt in Thee,
4 Thy faithful Word I'll praiſe:
Nor will I fear what Hurt to me
Poor mortal Man can raiſe.

5 Each

5 Each Day they wreſt my Words; to work
My Fall their Thoughts are bent:
6 They meet, they trace my Steps, they lurk
Againſt my Life intent.

7 But ſhall they always ſcape in Sin?
In Wrath deſtroy them all!
8 Thou know'ſt my dang'rous Flights; haſt ſeen
My Tears, which daily fall:
O let them ever in thy Sight,
In Books recorded, lie.
9 But all my Foes ſhall turn to Flight
When I to God ſhall cry.

I know't; for God's my Patron dear,
10 Through Him his Truth I'll ſhew:
11 I'll truſt in God, and nothing fear
Which mortal Men can do.
12 To Thee, dear God, my Vows are made;
To Thee my Praiſe I'll pay,
13 Who ſav'd'ſt me from Death's gloomy Shade
When I in Danger lay.

And ſtill I hope, through God, my Feet
Shall ever firmly ſtand:
My Steps thy ſaving Favours meet,
And I poſſeſs the Land.

PSAL. lvij.

1 MErcy to me, Lord, Mercy ſhow;
My Soul depends on Thee:
Thy Wings, till off this Danger blow,
Shall my Protection be
2 To God I'll cry, to God moſt High,
Who all my Wiſhes ſends:
3 Who me from his ſuperior Sky,
From barbarous Men defends.

4 His

4 His Truth and Mercy God applies,
To ſave my drooping Soul,
Which now with raging Lions lies,
Who would devour it whole.
I ly with fiery Men, whoſe Words
Like Spears and Darts appear,
Whoſe piercing Tongues than ſharpeſt Swords,
A greater ſharpneſs bear.

5 Lord, raiſe thy ſelf, exalt thy Name,
Above the lofty Skies,
And o're this Earths enlightned Frame,
Lord, lift thy glorious Eyes.
6 My Soul with ſorrow ſunk, diſmaid
At fatal Nets prepar'd.
But now my Foes in Pit-falls made
For me, themſelves are ſnar'd.

7 My Heart, dear Lord's prepar'd, my Heart
Is fix'd, thy Praiſe to ſing.
8 Awake my Pride, my charming Art,
To praiſe thy gracious King.
9 Awake my Lute, my Harp awake,
And I'le prevent the Day:
To God's great Name new Anthems make,
And to his Glory play.

10 His Name, his wondrous Works, will I
Among the Nations praiſe,
11 And in my Songs above the Sky,
His Truth and Mercy raiſe.
12 Lord, raiſe thy ſelf, exalt thy Name,
Above the lofty Skies,
And o're this Earth's enlightned Frame,
O lift thy glorious Eyes!

Pſalm lviij. *As the* 100, *or, as Mr.* Sandys's 14.

1 WHen you in private Council ſit,
Are all your Conſultations juſt?
May others your Deciſions truſt?
Their Lives to your pure Hands ſubmit?

2 No wretched Men! your tainted Hearts
Iniquities alone purſue,
Earth groans ſo long oppreſt by you,
Your bloody Hands, and faithleſs Arts.

3 I long the wicked Race have known,
All Lyers from the Breaſts and Womb.
Lyes in their Infant-Souls have room,
In Lyes their Elder years are grown.

4 Poor harmleſs things compar'd with theſe
Black poiſonous Toads, and Serpents are,
Nor can the deafeſt Aſp compare,
With their hard-hearted Policies.

5 Aſps ſcorn the curious Charmer's Arts,
And all his Magic Cant defy,
Theſe won't admit the Sufferer's cry,
No Tears can move their ſtubborn Hearts.

Part 2.

6 Lord, break their Teeth, their dreadful Jaws,
Who, with a brutiſh Force enrag'd,
Againſt weak Innocence engag'd,
Confound the Poor and Righteous Cauſe.

7 As ſliding Waters ſink and fail,
So let their Malice quickly dy:
And when they let their Arrows fly,
Let neither Bows nor Shafts prevail.

8 Let

8 Let them, like Snails, when melting, waſte;
Or like untimely Births decay,
9 And to thy ſtormy Wrath give way
As Thorns before a fiery blaſt.

10 The Righteous then ſhall droop no more,
But God's all-righteous Vengeance view,
And all the Paths of Joy purſue,
And waſh their Feet in impious gore.

11 Then all the World convinc'd ſhall ſay,
"The Juſt are well rewarded now,
"A God at laſt we muſt allow,
"A God the lower World to ſway.

Or thus,

1 WHen you in private Councils ſit,
Are all your Counſels juſt?
May Men to you their lives commit,
Or your Deciſions truſt?
2 No wretched Men! your tainted Hearts
Iniquity purſue,
Your bloody Hands, and faithleſs Arts,
Make Earth her Groans renew.

3 I long their impious Race have known,
How from the Womb they ly'd,
Their Infant Years, to Falſhood prone,
Their Elder Age ſupply'd.
4 Poor harmleſs things compar'd with theſe
Black poiſonous Serpents are,
With their hard-hearted Policies,
Deaf Adders can't compare.

5 Adders defy the Charmer's Arts,
And all his Cant defy:
And theſe with unrelenting Hearts,
Throw off the Sufferer's cry.

6 Lord,

6 Lord, break their Teeth, their dreadful Jaws,
With brutiſh force enrag'd,
Againſt the Poor's afflicted Cauſe,
And Innocence engag'd.

7 As ſliding Waters ſink and fall,
So let their Malice dy,
Nor let their ſhiver'd Bows prevail,
Or broken Arrows fly.
8 Let them, like Snails, when melting, waſte,
Or haſty Births decay,
9 Or as Thorns to a fiery Blaſt,
To thy fierce Wrath give way.

10 The Righteous then ſhall droop no more,
But God's juſt Vengeance view,
And waſh their Feet in impious Gore,
And joyful ways purſue.
11 Then all Mankind convinc'd ſhall ſee,
The Juſt are well repaid.
A God to Rule the World muſt be,
And his Commands obey'd.

Another Metre: As the old 126. proper Tune.

1 THE Place was dark,
And far remov'd from ſearching Eyes,
No chearful Light
Could break th' impenetrable gloom,
No ſtarry Spark
Could there the dark Cabal ſurprize,
But ſullen Night
At once poſſeſs'd the diſmal room.
There ſate Saul's Council, there their Plots they laid
Their Souls more black than Nights prevailing ſhade

Vile Men, could you
There in a righteous Ballance weigh

The Sufferer's Cauſe,
And neither Love, nor Pride, nor Hate,
Nor Malice ſhew?
Did all impartial Juſtice ſway
Your equal Laws?
No Bribes an unknown Right create?
Did you in that obſcure retreat conclude,
God's piercing Eye your Thoughts and Actions (view'd.

2 Alas! 'twas vain
To look for ſacred Juſtice where
Triumphant Sin,
With all its curs'd Attendance reign'd,
Where Hopes of Gain
Could barbarous Violence endear,
And all had been
By ſecret Wickedneſs maintain'd.
Yet ſuch you all, great Counſellers, have been,
The Slaves of Tyrants, and the Tools of Sin.

3 When born at firſt,
To entertain the World you ly'd.
And Fraud and Lyes
Your Thoughts, and Words, and Actions fill'd,
With Poiſons nurſt,
Your Looks the Baſilisk out-vy'd,
Your baleful Eyes
The Serpent at a diſtance kill'd.
4, 5 Deaf Adders ſooner hear the Charmer's Art,
Then you'd ſupport the poor Afflicted Heart.

6 How ſhall I pray?
What Judgments on the Miſcreants call?
Whoſe Lion rage
Would all the trembling World devour?
Thy Wrath diſplay,
Great God, and make their Furies fall,
At once aſſwage

Their Spite and desolating Power.
Let all their Strength, like hasty Torrents, fly,
Which now o'reflow, now sink in Sands, and die.

7,8 Snails melt away,
Consum'd in their own unctuous slime,
When Mid-day's Sun
On them shoots down his pointed Heat.
Those Births decay
Which Women loose before their Time,
Shapes just begun
And not by Nature's Hand compleat.
9 So let them waste, all strength their Members leave
Their broken Bows and Shafts their Hands deceive

Rise mighty God,
Let thy impetuous Fury break
On their curs'd Heads
While yet they firmly stand and thrive!
O let thy Rod
Thy Wrath with dreadful Lashes speak!
As Ruines spread
When fiery Tempests fiercely drive,
And thorny Woods with crackling Flames embrac
Are laid at once, in one short Moment, waste.

10 This Vengeance pass'd,
The Sons of Heaven shall droop no more,
But every Mind
With Joys surprizing Raptures swell,
Their Feet be wash'd
In flowing Streams of sinful gore.
11 Till Men resign'd
To powerful Truth, with Praise shall tell,
"God doubtless reigns, his care his Servants guar
"And all their Faith with endless Love reward

PSAL. lix.

1 FRom all my Foes, dear Lord, and thoſe
Who fierce againſt me ſtand;
2 From Men of Blood, who hate the Good,
My Safety, Lord, command!
3 For thoſe who hate my Soul lay wait,
The mighty Men combine;
And all agree to murder me
For no Deſerts of mine.

4 For no baſe Facts, no lawleſs Acts,
Their Bands my Life purſue;
For me thy Might then, Lord, excite,
And all my Dangers view.
5 Thou God of Hoſts, who guard'ſt their Coaſts,
For *Iſrael*'s Land declare;
The Gentiles round in Wrath confound,
No Sins of Malice ſpare!

6 Return'd at Night like Dogs they fight,
And round the City go;
And for the Prey they miſs'd by Day
Their ſnarling Temper ſhow.
7 Their very Words are piercing Swords,
For who can hear? *They cry*,
8 Let Scorn on all thoſe Heathens fall,
With Smiles their Rage defy.

9 Since Force and Might againſt me fight,
And God is kind and juſt,
My Confidence in his Defence,
Shall ever firmly truſt.
10 To me afford thy Mercies, Lord,
With them prevent my Woes,
And ô let me thy Vengeance ſee,
On my inſulting Foes!

Part 2.

11 Lord, kill them not, leſt, ſoon forgot,
My People ſin the more:
But, ô, diſperſe, with Anger fierce,
Their Subſtance, and their Store!
12 For all thoſe Lyes their Hearts deviſe,
And what their Tongues have told;
Let all their Pride be mortify'd,
Their perjur'd Minds controll'd.

13 Thoſe Brutes abhorr'd, in Anger, Lord,
Conſume, conſume them ſo,
That they thy Grace to *Iſrael*'s Race,
And all the World, may know.
14 Return'd at Night, like Dogs they'll fight,
And round the City prowl:
15 And long to eat, and get no Meat;
But murmur loud, and howl.

16 Thy Strength I'll ſing, my God, my King;
Thy Mercies early praiſe:
For in my Grief, their kind Relief
My drooping Fancies raiſe.
17 I'll ſpread, dear God, thy Strength abroad,
Thy Mercies ſtore diſcloſe;
Till all have known from whence alone
My kind Aſſiſtance flows.

PSAL. lx.

1 O Why ſo diſtant, Lord! ſo far
From *Iſrael*'s choſen Line
When in a ſad deſtructive War
So mighty Kings combine.
See how our trembling Armies move,
When not reviv'd by Thee:

O let

O let us now thy ancient Love,
Thy former Mercies ſee!

2 The Land beneath thy Furies ſhook,
Nor could its Fears conceal.
Oh, with thy kind reſtoring Look
Its diſmal Breaches heal!
3 Hard Things thy People, Lord, have try'd,
To deadly Fears betray'd:
4 But now thy Banners, on their Side,
Are for the Truth diſplay'd.

5 That thy Belov'd at large may live,
From Chains and Bondage free,
Let thy Right Hand Salvation give,
And hear and anſwer me.
6 God ſpoke, and, in his Holineſs,
My Heart with Joys ſupply'd:
And now I'll *Sichem*'s Lands poſſeſs,
And *Succoth*'s Plains divide.

7 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh*'s mine,
My Head on *Ephraim* reſts:
But *Judah*'s Tribe, by Right Divine,
The Royal Crown inveſts.
8 *Moab* my meaneſt Slave ſhall be,
And *Edom* kiſs my Feet;
And *Paleſtine*, ſubdu'd, ſhall me
With humbleſt Tributes meet.

9 Who'll me through Cities fortify'd,
And *Edom*'s Barriers, lead?
10 Lord, ſha' n't thy Help, ſo long deny'd,
Our marching Armies head?
11 Man's Help in Troub e's vain; for me
Then, Lord, thy Aids diſpoſe.
12 Through God we'll bravely Act, for He
Shall cruſh our angry Foes.

Another Metre. As Pſal. 121. *proper Tune.*

1 WHY, Lord, are we rejected? why
Thus off in Anger thrown,
And wretched Daſtards grown?
O turn, and with a gentler Eye
All our late Diſaſters view,
And thy ancient Loves renew!

2 Thy Anger ſhook the trembling Land,
And made its Pillars bow:
O heal its Breaches now!
3 On Thine, dear Lord, thy weighty Hand
Has a Thouſand Hardſhips brought,
And impos'd a deadly Draught.

4 But on thy Servants ſide at laſt
Thy ſacred Banner ſtands;
Thy Truth has arm'd their Bands,
And all their preſſing Fears are paſt.
5 Free that thy Belov'd may be,
O ſupport and anſwer me!

6 God's Oracle of Holineſs
My Heart with Joy ſupply'd:
I'll *Sichem* ſoon divide,
And *Succoth*'s fertile Plains poſſeſs.
7 *Gilead*'s mine, *Manaſſeh* too,
And what *Ephraim*'s Strength can do.

Judah the Royal Crown muſt wear.
8 The meaneſt Slaves, to me,
Shall *Moab*'s Off-ſpring be:
And *Edom*'s Youth my Shooes ſhall bear.
Paleſtine, my conqu'ring Feet,
With triumphant Garlands meet.

9 Who

9 Who, through ſtrong Forts, to *Edom*'s Head,
Our trembling Bands will guide,
Or in our Camps preſide?
10 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, our Armies lead;
Though of old we off were thrown,
Now our Cauſe and Armies own!

11 In all our Streights, aſſiſt us, Lord;
For Man's poor Helps are vain.
12 Through God we'll Honour gain.
God's Strength to us ſhall Strength afford,
And his unreſiſted Blows
Batter down our angry Foes.

PSAL. lxj.

1 LOrd, hear my Cries; my Pray'rs attend:
2 From Earth's laſt Quarters I
On Thee, though languiſhing, depend;
To Thee, for Comfort, fly.
3 O Thou, my Help of old, my Strength
Againſt fierce Enemies!
Fix me on that high Rock at length,
Which all their Force defies!

4 Within thy holy Houſe, my Reſt
Beneath thy Wings ſhall be:
5 For all my Vows, to Heav'n addreſs'd,
Were kindly heard by Thee.
To thoſe who fear thy Name, thy Grace
Shall large Poſſeſſions give
6 The King ſhall ſtill, before thy Face,
A Thouſand Ages live.

7 Let Truth and Mercy guard his Head
From ev'ry threat'ning Storm,
8 And I his Praiſe, in Songs, will ſpread;
And daily Vows perform.

PSAL. lxij.

1 BUT ſtill on God, my Saviour, I
With humble Silence wait:
2 My Rock, my Health; who ſets me high,
And then confirms my State.
3 How long ſhall your baſe Plots aſſail
My Life? Your ſelves ſha'll fall;
And like old tott'ring Fences fail,
Or like ſome batter'd Wall.

4 They fain would thruſt my Glories down,
And old in Lyes they grow:
Their Language Oily Bleſſings crown,
Their Hearts with Curſes flow.
5 But ſtill on God, my Saviour, I
With humbleſt Silence wait:
6 My Rock, my Health; who ſets me high,
And then ſecures my State.

7 God's my Salvation, Glory, All
My Strength, my Hope, my Truſt.
8 Pour out your Hearts with Faith; ô call
On Him, ye ſuff'ring Juſt!
Our God's a Guard, who ne'er can fail:
9 But Men are Vanity.
Nay, *that* againſt 'em turns the Scale,
They're all an empty Lye.

Thoſe Men by Providence depreſs'd,
And thoſe exalted high;
The Rich, the Poor; the Worſt, the Beſt,
Are all an empty Lye.
10 O ne'er in Wrong nor Force confide,
Nor ſwe'ling Thoughts diſcloſe;
Nor on your Treaſures multiply'd
Your care'eſs Hearts repoſe.

11 Once

11 Once God hath ſpoke, and twice have we
His Declaration heard,
That Might belongs to God, and He
Will for his Might be fear'd.
12 And Mercy, Lord, is only thine,
And thy impartial Hand
Will, as Men's various Works incline,
Their due Rewards command.

PSAL. lxiij. *as the* 100*th.*

1 BEfore the Morning-bluſhes riſe,
To Thee, dear God, I lift my Eyes;
For thou alone my God ſhalt be.
To Thee my thirſty Soul aſpires;
Thy Smiles my longing Fleſh deſires,
Where I no Springs of Comfort ſee.
2 As oft within thy holy Place
I met of old thy quick'ning Grace,
I'd now thy Strength and Glory view.
3 More ſwift than Life, thy Mercies flow;
And I with chearful Lips would ſhow
Thy Works, thy ancient Praiſe renew.

4 Thy Works, with Bleſſings I'll proclaim
While Life ſhall laſt; and in thy Name
My Hands and Heart devoutly raiſe.
5 Sweet Marrow's Juice the Taſte invites,
But more in Thee my Soul delights;
And Thee my joyful Lips ſhall praiſe.
6 In Bed I think on Thee, dear Lord;
Thy Loves I through the Night record,
And on thy Goodneſs meditate.
7 From Thee my Health and Safety ſprings;
And, ſhadow'd by thy glorious Wings,
I'll all thy Works with Joy relate.

8 To Thee my ſteady Soul adheres;
Thy Hand my ſtrong Support appears.
9 But thoſe who would my Life betray
Shall ſink in Death's Eternal Shade:
10 Their Lives to cruel Swords be made,
And Wolves, and ſavage Beaſts, a Prey.
11 Then in his God the King ſhall be
Exalted high; the World ſhall ſee
His flowing Joys: and all who ſwear
To him, ſhall in their Oaths be bleſs'd;
And Lying Lips, with Shame ſuppreſs'd,
No more to blaſt his Crown appear.

PSAL. lxiv.

1 LOrd, hear my Voice in Pray'r; ſecure
My Life from angry Foes!
2 From Sinners Plots ô hide me ſure,
And wicked Workers Blows!
3 Sharp though they whet their temper'd Swords,
Their Tongues are ſharper far;
And out they ſhoot their bitter Words,
Like Shafts prepar'd for War,

4 In dark Retreats the Plotter lies,
To wound the perfect Heart;
And, fearleſs, there, with bo'd Surprize,
He throws his deadly Dart.
5 Miſchief's their Life, to miſchief they
Encouragements apply;
And talk of ſpreading Snares, and ſay
Who can our Snares deſcry?

6 Deep are their Hearts, their Counſels deep,
And all their Thoughts profound;
And all a Search for Miſchief keep,
And practiſe Miſchief found.

7 But

7 But God, with more ſurprizing Darts,
Their wounded Hearts ſhall reach:
8 Their Tongues ſhall ſoon betray their Hearts;
Themſelves, themſelves impeach.

9 Aloof the wond'ring World ſhall ſtand;
And all around, with Fear,
Acknowledge God's revenging Hand,
And all his Acts revere.
10 Then ſhall the Juſt in God rejoice,
Their Faith more ſtrongly raiſe;
And each good Man exalt his Voice,
To ſing his Maker's Praiſe.

PSAL. lxv. *as the* 100*th.*

PRaiſe, Lord, in *Sion* waits for Thee;
To Thee our holy Vows we pay.
Thou hear'ſt us; whence, in Miſery,
2 To Thee the ſuppliant World ſhall pray.

3 My Sins are, Lord, too ſtrong for me:
But Thou ſha't all my Sins forgive.
4 O happy's he, whoſe Eyes may ſee
Thy Houſe, and in thy Preſence live:

When him Devotion kindly warms,
His inward purer Joys abound;
His Soul with bleſs'd Religion's Charms,
Is in thy ſacred Temple crown'd.

5 What though a Thouſand Dangers riſe
To us? our ſure Salvation ſprings
From Thee: thy Flock for Shelter flies
To thy protecting Mercy's Wings.

For us thy dreadful Judgments move,
And ſcatter all our Fears and Woes.

Whence

Whence all in Thee their Truſt improve,
Where Earth extends, or Water flows.

6 Thy Might the lofty Mountains rais'd,
And Pow'r thy wondrous Throne ſurrounds;
And at thy Voice, the Seas, amaz'd,
Laid down their Billows roaring Sounds.

7 Thy Terrours ſmooth the Wat'ry Plain,
And all the murm'ring Nations quell;
When ruffling Storms diſturb the Main,
And ſtubborn Hearts with Madneſs ſwell.

Part 2.

8 When earth is ſhock'd, and Comets blaze,
And thy prodigious Signs appear,
At them the trembling Nations gaze,
And them at utmoſt diſtance fear.

The bluſhing Dawn, the Morning-Skies,
Through all the World thy Praiſe proclaim;
And when Night's gloomy Shadows riſe,
They celebrate thy glorious Name.

9 Thy Eyes the lower World ſurvey,
Thy Hand their various Need ſupplies;
Thy Dews and Rains prepare the Way
For Graſs, and Herbs, and Plants to riſe.

What mighty Treaſures, Lord, haſt Thou
Within thy wat'ry Chambers laid?
Whence all our vaſt Proviſions now,
Our Corn, and Wine, and Oil's convey'd.

10 The riſing Grounds thy Fountains make;
Their wealthy Crops and Fatneſs yield:
The lower Lands thy Smiles partake;
Thy Bleſſing warms the ſpringing Field.

11 Th

11 The joyful Year, with Goodneſs crown'd,
Owes all its Plenty, Lord, to Thee:
Thy Clouds with fat'ning Drops abound,
And we their large Production ſee.

12 The barren Wilds, the burning Sands,
Thoſe cooling Drops in Seaſon bleſs:
The dancing Hillocks join their Hands,
And Mirth and Gratitude expreſs.

13 Huge Flocks the fruitful Paſtures yield,
Huge Crops the burthen'd Valleys bring;
Joys eccho through the chearful Field,
And all their Maker's Praiſes ſing.

Another Metre, to the old 104th proper Tune.

1 IN Sion's bleſs'd Gates.
Lord, Praiſe waits for Thee:
To Thee holy Vows
Shall juſtly be paid.
2 Thy Goodneſs creates
All our Confidence: we
By't mov'd in thy Houſe,
Our Petitions have made.

3 Man's impious Art
Againſt me prevails;
O purge, O remove
Our Follies away!
4 How happy's his Part,
Whom thy Mercy ne'er fails!
Thy Choice can approve,
And thy Service can ſtay!

That Man in thy Sight
And Temple may dwell;

Thy

Thy Altars draw near,
Thy Favours enjoy;
And in Thee delight,
And be ſatisfy'd well
With Goodneſs: and there
All his Service employ.

5 By terrible Things
In Righteouſneſs ſhown,
Thou 'lt anſwer our Cares,
Our Saviour to be.
Our Confidence ſprings
From thy Goodneſs alone:
Whence Strangers make Pray'rs,
And rough Sailers, to Thee.

6 The Mountains ſtand faſt,
Fix'd ſtrongly by Thee;
Thy powerful Arm
Has girt 'em ſecure.
7 Loud Storms are ſoon paſt,
For thy Fury, we ſee,
Mad People can charm,
And their Quiet procure.

8 Thy Wonders and Signs
All Nations affright,
Where Comets e'er blaze,
Or Earth-quakes can tear,
The Morning, which ſhines,
And the dark gloomy Night,
Rejoice in thy Praiſe,
And thy Glories declare.

9 Thou viſit'ſt the Earth,
Its Waters abound;
Vaſt Rivers, with Wealth,
The Countries o'erflow:

Thence

Thence Corn has its Birth;
And the Fields, with it crown'd,
New Vigour and Health
On the Nations beſtow.

10 The higheſt ridg'd Field
Thy Water partakes;
The Furrows, laid low,
Are drench'd with the ſame:
The Clods quickly yield,
Earth its Hardneſs forſakes;
The Crops, which they ſhow,
Then God's Bleſſing proclaim.

11 By Thee the rich Year
With Goodneſs is crown'd;
And all thy bleſs'd Ways
Pure Fatneſs diſtil:
12 Rich Paſtures appear
All the Deſarts around;
All ecchoing Praiſe
From each neighbouring Hill.

13 With Thouſands of Sheep
The Paſtures are clad;
The Valleys with Corn
Are cover'd quite o'r:
Hence Nature may keep
Now its Revels; and glad,
With Praiſes adorn
Both her Lord, and her Store.

PSAL. lxvj. *as the* 113*th.*

1 IN God, ô all ye Lands, rejoice;
2 Let ev'ry Man's triumphant Voice
Advance his Name, his Glories ſing.

3 How dreadful, Lord, thy Works appear!
Thy Terrours make thy Foes, with Fear,
To Thee their forc'd Submiſſions bring.
4 To Thee the Nations round ſhall bend;
Thy Name ſhall in their Songs aſcend
Above the Clouds, above the Skies.
5 Come, ſee God's Operations here;
How when his dreadful Works appear,
Their Terrours Humane Hearts ſurprize.

6 When from *Egyptian* Bondage He
His *Iſrael*'s happy Race ſet free,
God through the Seas contriv'd a Road;
Where, fenc'd by Watry Walls, they went
Safe o'er a ſpacious Continent,
And all their Hearts with Joys o'erflow'd.
7 God, by his Pow'r Eternal, reigns;
His Look the Rebel-World reſtrains,
And beats their ſwelling Humours down.
8 O all ye ſerious People, bleſs
That God, whoſe Name our Tongues confeſs:
His Name with lofty Praiſes crown.

9 The Lord our Souls in Safety keeps;
He never ſlumbers, never ſleeps;
He ne'er permits our Feet to ſlide:
10 Yet, as the Silver's oft refin'd,
When for the nobleſt Works deſign'd,
Our Souls as oft his Hands have try'd.
11 We fell in ſtrong, perplexing Snares;
Our Strength ſunk down with weighty Cares;
Our Heads we bow'd to conqu'ring Foes.
12 But through Affliction's ſcorching Heat,
Through Floods of Tears, thy Mercies great
Convey'd us to a ſweet Repoſe.

Part 2.

13 My Thanks his Temple now ſhall ſee.
14 I'll pay my Vows, dear Lord, to Thee;
My Vows in Times of Danger ſign'd.
15 My upright Mind, my Heart ſincere,
My guiltleſs Hands, ſhall Favour there,
More than a Thouſand Oxen, find.
16 Come, hear me, all that fear the Lord;
O hear, while I, with Praiſe, record
What for my Soul his Hands have wrought:
17 I cry'd, his Name I rais'd on high;
18 Yet, had my Heart been faulty, I
His Smiles, alas! had vainly ſought.

God reads the inward Parts, and views
What Ways the righteous Soul purſues,
And hears his earneſt Pray'rs and Cries:
But Hypocrites, whoſe various Arts
Divide their gloſing Tongues and Hearts,
Are odious to his piercing Eyes.
19 But God has heard my Pray'rs, and He
With Favour gently anſwer'd me;
His Ears to my Petitions bow'd.
20 O bleſs'd be He, whoſe gracious Ear
His ſuppliant Servant's Pray'rs would hear,
And Mercy to his Pray'rs allow'd!

PSAL. lxvij.

1 TO us, with Mercy free,
Lord, ſhew thy glorious Face:
O let thy happy Servants ſee
Thy Bleſſing, and thy Grace!
2 That all the Earth may know
Salvation's certain Way,
Thy Truth to all the Nations ſhow,
Thy ſaving Health diſplay.

3 Let

3 Let all the World, ô God,
Exalt thy glorious Name:
O let the Nations all abroad
Thy wondrous Praiſe proclaim!
4 To Thee, with loud Applauſe,
The govern'd World ſhall ſing,
When Thou ſhalt all, by equal Laws,
To righteous Judgment bring.

5 Let all the World, ô God,
Exa't thy glorious Name:
O let the Nations a'l abroad
Thy wondrous Praiſe proc'aim!
6 Then ſhall the fruitful Land
Its ancient Burthen ſhow;
And on our ſelves, from God's free Hand,
Shall endleſs Bleſſings flow.

7 Then God ſhall bleſs us all;
And at his awful Feet,
With Fear the fartheſt Tribes ſhall fall,
And to his Laws ſubmit.

PSAL. lxviij. *As the* 100*th.*

1 LET God ariſe, his angry Foes
Will quickly turn themſelves to Flight:
Their Malice can't his Wrath oppoſe,
Nor bear the Terrours of his Sight.

2 But as Smoak flies before the Wind,
As Wax diſſolves before the Fire,
So Impious Men their Weakneſs find,
And, by his Frowns conſum'd, expire.

3 But holy Men, with joyful Hearts,
Before their God ſhall Praiſes ſing.

Sing then, ye Saints; ſing all your Parts;
Exalt the great Celeſtial King.

See where your God triumphant rides;
His Name with boundleſs Glory ſhines.
In Him each raptur'd Soul confides,
And gladly in his Praiſe combines.

For Widows Tears, and Orphans Cries,
God, like a Judge and Father, cares;
Starves Rebels, makes the Captives riſe,
And fills the loneſom Houſe with Heirs.

Lord, when thou led'ſt thy People o'er
The barren Wilds, and Deſart-Lands,
Earth's Boſom ſtrong Convulſions tore,
And Heav'n, diſſolv'd at thy Commands,

A Thouſand Dewy Sweats diſtill'd.
Nay; *Sinai* too, ſupreamly bleſs'd,
Great *Iſrael*'s God with Terrours fill'd,
With Light's immoderate Beams oppreſs'd.

But cooling Dews, and fruitful Rains,
On thy exhauſted *Canaan* flow'd;
Which now thy People entertains,
Thy Goodneſs on thy Flock beſtow'd.

Part 2.

God gave the Word, and out in haſte
All Nature's ready Armies flew,
And ſpoke God's Will; and as they paſs'd,
Did all oppoſing Force ſubdue.

God's Houſhold then, with Spoils, grew fair,
Of routed Hoſts, and flying Kings;
As Doves, which ſeem to cut the Air
With Silver Plumes, and Golden Wings. 13 On

13 On that great Day, though b'ack before,
Among the Brick-Kilns newly laid;
14 They more than *Salmon*'s Whiteneſs bore,
When in his Snowy Robes array'd.

15 God's *Sion*, *Baſhan*'s Pride out-vies;
And God in *Sion*'s Hill delights.
16 Why then ſhould other Hills deſpiſe
What God's own Reſidence invites?

17 A Thouſand Thouſand Chariots, ſteer'd
By fiery Angels, round Him wait;
As once in *Sinai*'s Mount appear'd,
When there, enthron'd, his Glory ſate.

18 Lord, when thou took'ſt thy Seat on high,
Both Death and Hell were Captives led:
Thy Gifts made ſtubborn Hearts comply,
And Rebels own their ſacred Head.

19 O bleſs'd be God, from Day to Day,
Who us with bounteous Goodneſs loads:
20 Our Saving Health, our Lord, our Stay,
Our Guide from Death's obſcure Abodes!

21 But ſinful Fools, his thoughtleſs Foes,
God in their Heads, their Vitals, wounds
22 I too, ſays God, will reſcue thoſe
Whom *Baſhan*, or the Sea, ſurrounds.

My Friends ſhall live at large, and free;
Ill us'd, reſtrain'd, oppreſs'd no more.
23 Their Steps o'er bleeding Foes ſhall be,
Where Dogs ſhall lick the ſtreaming Gore.

Part 3.

4 My God, my King; thy glorious Ways
Are oft with awful Wonder view'd,
When in thy Houſe, on Holy Days,
Thou meet'ſt the ſuppliant Multitude.

5 Firſt all the charming Voices move,
Then thoſe who touch the tuneful Strings;
The Damſels next their Fingers prove,
And loud the merry Timbrel rings.

6 Praiſe God in all Aſſemblies; praiſe
Your God, ô all of *Iſrael*'s Race!
7 Let *Benjamin* his Anthems raiſe,
Whom firſt the Regal Enſigns grace.

With Him let *Judah*'s Head combine,
And all the Tribes their Leaders bring,
Till Mid-land Tribes and Coaſters join
And All their Maker's Glories ſing.

Strength, Lord, on us thy Hand beſtows:
O let our Graces ſtronger be!
While Strength from *Salem*'s Temple flows,
Great Kings ſhall offer Gifts to Thee.

Rebuke th' *Egyptians* Force! confound
The Brutes, in Idol-worſhip ſtrong:
Thoſe who in Pride and Wealth abound,
And who for Wars and Tumults long.

To God then mighty Kings ſhall fly,
From *Egypt*, and *Arabian* Lands;
And caſt their Crowns and Sceptres by,
And raiſe to him their ſuppliant Hands.

32 Sing, ſing to God, his Praiſe unfold,
His Name yee Earthly Kings adore.
33 He rides above the Skies of old,
And ſpeaks in Thunders dreadful roar.

34 Aſcribe to God all Strength and Might,
VVho o're his *Iſrael*'s Lot preſides,
VVhoſe Power, and whoſe Majeſtic light,
Above the higheſt Orb reſides.

35 VVhat Terrours in that ſacred Place,
Iſrael's Eternal God ſurround!
The Saints his Might and Courage grace,
His Name be ſtill with Praiſes crown'd.

PSAL. lxix.

1 O Save me, Lord! Thy Floods prevail,
The Floods my Strength controul.
2 The Mud, the rugged VVaves aſſail,
And ſink my fainting Soul.
3 To Thee till weary'd quite I cry,
My Throat grows hoarſe and dry,
My very Ey-ſtrings crack, while I
On Thee for Help rely.

4 More than my Hairs my Foes increaſe,
And they whoſe cauſeleſs Hate,
Purſue my Soul, and break my Peace,
Are ſtrong, and Fortunate.
To lay their Spite, I paid with Care,
VVhat ne'er was due from me.
5 Thou, Lord, my Follies know'ſt, nor are
My Faults conceal'd from Thee.

6 Thro me let none endure Diſgrace,
VVho on thy Love depend,

None bluſh thro' me who ſeek thy Face,
Or for thy Grace attend:
7 For thy Name's ſake I ſuffer ſcorn,
To all Reproach confin'd,
8 My Mother's Sons, my Brethren born,
To me are grown unkind.

Part 2.

9 Lord, for thy Houſe with zealous Flame,
My Soul conſumes, and dies,
And thoſe who dare affront thy Name,
My Heart with grief ſurprize.
10 I faſt, my faſting Tears ſucceed,
But I'me reproach'd for all.
11 I Sack-cloth wear, my Sack-cloth weeds,
Among their Proverbs fall.

12 Where all the ſenſeleſs Rabble ſit,
I'me made their conſtant Theme,
Each Drunkard tries his brutiſh Wit,
My Glories to blaſpheme:
13 In thy accepted Time, dear Lord,
Receive my Soul's addreſs,
With Mercy by thy faithful Word,
My cruel Foes repreſs.

14 From miry Deeps, Lord, raiſe my Head,
From mighty Waters ſave,
15 And from the ſtormy Tempeſts dread,
And from the gaping Grave.
Let not the Floods devour me quite,
Nor Whirlpools ſwallow me.
16 But in thy Mercies, Lord, delight,
And hear my Prayers to Thee!

P[illegible]

Part 3.

With Pitty view my mournful Caſe,
And eaſe my diſmal Woes.
17 From me ô never hide thy Face,
When Sorrows round me cloſe.
18 Draw near, redeem my Soul from thoſe,
Who, in my Fall delight.
19 My ſhame, reproach, and all my Foes,
Are ever in thy ſight.

20 Shame breaks my Heart, my panting Soul,
For Comfort looks in vain,
No Friends my mournful State condole,
Nor feel my dreadful Pain,
21 They gave me bitter Gall to eat,
Sharp Vinegar to drink,
22 But let thy Wrath their Joys defeat,
Their ſpiteful Pleaſures ſink.

O let thy Curſe a deadly ſnare,
Of all their Plenty make,
And when their Souls for Mirth prepare,
All Mirth their Souls forſake.
23 O let their Eyes be dark, their Loins
With ſtrange Diſeaſes ſhake.
24 Till Wrath with utmoſt Fury joins,
And they of both partake.

Part 4.

25 Let all their lofty Palaces,
Their Tents deſerted ly,
26 For they on thy Afflicted preſs,
And Wounds to Wounds apply.
27 Puniſh their Sins with Sins; nor let
Them Righteouſneſs behold!

28 Their

28 Their Names i' th' Book of Life unſet,
Nor with the Juſt enroll'd.

29 But me, oppreſs'd with mighty Woes,
Thy Health, dear God, ſhall raiſe.
30 And Songs I'll to thy Name compoſe,
And ever ſing thy Praiſe.
31 And theſe ſhall Thee, my God, much more
Than Firſtling Bul'ocks, pleaſe.
32 The Humble, who thy Face implore,
Shall ſee't, and live at Eaſe.

Joys ſhall their happy Hearts poſſeſs
At this triumphant Sight:
Their Souls ſhall wondrous Mirth expreſs;
Their Lives, ſupream Delight.
33 God hears the Poor and Bond-men call,
And ſends Deliverance:
34 Then let Heav'n, Earth and Seas, and all
Their Hoſts, his Praiſe advance.

35 God ſaves his own, and they, in Peace
Within their Countries reſt:
36 And there their happy Heirs increaſe,
Who love their Maker beſt.

PSAL. lxx.

1 HAſte, Lord; ô haſte to aid,
And ſet thy Servant free!
2 Aſham'd let all thoſe Fools be made,
Who ſeek to ruin me!
With Shame confound them all,
Who would my Life deſtroy;
3 And when they think I'm like to fall,
Expreſs unmanly Joy.

4 But where Men ſeek thy Face,
Let conſtant Joys reſide:
Let thoſe who love thy ſaving Grace,
Say, *God be magnify'd.*
5 But I am weak and poor;
O haſte to help me, Lord;
And, as thou oft haſt done before,
Thy ſpeedy Aids afford!

PSAL. lxxj.

1 IN Thee, dear Lord, I only truſt:
From Shame ô keep me free!
2 And, as thy Promiſes are juſt,
Hear, help and reſcue me!
3 Be thou my mighty Fortreſs, where
I, when oppreſs'd, may fly.
Thou art my Rock, my Fort; in Fear
I on thy Word rely.

4 Save me, my God, from impious Hands
From Fraud and Violence.
5 In Thee my Hope, my Safety ſtands:
My Lord, my Youth's Defence!
6 I from my Mother's Womb, at firſt,
By Thee was brought to light;
And by thy Providence was nurs'd,
And in thy Praiſe delight.

7 Though I a Monſter ſeem to moſt,
In Thee my Hopes are ſtrong.
8 O let thy Honour be my Boaſt;
Thy Praiſe, my daily Song!
9 Caſt me not off when elder Days,
When Age comes creeping on:
O leave me not when Strength decays,
And youthful Years are gone!

10 M

10 My Foes, who watch my Soul, declare,
Where they in private meet,
11 See now how God withdraws his Care,
And leaves his Favourite!
Up! let us ſeize him now; purſue
Where-e'er the Daſtard flies:
He has, alas! no Help in view;
None to his Aid will riſe.

Part 2.

12 Haſte then, my God; to help me, fly;
No more thy Helps delay!
13 But let my Foes confounded lie;
Their Spite, with Shame repay.
14 On Thee I'll ſtill with Patience wait,
And praiſe Thee more and more;
15 And all thy righteous Acts relate,
And thy Salvation's Store.

Theſe all Accounts ſo far tranſcend,
That none their Numbers know.
16 But, Lord, I'll on thy Strength depend,
Thy Juſtice only ſhow.
17 As taught by Thee from Childhood, I
Thy wond'rous Works have ſhown:
18 O let me not deſerted lie,
When weak and ancient grown!

Lord, leave me not when hoary Hairs
Inveſt my aged Head:
Till to this Age, and future Heirs,
I've all thy Wonders read.
19 On high thy righteous Actions ſhine,
And great thy Judgments are.
What Being, Lord, though *call'd* Divine,
Can e'er with Thee compare?

20 Thou ſhow'ſt me mighty Griefs and Woes,
Yet ſhall thy Smiles revive;
And from Earth's hollow Deeps below,
Preſent my Soul alive.
21 My Head thy Loves ſhall greatly raiſe,
Thy Comforts guard my round:
22 And I thy Truth with Songs ſhall raiſe,
And Harp's melodious Sound.

23 O *Iſrael's* holy God, to Thee
My Lips will gladly ſing;
My Soul, redeem'd from Miſery,
Its Tribute-Praiſes bring.
24 Thy Righteouſneſs my Tongue ſhall trace,
And daily talk of thee,
Since they are cruſh'd with dark Diſgrace,
Who ſought to ruin me.

Pſal. 72. *As the* 100*th. or Mr.* Sandys's 11

1 LOrd, to the King thy Judgments give,
Thy Juſtice on his Son beſtow,
2 Then ſhall the Wor'd his Judgments know
The Humble, by his Juſtice live.

3 Then thoſe advanc'd to nobleſt State
Shall all for publick Peace declare:
The meaneſt Officers, with Care,
Their Princes Goodneſs imitate.

4 He'll judge the Poor, their Off-ſpring ſave,
And break the bold Oppreſſor's Force.
5 While Sun and Moon maintain their Cour
His Fear ſhall ev'ry Heart enſlave.

6 His Goodneſs, like ſoft Rains and Dews
Which on the new-mown Graſs deſcend.

Shall to the Moon's laſt Age extend,
And Peace, abundant Peace, diffuſe.

The Righteous, in his happy Reign,
Shall thrive; his mighty Empire ſtretch
As far as Lands or Waters reach,
Or fartheſt Springs their Streams maintain.

To Him th' *Arabian* Troops ſhall bow;
His Enemies the Duſt embrace.
And *Saba*'s Kings, to court his Grace,
Their nobleſt Gifts and Off'rings vow.

The Iſles, the Continent, ſhall ſend
Their Kings, to kiſs his ſacred Feet.
All Kings ſhall in his Worſhip meet,
And Nations to his Service bend.

For He'll the praying Poor diſcharge;
Th' Oppreſs'd, who no Aſſiſtance find.
He'll to the needy Soul be kind;
And He'll the humble Heart enlarge.

From Violence He'll ſet them free;
From ſhameleſs Fraud, and baſe Deceit.
And in his Sight, in Value great
The Blood of all his Saints ſhall be.

Long ſhall He live; pure Gold as long
To Him th' *Arabian* Bands ſhall pay:
To Him th' obedient World ſhall pray,
And Him with daily Bleſſings throng.

And though his Truth at firſt may ſeem
Of meaneſt Worth, and ſmalleſt Force,
'Twill ſoon, with a reſiſtleſs Courſe,
Command the wiſer World's Eſteem.

Its Fruit to nobler Heights ſhall grow
Than *Lebanon*'s immortal Heads:
More thick than Graſs the Valleys ſpreads,
Vaſt Crouds ſhall to his Doctrine flow.

17 His Name Eternity poſſeſs'd,
God's Son, before reflecting Streams,
Threw back the Sun's firſt Infant-Beams;
And in Him ev'ry Nation's bleſs'd.

18 All Lands ſhall bleſs his ſacred Name.
O bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
Whoſe Name old *Jacob*'s Tribes record,
Whoſe Name his wondrous Works proclaim!

19 With Bleſſings let his Name be crown'd,
Till Time's run out; and ev'ry Day
His Glories through the World diſplay;
And loud Amens, Amens reſound!

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *5th.*

1 LOrd, let the King thy Judgments find!
Enrich the Prince's Royal Mind,
For Crowns and Governments deſign'd.

2 Then ſhall He Sentence wiſely give;
And ſafe in his Prerogative
Shall all the Poor, Afflicted, live.

3 Then Righteouſneſs and Peace ſhall reign,
The mighty Men ſhall Peace maintain,
And Juſtice all the Vulgar gain.

4 He'll vindicate and ſave the Poor,
And all their Race from Harms ſecure:
But Tyrants muſt his Wrath endure.

5 Hi

5 Him a'l, from Age to Age ſhall fear,
As long as Mid-day's Suns appear,
Or Moons the gloomy Mid-night chear.

6 Sweet be his Rule, and ſoft his Reign,
As gentle Dews which cool the Plain,
Or Show'rs which Graſs and Herbs maintain!

7 The Juſt ſhall flouriſh in his Days;
Abundant Peace her Head ſhall raiſe,
While Moons ſhall ſhine, or Stars ſhall b'aze.

8 His Empire ſhall be vaſt, and wide;
As far as Seas can feel the Tide,
Or Rivers flow, or Winds can ride.

9 In him th' *Arabians* wild ſhall truſt:
His Foes, beneath his Foot-ſtool thruſt
Shall fall, and humbly lick the Duſt.

10 Him ſhall the Iſland-Kings obey;
To Him Black *Æthiopians* pray,
And Off'rings on his Altars lay.

11 Their Kings, by Truth convinc'd, ſhall be
His Servants, and his Slaves; and He
All Nations at his Feet ſhall ſee.

12 For He the poor Man's Cries ſhall hear;
The Suff'rers and Afflicted chear,
When neither Help nor Friends appear.

13 He'll to the Weak in Want be kind:
The humble and ſubmiſſive Mind
Shall always his Aſſiſtance find.

14 Where Fraud and Wrong triumphant ſeem,
He' l all their fainting Souls redeem,
And dear their precious Lives eſteem.

15 Long may He live; and long may they
To Him their Golden Tributes pay,
And daily praiſe, and daily pray!

16 Where little Hope or Seed was found,
May mighty Crops adorn the Ground;
Like *Libanus*, with Cedars crown'd.

Their Towns, before with Widows fill'd,
A new and num'rous Off-ſpring yield,
Thick as the Graſs which ſhades the Field.

17 To Him may all the Nations haſte;
His Name, with endleſs Bleſſings grac'd,
Beyond the Sun, Eternal laſt.

18 Bleſs'd be the Lord, our God! May He,
Whoſe wond'rous Works we daily ſee,
Prais'd by his grateful Churches be!

19 Bleſs'd, ever bleſs'd his glorious Name!
May all the World advance his Fame!
While we Amen, Amen proclaim!

PSAL. lxxiij.

1 IT's true, God to his *Iſrael*'s kind,
To thoſe whoſe Hearts are pure:
2 Yet all my Confidence declin'd,
My Faith was ſcarce ſecure.
3 Envy, uneaſie Envy gain'd
An Empire in my Breaſt,
To ſee how impious Mad-men reign'd,
With Peace and Plenty bleſs'd.

4 No racking Pains their Deaths fore-ſhow'd,
Their Strength no Sickneſs broke:
5 They never bore Grief's common Load,
Nor felt God's angry Stroke.
6 Hence are they crown'd with haughty Pride,
And rob'd with Violence:
7 Their Looks are high; their Luſts ſupply'd,
Beyond their utmoſt Senſe.

8 They in exceſſive Leudneſs walk,
And in Oppreſſions boaſt;
And with their thund'ring lofty Talk
O'er-awe the neighb'ring Coaſt.
9 Nay, Heav'n it ſelf their Words defy,
And trembling Earth ſubdue:
10 And, while they make their Treaſures fly,
Allure the hungry Crew.

11 And yet they cry, "Can God above
"Our ſecret Practice know?
"Can God our gallant Acts reprove,
"Or greater Wiſdom ſhow?
12 Such are the wicked Workers, who
Can, with a proſp'rous Gale,
And ſtill increaſing Riches, through
The World's rough Ocean ſail.

Part 2.

13 This I obſerving, fondly cry'd,
"I've cleans'd my Hands in vain;
"In vain my Heart I purify'd,
"And Innocence maintain.
14 "In vain, alas! my ſtrugling Luſt
"I've daily mortify'd;
"And grovel'd in Affliction's Duſt,
"By ſharp Temptations try'd.

15 But ſoon I this Reflection made,
"Should I ſuch Thoughts embrace,
"I muſt God's Providence upbraid,
"And damn his choſen Race.
16 In vain I trod, without a Guide,
The dark, perplexing Maze:
In vain by Reaſon's Methods try'd
Thy Wiſdom's ſecret Ways;

17 Till I could to thy Holy Place,
With humble Thoughts, aſcend;
And there their wretched Fortunes trace,
And read their diſmal End.
18 Oh, on what ſlip'ry Ground they ſtand!
How quickly ruin'd all!
19 And, cruſh'd by thy deſtroying Hand,
With Terrours waſted, fall!

23 As Dreams fly off from drowzy Eyes
When Sleep the Man forſakes,
So Thou their Image ſhalt deſpiſe
When once thy Fury wakes.
21 Thus now my Thoughts are ſatisfy'd,
Though long perplex'd before;
Though Grief did then my Heart divide,
And Pains my Boſom tore.

Part 3.

22 Such Ignorance and Folly then
My untaught Soul betray'd:
And I, beneath the Rank of Men,
With ſenſeleſs Beaſts was laid.
23 I ſee I'm always now with Thee;
Thy Hand my Life ſupports:
24 Thy Counſels, Lord, my Guide ſhall be,
To thy All-glorious Courts.

25 O[illegible]

25 On whom but Thee, dear Lord, above,
Can my Affections be?
And none on Earth my Soul can love;
O none, compar'd with Thee!
26 Though here my Fleſh my Heart decline,
Thy Strength my Heart ſupplies.
Thou art my God, my Part Divine,
When Time, expiring dies.

27 Loe, thoſe whoſe vain Affections rove
From Thee, ſhall ſink, and die:
Thoſe Fools who doat, with wanton Love,
On curs'd Idolatry.
28 But when I draw to God, how nigh
His flowing Mercies are!
On Him I 've fix'd my Truſt, that I
Might all his Works declare.

PSAL. lxxiv.

1 O Why thus abſent, Lord! Shall we
No more thy Smiles obtain?
Shall thy poor Flock eternally
Thy Fury's Weight ſuſtain?
2 O think on thoſe redeem'd of old;
Thoſe Lands, by Thee poſſeſs'd:
With Pity *Sion*'s Mount behold,
Which once thy Preſence bleſs'd!

3 O Thou Eternal God, to eaſe
Our Deſolations, haſte;
For cruel Foes thy Temple ſeize,
Thy ſacred Dwellings waſte.
4 Hark! how their Bands, inſulting, roar,
Where thy Aſſemblies met!
And their triumphant Banners o'er
Thy mournful Altars ſet!

5 When

5 When ſafe thy glorious Temple ſtood,
The curious Carver rais'd
Rare Figures on the yielding Wood,
For Art and Softneſs prais'd.
6 But now thoſe noble Works are all
By barb'rous Axes ſpoil'd:
7 In Flames thoſe ſacred Buildings fall,
With ruin'd Heaps defil'd.

8 Nay, in their cruel Hearts they ſay,
Let's all at once deſtroy!
And on each Place of Worſhip they
Devouring Flames emp'loy.
9 We ſee our Myſtick Signs no more;
No Prophets ſpeak thy Will:
And none our Term of Woes explore,
By Wiſdom's ſacred Skill.

Part 2.

10 How long, Lord, ſhall Reproaches riſe
From thy inſulting Foes?
How long ſhall horrid Blaſphemies
Thy glorious Name expoſe?
11 Rouſe, Lord, thy Might! make bare thy Arm!
Stretch out thy dreadful Hand!
Their bloody Inſolence alarm!
And their Deſigns withſtand!

12 For Thou'rt our King of old; from Thee
The World's Salvation flows:
To Thee its ancient Liberty
Poor *Jacob*'s Portion owes.
13 From Thee, of old, the parting Seas
With ſudden Haſte recoil'd
And *Iſrael*, marching through, with Eaſe
The ranſack'd Ocean ſpoil'd.

14 'Twas

14 'Twas there the furious Monarch's Heat,
In mighty Waters, dy'd:
Nor would the rolling Waves retreat
From *Pharaoh*'s haughty Pride.
The King, his Lords, his Troops were thrown
Around the Purple Shore;
A Prey to Wolves and Vultures grown,
But to be fear'd no more.

15 Thy Word unſeal'd the Springs, and made
The Rocks their Waters yield:
And through old *Jordan*'s Boſom laid
A ſpacious, Sandy Field.
16 Thou bid'ſt the ſmiling Morning riſe,
And draw'ſt the gloomy Night;
And mak'ſt the Sun adorn the Skies,
The Moon advance her Light.

17 Thy Hand has fix'd Earth's utmoſt Bounds,
With winding Seas embrac'd:
And Heat, and Cold, in Yearly Rounds,
Thy wondrous Wiſdom plac'd.
18 Such were thy wondrous Acts of old:
O now revive the ſame!
Since Foes in Scorn thy Wiſdom hold,
And Fools blaſpheme thy Name.

Part 3.

19 Thy mournful Turtle, Lord, no more
To cruel Hands reſign;
Nor paſs the poor Afflicted o'er,
As if they ne'er were thine.
20 Thy ancient Covenant re-call,
With our bleſs'd Fathers made;
For Rapine now our Quarters all,
And barb'rous Force invade.

21 To

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The curious Carver rais'd
Rare Figures on the yielding Wood,
For Art and Softneſs prais'd.
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The King, his Lords, his Troops were thrown
Around the Purple Shore;
A Prey to Wolves and Vultures grown,
But to be fear'd no more.

15 Thy Word unseal'd the Springs, and made
The Rocks their Waters yield:
And through old *Jordan*'s Bosom laid
A spacious, Sandy Field.
16 Thou bid'st the smiling Morning rise,
And draw'st the gloomy Night;
And mak'st the Sun adorn the Skies,
The Moon advance her Light.

17 Thy Hand has fix'd Earth's utmost Bounds,
With winding Seas embrac'd:
And Heat, and Cold, in Yearly Rounds,
Thy wondrous Wisdom plac'd.
18 Such were thy wondrous Acts of old:
O now revive the same!
Since Foes in Scorn thy Wisdom hold,
And Fools blaspheme thy Name.

Part 3.

19 Thy mournful Turtle, Lord, no more
To cruel Hands resign;
Nor pass the poor Afflicted o'er,
As if they ne'er were thine.
20 Thy ancient Covenant re-call,
With our bless'd Fathers made;
For Rapine now our Quarters all,
And barb'rous Force invade.

21 To

21 To Thee alone thy Suff'rers cry;
Dear Lord, remove their Shame;
And, though in Woes and Poverty,
They'll ſtill exalt thy Name.
22 Riſe, Lord! thine own great Cauſe maintain!
Think how the ſcoffing Crew,
How Fools each Day, with deep Diſdain,
Thy glorious Name purſue.

23 Oh, ne'er forget th' inſulting Voice
Of thy triumphant Foes!
Who Thee, with fierce advancing Noiſe,
And growing Spite, oppoſe.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One God, in Perſons Three,
Be Glory paid, and Homage done,
Through all Eternity.

PSAL. lxxv.

1 TO Thee, great God, to Thee,
We offer Thanks and Praiſe;
Thy Goodneſs we ſo near us ſee,
In all thy wond'rous Ways.
2 When I, at thy Command,
The Royal Crown ſhall wear,
Through all the Land my righteous Hand
With Juſtice ſhall appear.

3 See what Convu'ſions ſhake
The Tribes, and all the Lands!
And when they ſhake, I only make
Its Pillars firmly ſtand.
4 I ſaid to Fools, of old,
O call your Follies by!
I Sinners told, O be n't ſo bold,
Nor ſet your Horns on high!

5 Ne

5 Ne'er ſet your Horns ſo high,
With ſuch a lofty State;
Nor ſtubbornly your God defy;
Nor ſo perverſely prate:
6 For Pow'r and great Renown,
Not Chance, but God beſtows:
7 He gives the Crown, and he caſts down
Who Juſtice only knows.

8 Ne'er ſtrive, with God to fight;
He holds the deadly Bowl!
The dreadful Sight may well affright
The wretched guilty Soul.
What horrid Drugs compound
The Crimſon baleful Draught!
The Nations round, as guilty found,
To th' very Dregs are brought.

9 But ſtill I'll praiſe the Lord;
To *Jacob*'s God I'll ſing:
And my ſharp Sword, o'er thoſe abhorr'd
For wicked Actions, bring.
10 I'll make their Stiffneſs bend,
While a'l the Juſt around,
Through God, their Friend, ſhall high aſcend,
With Mirth and Glory crown'd.

Pſal. lxxvj. *as the* 148*th. or as Mr.* Sandys's 47*th.*

1 GOD's Name in *Judah*'s known,
It's great in *Iſrael*:
2 His Houſe in *Salem*'s ſhown;
His Smiles on *Sion* dwell;
3 For there his Stroke,
Swords, Bows and Shields,
For Martial Fields,
And Arrows broke.

4 Thy

4 Thy glorious Name's more bright
Than theirs, whoſe num'rous Bands
In Violence delight,
And ſpoil their Neighbours Lands;
Who proudly boaſt,
No Force can ſtay
Their conqu'ring Way,
Or guard our Coaſt.

5 But Deſolation now
Their daring Hearts attends;
And on each drowſie Brow
An heavy Sleep deſcends.
The Men of Might
Grope, but in vain,
Their Swords to gain,
In that dark Night.

6 At thy Rebuke they fall;
And Horſe and Charriot lie,
Profoundly bury'd all,
In one deep Lethargy.
7 Thou, only Thou,
Deſerv'ſt our Fear:
For, who can bear
Thy angry Brow?

8 When we thy Judgments heard,
With Terrours from the Sky,
The World, to what it fear'd,
Submitted ſilently.
9 Then God aroſe,
To ſave and ſeek
The patient Meek,
And cruſh their Foes.

10 Man's hotteſt Wrath thy Name,
Great God of Hoſts, ſhall praiſe:
And though the raging Flame,
With ſpreading Fury, blaze;
Yet ſuddenly
Their Rage, reſtrain'd
By thy juſt Hand,
Shall ſink, and die.

11 Ye who the Lord adore,
Your Vows before him lay;
And what was vow'd before,
With grateful Gladneſs pay.
To that great King,
Whoſe angry Brow
Aws all be'ow,
Your Off'ring bring.

12 For his victorious Arm,
With unreſiſted Force,
Fierce Monarchs ſhall diſarm,
And ſtop their head-ſtrong Courſe.
His Awful Frown
Strange Terrour brings
On Earthly Kings,
And caſts them down.

Another Metre, applied to our own Caſes in this Nation.

1 GOD's Name i'th' *Britiſh* Iſles is known,
And is in *England* great:
2 Bleſs'd *England* is his happy Throne,
His highly favour'd Seat.
3 Here, with his pow'rful Arm, He broke
The Bow, the Sword, the Shield:
His Word alone, without a Stroke,
Secur'd the Martial-Field.

4 Though

4 Though mighty Tyrants mighty Fame
With Scandal mix'd, may gain,
Yet, Lord, thy more illuſtrious Name
No baſe Reproach can ſtain.
5 But ſudden Deſolations now
Thoſe daring Hearts purſue;
And Sleep on ev'ry drowſie Brow
Diſtils its weighty Dew.

In vain, alas! the Man of Might
Dreams o'er his former Broils:
In vain i' th' Dark he ſtrives to fight,
And for a Conqueſt toils.
6 At thy Rebuke, great God, they fall;
And Horſe and Chariots lie
Confounded quite, and bury'd All
In one deep Lethargy.

7 Thou, only Thou, art juſtly fear'd:
Thy Fury, who can ſtand?
8 VVhen we thy Heav'nly Judgment heard,
It huſh'd the trembling Land.
9 VVhen God, the patient Meek to ſave,
VVith Riſing Judgment reign'd,
10 To Him Man's Rage new Glories gave,
And He their VVrath reſtrain'd.

11 O ye, who *Britain*'s Lord adore,
Your Vows before him lay!
And what your juſt Engagements bore,
VVith grateful Gladneſs pay.
12 Your Off'rings make to Him, whoſe Frown
Reſiſtleſs Terrour brings;
Bold Princes daunts, and batters down
The proudeſt Earthly Kings.

PSAL. lxxvij.

TO God I cry'd, I ſtrongly cry'd;
And He receiv'd my Pray'r.
The Lord, when by Afflictions try'd,
I ſought with earneſt Care.
2 All Night my wretched Soul was pain'd,
With mighty Woes oppreſs'd;
And Sorrows, unreſiſted, reign'd
In my afflicted Breaſt.

3 On God I fix'd my thoughtful Mind,
But was perplex'd the more:
My Soul, to ſad Complaints reſign'd,
Its Burthen hardly bore.
4 Thy Terrours hold my wakeful Eyes,
And baniſh needful Sleeps.
My wretched Soul Grief's ſtrange Surprize
In heavy ſilence keeps.

5 I all my former Years ſurvey'd,
Thoſe happy Days of old:
Thoſe Songs, in better Seaſons made,
Which God's great Name extoll'd.
Diſtractions ſtill, by Nights, by Days,
Confus'd my weary'd Mind:
I mus'd, and ſought the ſecret Ways
Of Providence to find.

7 But ſtill unſatisfy'd, I cry'd,
" Is God for ever gone?
" 8 Will God his Preſence always hide,
" His former Loves diſown?
" 9 What! Are his Days of Mercy paſt?
" His ſacred Promiſe void?
" His Smiles with angry Clouds o'er-caſt?
" His Goodneſs all deſtroy'd?

10 At laſt, I ſaid, " My Follies all,
" Theſe faithleſs Thoughts create,
" But God can yet my Hopes recall,
" And change my mournful State.

Part 2.

11 I'le now thy ancient Actions, Lord,
Thy Miracles of old.
12 And all thy wondrous Works record,
Thy wiſe Deſigns unfold.
13 Thy Ways, tho' dark to Humane Eyes,
Are holy, Lord, and pure.
What God with Thee in Greatneſs vyes,
Or can thy Frowns endure.

14 Thy Works ſo many Wonders are,
Thy Might the Nations know.
15 Thy Arms bleſt Freedoms welcome Air,
On *Jacob*'s Race beſtow.
16 The Waters, Lord, the Waters ſaw
Thy Face, and parting fled.
The Deeps with one prodigious flaw
Diſplay'd their ſandy Bed.

17 The Land unceaſing Rains o're-flow'd,
At thy commanding Voice,
The pointed Lightnings went abroad,
With Thunders roaring noiſe.
18 Thy ratling Thunders roar'd around,
And ſtreaks of diſmal Light
Shot thro' the Air; the trembling ground
Quak'd with the dreadful fright.

19 Thy Road was thro' the Seas; thy way
Thro' mighty Waters made,
Thy ſecret Paths could none ſurvey,
Or where thy ſteps were laid.

20 *Moſes*

20 *Moſes* and *Aaron* thro' the Deep,
And trackles Deſerts lead
Thy Tribes, and them, like tender ſheep,
Securely kept and fed.

PSAL. lxxviij.

MY People mark my Precepts well,
Your Ears to my Diſcourſes bow,
2 My mouth ſhall weighty Matters tell,
And Truths obſcure and ancient ſhow.

3 Which we their happy Sons have known,
From what our hoary Fathers told.
4 That we with Praiſe to all our own,
Might God's miraculous Acts unfold.

5 God gave his Laws to *Jacob*'s race,
And bade our Fathers teach their Seed,
6 That each deſcending Age might trace
His Will, and his Injunctions heed.

6 That ſo his ſacred Worſhip might,
Unmix'd from Age to Age deſcend.
7 All truſt in God, and with delight,
His Works declare, his Laws attend.

8 That they their Father's Guilt might fly,
Whoſe Hearts perverſly falſe rebell'd,
Let God's prodigious Wonders dy,
And neither Faith nor Conſcience held.

9 What broke arm'd *Ephraim*'s Archers? what
So turn'd their coward Backs in fight?
10 God's Covenant they quite forgot,
And from his Laws began their flight.

11 They

11 They ſoon forgot his tender Care,
And all his mighty Wonders ſhown;
12 Which *Ægypt*'s Ruines ſtill declare,
And *Zoan*'s fields have dearly known.

Part 2.

13 He led them thro' the parted Seas,
While all the crouding Waters gaz'd,
14 His Cloud by Day contriv'd their eaſe,
By Night bright Flames before them blaz'd.

15 He burſt the deſert Rocks, and thence
Sweet Waters as from Fountains drew,
16 Made Springs from ſtubborn Flints commence,
Which ſoon to ſpacious Rivers grew.

17 Yet they, who ſaw it, treſpaſs'd ſtill
And in a Deſart hungry Land,
18 Ask'd Meat aloud to eat their fill.
Yet queſtion'd God's Almighty Hand.

19 To urge his Wrath, the faithleſs Crew,
Thus, with a taunting boldneſs, ſaid,
" Can God his Wonders here renew?
" Full Tables in a Deſert ſpread?

20 " He ſmote the ſtony Rocks indeed,
" And out the wholeſom Waters broke:
" But can his Magick Rod proceed,
" Will Bread and Fleſh attend the ſtroke?

21 With Anger God their murmurings heard,
And at them ſoon his Fury ſmok'd,
22 When *Iſrael*'s ſeed ſo falſe appear'd,
And faithleſs Fools their God provok'd.

Part 3.

23 To try them more, He bade the Skies,
From their unbounded Treaſures rain,
24 Streight heavenly Wheat before them lyes,
And taſtful Manna fills the Plain.

25 The Bread of Angels there they find;
To glut their hungry Appetite.
26 Then God commands the Eaſtern Wind,
And Southern fruitful Gales excites.

27 Leſs Duſt in rapid Whirlwinds flies.
28 Then Fleſh within their Trenches rain'd,
Leſs Sand around the Ocean lies,
Then Fowls about their Tents remain'd.

29 They fed, and fill'd themſelves, and He,
On them their utmoſt wiſh beſtow'd:
30 But they no inward Guilt could ſee,
Nor feel their Luſts confounding load.

31 Hence, e'er their Meat was down, their Pride
God with a diſmal blaſt ſurpriz'd,
Their nobleſt Youth, and Princes dy'd,
All to his Anger ſacrific'd.

32 Yet unreclaim'd from ſinful Ways,
They'd ſtill his wondrous VVorks oppoſe,
33 And He conſum'd their Years and Days,
In fading Joys, and laſting VVoes.

34 If Death among their Armies flew,
For God they'd ſeek, to God they'd fly,
35 Then God was all their Strength they knew,
Their great Redeemer, God moſt high.

37 Their

36 Their God with fawning Tongues they prov'd
VVith lying lips to Him they pray'd,
37 But ſtill their Hearts perverſly mov'd,
Their Hearts their faithleſs VVorks betray'd.

38 Yet He forgave their Sins, and ſpar'd,
Their Tribes, and laid his Anger by;
39 He knew they common Frailties ſhar'd,
VVould quickly change, and quickly dy.

Part 4.

40 How oft in deſert Lands they mov'd,
And urg'd, and vex'd his Heav'nly mind!
41 How oft, relaps'd, his Patience prov'd,
And *Iſrael*'s Holy God confin'd!

42 They quite forgot that powerful Hand,
VVhich them from ſlaviſh Bonds redeem'd,
43 VVhen *Zoan*'s Field, and *Ægypt*'s Land,
VVith dreadful Signs and VVonders teem'd.

44 How He their pleaſant VVaters chang'd,
To nauſeous Blood, and myſtick Gore,
45 Mix'd Swarms in all their Quarters rang'd,
And Frogs their Royal Chambers bore.

46 Their Fruit-trees blaſting VVhirlwinds peel'd
And Locuſts all their Toils enjoy'd,
47 Their Vines, Figs, Cattel, and the Field,
48 Hot ſtorms of fiery Hail deſtroy'd.

49 Since ſtill the ſtubborn Land rebel'd,
VVith fiercer flames his Fury glow'd;
And as his burning Fury ſwell'd,
The Coals malignant Angels blow'd.

Thick thro' the ſolid Dark they flew,
With horrid ſhrieks, and diſmal Cries,
And laid Hell's endleſs Pains in view,
Before their Intellectual Eyes.

No Torch, no Star, no Middays Beams,
No peaceful Thought, no comforts Light,
But Ghoſts with frightful Howls and Screams,
Could pierce th' unfathomable Night.

No ſleep could ſeal their labouring Eyes,
But dreadful Dreams of following Woes,
And roaring Storms, and rattling Skies,
And trembling Earths convulſive throws.

Part 5.

While thus with weighty Gloom o're thrown,
Loſt *Egypt* lay; God's dreadful Hand,
Heavy with ripening Vengeance grown,
Does newer Wounds and Plagues command.

Now a thick peſtilential Air,
Is rais'd from late corrupted Gore,
And ſullen Stars malignant glare,
And Locuſts rotting round the ſhore.

From Fens and Bogs, and poiſonous Lakes,
And what rank venemous Weeds produce,
From Scorpions, Baſilisks and Snakes,
And Toads and Hemlocks baleful Juice.

All theſe in One, with deadly skill,
Infernal Spirits temper ſure;
That every Atomes force may kill,
And neither Art, nor Nature, cure.

Out ſtreight commanded *Michael* flies,
A thouſand Spirits round him wait,
And on his Spear the mixture tries,
And loads it with reſiſtleſs Fate.

51 No wretched Shed, nor homely Stall,
Where Men repos'd, or Beaſts were laid,
But Death at once attack'd 'em all,
And one continued Slaughter made.

The firſt-born Prince, the firſt-born Slave,
Of Flocks and Herds the Firſtlings dy'd,
Each Floor aſſign'd its Heir a Grave,
Each Roof entomb'd its Owner's pride.

With dying Shrieks, and Groans, and Cries,
The frighted Hills and Walls reſound,
All *Ægypt* now in mourning lies;
In Sorrows boundleſs Ocean drown'd.

Part 6.

52 But while Heaven's warlike Prince at large,
Thus ravag'd all the ſinful Land,
God of his *Iſrael* took the Charge,
And led them with a gentler Hand.

53 He was their Shepherd, He their Guide,
His Flock, his own Peculiars they,
His Care their growing Wants ſupply'd,
And led them ſafely all the Day.

Thoſe Foes, who, with a furious Will
Purſu'd, beneath the Seas He drown'd;
54 And brought them to his Holy Hill,
With his protecting Preſence crown'd.

55 H

55 He all the Nations round expel'd,
And gave their Lands to *Jacob*'s Race;
Who, then their Towns ſecurely held,
And in their Cities took their place.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted God, and ſtill
To Anger mov'd their mighty Lord,
Nor would their holy Vows fulfil,
But his Commands, and Laws, abhorr'd.

57 They ſinn'd, as all their Fathers us'd,
And like an ill-ſet Bow they broke.
58 Their Lord with graven Gods abus'd,
Which might his jealous Rage provoke.

Each lofty Hill, each ſhady Grove,
They with their gaudy Idols fill'd,
Againſt their Maker boldly ſtrove,
And there their Sacrifices kil'd.

59 God heard of all; his Anger flam'd,
And off th' ingrateful Nation threw.
60 And *Shilo*'s Holy Place diſclaim'd,
That Ark which once his Glories knew.

Part 7.

61 Now God, their Strength, and all their Pride,
Reſign'd to their inſulting Foes.
62 Who with their Blood their Jave'ins dy'd,
And fill'd his Heritage with Woes.

63 Hot feveriſh flames their Youth conſum'd,
Their mateleſs Virgins, Virgins dy'd.
64 Altars their mangled Prieſts entomb'd,
Their own ſad Widow's Tears deny'd.

65 Thus Juſtice rang'd the Field; at laſt,
On Golden Wings bright Mercy roſe;
And God, his hotter Fury paſt,
Made Love her ancient Smiles diſcloſe.

Like ſome fierce Giant, rous'd from Sleep,
Or high with ſprightly Wines inflam'd;
66 God ſtruck his Foes, their Wounds were deep,
And their Eternal Shame proclaim'd.

67 Yet, for their Sins, He *Joſeph*'s Fields,
And *Ephraim*'s Tribe, though fruitful, ſcorns:
68 His Reſt more happy *Judah* yields;
His Houſe lov'd *Sion*'s Mount adorns.

69 There high his lofty Turrets riſe,
And all the Town beneath command:
And deep the vaſt Foundation lies;
As Rocks, the ſolid Buildings ſtand.

70 Then from his Sheep, and meaner Cares,
71 Our God, his Servant *David* takes;
And him his *Iſrael*'s King declares,
His holy Nation's Paſtor makes.

72 That nobler Flock, with faithful Art,
He watches, feeds, and ſafely folds;
And with an upright, prudent Heart,
Our happy Church and State upholds.

PSAL. lxxix. *As the* 130*th.*

1 LOrd, the Heathen-Troops have ſpoil'd
Thy bleſs'd Inheritance;
And thy holy Houſe defil'd,
And ſtill their Arms advance.

Salem's

Salem's Walls on Heaps are laid:
2 Thy murther'd Servants lie,
Preys to Wolves and Vultures made,
Beneath the open Sky.

3 See a ſpacious Crimſon Flood,
By dying Martyrs ſhed:
Salem's Streets, with flowing Blood,
And mangled Corpſes ſpread.
4 *Jacob*'s Tribes, alas! are grown
Their neareſt Neighbour's Scorn;
Out to vile Deriſion thrown,
By cruel Scoffs o'er-born.

5 Ah; how long, dear Lord! how long
Shall thy fierce Fury burn!
6 O, on all the Godleſs Throng
Thy weighty Vengeance turn!
Let the Gentile-Nations all,
Who ne'er acknowledge Thee,
Underneath thy Judgments fall,
And juſt Severitie.

7 They, with cruel Teeth, devour
Poor *Jacob*'s wretched Race;
And Deſtruction's Tempeſt pour
On *Iſrael*'s Dwelling-place.
8 All our Sins, bleſs'd God, forgive,
And ſpeedy Mercy ſhow;
For by Thee alone we live,
Though now reduc'd ſo low.

Part 2.

9 Lord, to our Aſſiſtance fly;
From Thee our Safety ſprings:
Honour to thy Name, Moſt High,
Such Saving Mercy brings.

10 Why, ô why ſhould Heathens cry,
" Now where's their mighty God?
Let them now the Laſhes try
Of thy revenging Rod!

Grant that, Lord, our longing Eyes
Thy juſt Revenge may ſee!
While the Blood of Martyrs cries
So loud, great God, to Thee!
11 Let the Priſ'ners Sighs aſcend
Before thy Majeſty;
And with mighty Pow'r defend
The Souls, condemn'd to die.

12 To our Neighbours, Lord, repay
Their baſe, reproachful Spite;
Such who in the Scorners Way,
And Blaſphemies, delight.
13 So ſhall we, thy Flock, thy Sheep,
For ever praiſe thy Name;
And, through endleſs Ages keep
Thy everlaſting Fame.

Or thus,

1 DEar Lord, the Heathen Bands have ſpoil'd
Thy bleſs'd Inheritance;
And have thy holy Houſe defil'd,
And ſtill their Arms advance.
Poor *Salem*'s Wall's in Heaps are laid:
Thy murther'd Servants lie,
As Preys to Wolves and Vultures made,
Beneath the open Sky.

3 See, Lord, a ſpacious Crimſon Flood,
By dying Martyrs ſhed;
And *Salem*'s Streets, with flowing Blood,
And mangled Corpſes ſpread.

4 Sad

4 Sad *Jacob*'s Tribes, alas! are grown
Their barb'rous Neighbours Scorn;
And to Deriſion vilely thrown,
By cruel Scoffs o'er-born.

5 But, ah! how long, dear Lord! how long
Shall thy fierce Furies burn!
6 At laſt, on all the Godleſs Throng
Thy weighty Vengeance turn!
O let the Gentile Nations all,
Who ne'er acknowledge Thee,
Beneath thy heavy Judgments fall,
And juſt Severity!

7 For they with cruel Teeth devour
Poor *Jacob*'s wretched Race;
And total Deſolation pour
On *Iſrael*'s Dwelling-place.
8 O all our Sins, bleſs'd Lord, forgive,
And ſpeedy Mercy ſhow;
For by thy Mercy, Lord, we live,
Though now reduc'd ſo low.

Part 2.

9 Now, Lord, to our Aſſiſtance fly;
From Thee our Safety ſprings:
For G'ory to thy Name, Moſt High,
Such ſaving Mercy brings.
10 And why, ô why, ſhould Heathens cry,
"Now where's their boaſted God?
Let them too all the Scourges try
Of thy revenging Rod!

Permit, bleſs'd Lord. our longing Eyes
Thy juſt Revenge to ſee!
While yet the Blood of Martyrs cries
So loud, great God, to Thee;

11 O let the Pris'ners Sighs aſcend
Before thy Majeſty!
And with Almighty Pow'r defend
The Souls condemn'd to die.

12 And to our Neighbours, Lord, repay
Their baſe reproachful Spite,
To ſuch as in the Scorners Way,
And Blaſphemies delight.
13 And ſo ſhall we, thy Flock, thy Sheep,
For ever praiſe thy Name;
And, through Eternal Ages keep
Alive thy glorious Fame.

PSAL. lxxx.

1 HEar, gracious Shepherd! Thou, whoſe Love,
Like Flocks, thy *Iſrael* guides!
Shine forth, ô Thou, whoſe Strength above
The Cherubs Wings reſides!
2 Before our drooping Nation, rouze,
Great God, thy wondrous Might;
And with thy ſaving Strength eſpouſe
Thy ancient People's Right!

3 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State,
And let thy Beams Divine,
Our Health and Safety to create,
With doubled Luſtre ſhine.
4 How long, great God of Hoſts, ſhall we
Thy Fury's Heat ſuſtain?
How long thy People, Lord, to Thee
Addreſs their Pray'rs in vain?

5 Tears are our Meat, our Drink is Tears;
6 When they our Spoils divide,
Our Neighbours quarrel; and our Fears
Malicious Foes deride.

7 Change,

7 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State;
And let thy Beams Divine,
Our Health and Safety to create,
With doubled Luſtre ſhine!

Part 2.

8 Of old, from *Egypt*'s fruitful Soil,
Thy Hands a Vine remov'd;
And made the *Canaanites* recoil;
And here the Plant improv'd.
9 Large was its Room, and large its Root,
Through all the Country ſpread:
And with the weighty Purple Fruit,
It bow'd its noble Head.

10 Its Shade the Mountains cover'd o'er;
Its Arms, like Cedars ſtood:
11 Down to the Seas its Branches bore,
And reach'd *Euphrates* Flood.
12 Oh, why are all her Fences gone?
Her Fruits by all deſtroy'd?
13 Her Roots by Foreſt-Boars o'erthrown,
And ſavage Beaſts annoy'd?

14 Turn, Lord of Hoſts! ô turn at laſt!
And, from thy lofty Skies,
On thy poor Vineyard, void, and waſte,
O caſt thy gentler Eyes!
15 The Vineyard which thy mighty Hand
In *Canaan* planted firſt;
And made its Branches ſtrongly ſtand,
By Peace and Favour nurs'd.

16 But now the Boughs are ſcorch'd, the Trunk
By cruel Hands cut down:
Thy People's Hopes and Vigour ſunk
Beneath thy angry Frown.

17 Smile, Lord! ô turn thy gracious Eyes
On him that's rais'd by Thee,
With Strength to eaſe our Miſeries,
And ſet the Bond-men free!

18 So we'll no more from Thee decline,
Nor thy Commands tranſgreſs:
Our Hopes, our Lives, ſhall all be thine;
Thy Name we'll daily bleſs.
19 Change, Lord, ô change our mournful State,
And let thy Beams Divine,
Our Health and Safety to create,
With doubled Luſtre ſhine.

Pſal. lxxxj. *As the* 100*th. or Mr.* Sandys's *8th.*

1 TO God, our Strength, your Voices raiſe!
Aloud the God of *Jacob* praiſe!
2 A Pſalm to th' merry Timbrel ſuit,
The pleaſant Harp, or charming Lute.

3 The Moon her Infant-Horns diſplays:
Let's feaſt on theſe appointed Days;
And with the ſhriller Trumpet's Voice,
In God, our Strength, our King, rejoice.

4 For this, by his ſupream Commands,
A Statute firm in *Jacob* ſtands;
A Monument of Love, ſince He
From *Egypt*'s Bondage ſet them free.

There we, when God, our Help, appear'd,
An unknown, awful Language heard.
6 " Through Me, *ſaid God*, thy Burthen ceas'd;
" And I thy Hands from Pots releas'd.

7 " Thou pray'dſt in ſuff'ring Times to me;
" And I, in Mercy, anſwer'd thee

" From

" From the dark Cloſets of the Sky,
" Where Thunder's ſecret Treaſures lie.

" At *Meribah* thy native Pride
" I with prodigious Waters try'd.
8 " Hear then, my People; hear the Law,
" Which I, for thy Direction, draw.

Part 2.

9 " With thee no Foreign God ſhall be:
" To ſuch thou ne'er ſhalt bend the Knee;
" To ſuch no guilty Worſhip pay,
" Nor Off'rings on their Altars lay.

10 " For I'm the Lord, thy God; my Hand
" Firſt led thee out from *Egypt*'s Land.
" Let me thy largeſt Wiſhes know,
" My Gifts ſhall ſtill as largely flow.

11 " But they, my People, diſobey'd;
" And *Iſrael* no Submiſſions paid:
" Their Hearts no kindeſt Acts could gain;
" No Love, their wandring Steps reſtrain.

12 " I then the wilful Fools reſign'd,
" To Ways to which their Hearts inclin'd,
" Such Ways as they'd themſelves invent;
" At once their Crime, and Puniſhment.

13 " Oh, had my People wiſely weigh'd
" My Laws, and my Commands obey'd,
14 " My Hand had quickly humbl'd thoſe
" Who durſt their thriving State oppoſe.

15 " Thoſe Men who durſt affront their Lord,
" Had been, as Lyars, all abhorr'd;
" Conſum'd, deſtroy'd, and bury'd quite
" In dark Oblivion's gloomy Night.

But

" But *Iſrael*, of my Love poſſeſs'd,
" Had been to endleſs Ages bleſs'd.
16 " Their Bellies pureſt Wheats had fill'd;
" And Honey from the Rocks diſtill'd.

To Father, Spirit, Son, bleſs'd Three,
One only God, one Trinity,
As is, as was e'er Time begun,
Be Praiſe, and endleſs Homage done. Amen.

Another Metre: Proper Tune.

1 ALoud to God, our Strength, aloud,
With chearful Voices ſing!
To *Jacob*'s God, through all the Croud,
Let hearty Praiſes ring!
2 A Pſalm to merry Notes compoſe,
And let the Timbrels ſound!
While pleaſant Harps their Sweets diſcloſe,
And Lutes maintain the Round!

3 See where the Moon her Horns diſplays,
With Infant-Beauty dreſs'd!
Your ſolemn Joys with Trumpets raiſe,
At that appointed Feaſt.
4 For this your God ordain'd of old
To *Iſrael*'s faithful Race:
And we muſt ſtill the Laws, enroll'd
By *Jacob*'s God, embrace.

5 This was to them, from Bondage clear'd,
His Pledge of endleſs Love,
When they an unknown Language heard
From rending Clouds above.
6 " Thy Shoulders I, *ſaid God*, releas'd,
" And made from Labours free:
" Through me thy weary'd Fingers ceas'd
" From Bricks and Slavery.

" To

7 " To Me thou pray'dſt, and I appear'd,
" And ready Aids apply'd:
" And thee, through gloomy Thunders heard,
" At *Maſſah*'s Waters try'd.
8 " Hear me, my deareſt People! hear!
" To thee I'll teſtifie:
" If *Iſrael*'s Race my Words can bear,
" And with my Laws comply.

" Thy Seed no other God ſhall own;
" No Sacrifice allow
" To Gods by other Nations known,
" Nor to their Idols bow.
10 *I only live*; thy Lord, thy God,
" Who thee from *Egypt* freed:
" And I'll my largeſt Stores afford,
" To ſerve thy utmoſt Need.

11 " But they, my People, careleſs, all
" My juſt Commands refus'd:
" My *Iſrael* from their Vows could fall,
" And all my Loves abus'd.
12 " So I their Slight with Slight repay'd,
" And let the Fools purſue
" Their fooliſh Ways; and as they ſtray'd,
" Return'd their Wages due.

13 " Oh, had my People's Thoughtleſs Seed
" my kind Advice obey'd;
" Nor, by their own falſe Hearts miſ-led,
" From Ways of Wiſdom ſtray'd!
14 " I then had quickly cruſh'd their Foes,
" And turn'd my dreadful Hand
" Againſt the wretched Heads of thoſe
Who durſt againſt them ſtand!

15 " God's Haters ſoon had ſunk, betray'd
" By Lyes themſelves had fram'd:

" But Mine had been a Nation made,
" Through endleſs Ages fam'd.
16 " I had their hungry Souls ſupply'd,
" With Wheat's pure Fatneſs fill'd;
" And them with Honey ſatisfy'd,
" From flowing Rocks diſtill'd.

PSAL. lxxxij.

1 GOD ſits *the Judge*, where mighty Kings
Their ſecret Counſels hold:
2 How dare ye then unrighteous Things,
And wicked Laws uphold?
3 The Weak, the Orphans Cauſe decide;
Th'afflicted Soul relieve:
4 The Poor, by long Oppreſſions try'd,
From wicked Hands retrieve.

5 To Fools, alas! I vainly ſpeak,
Who on in Darkneſs reel;
Through whom Earth's ſtrong Foundations break,
And ſtrange Convulſions feel.
6 I've ſaid, " You all are Gods, and all
" The Sons of God, moſt High;
7 " But muſt like meaner Princes fall,
" Like common Mortals die.

8 Ariſe! thy Juſtice, Lord, declare!
And o'er the World advance!
For all the ſcatter'd Nations are
Thy juſt Inheritance.

PSAL. lxxxiij.

1 LOrd, unconcern'd no longer prove,
Nor wrap'd in Silence lie:
2 Our Foes, who hate Thee, fiercely move,
And bear their Heads on high.

3 Againſt

3 Againſt thy People all combin'd.
Their ſecret Counſels take;
And thoſe who thy Protection find,
Their hated Objects make.

4 "Come on! *they cry*; let *Iſrael* bear
"No more a Nation's Name!
"Let's from Time's largeſt Records tear
"Their long-deteſted Claim!
5 In Miſchief thus their Hearts agree,
And horrid Plots deſign;
Leagu'd in a ſtrong Conſpiracy,
Againſt thy ſelf, and thine.

6 See, Lord, What Tents o'er-ſpread the Field,
Where *Edom* takes his Place;
What Bands fierce *Moab*'s Countries yield,
And *Agar*'s ſlaviſh Race!
7 *Gebal* and *Ammon*'s Companies
Curs'd *Amalek* commands;
And *Paleſtine*'s Battalion lies,
With *Tyre*'s aſſiſting Bands.

8 With theſe, proud *Aſſur*'s Forces join,
And *Ammon*'s Side embrace;
And Deſolations all deſign
On *Abraham*'s faithful Race.

Part 2.

9 Bleſs'd Lord, for us at laſt appear;
And let thy daring Foes
The Lot of ruin'd *Midian* bear,
Who durſt the Saints oppoſe;
As *Siſera*'s and *Jabin*'s Hoſts,
Near *Kiſhon*'s Torrents dy'd,
10 In *Endor* ſlain; and all the Coaſts
With Blood, for Dung, ſupply'd.

11 Let

11 Let all their valiant Captains ſlain,
With *Zeeb* and *Oreb*, dwell
Where *Zeba*'s and *Zalmunna*'s Train,
With all their Princes, fell.
12 For thus the boaſting Wrethes ſaid,
" Come, let's at once go ſeize
" The Tents their God inhabited,
" His ſacred Palaces!

13 Lord, hurl them off, as Chaff before
The rapid Whirlwind flies:
14 As Flames through ancient Foreſts roar,
Or Mountain-Shrubs ſurprize;
15 So them with fierceſt Storms purſue,
With Tempeſts terrifie!
16 Till they with Shame their Errours view,
And to thy Service fly!

17 Elſe let them all confounded lie,
Cruſh'd with Eternal Shame;
And know God only rules on high,
By Great *Jehovah*'s Name.

PSAL. lxxxiv.

1 AH, how my Soul thy Dwelling-place,
Great Lord of Hoſts admires!
Ah, how thy Courts, thy glorious Face,
My longing Soul deſires!
2 In Thee, the God of Life, alone,
My Fleſh, my Heart rejoice
To ſee thy ſacred Earthly Throne,
And hear thy Heav'nly Voice.

3 Around each Houſe the Sparrows find,
The Swallows build their Neſts;
Where, with their yet unfeather'd Kind,
The Dam in Safety reſts.

But, ah, thine Altars! wretched I
Near them no more can ſing,
While, baniſh'd from thy Houſe, I fly,
Dear Lord, my God, my King!

4 Ah, happy Souls! who in thy Houſe
Can live, and praiſe thy Name!
5 Whoſe Arms thy Heav'nly Strength endows;
Whoſe Hearts thy Ways can frame!
6 Though through the Vail of Tears they go,
Their Eyes with Sorrows drown'd;
Yet Bleſſings on their Teachers flow,
With Fruit their Pains are crown'd.

7 From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,
Th' improving Learners go;
Till them the God of Gods embrace,
And Reſt on them beſtow.

Part 2.

8 My Pray'r, great God of Hoſts, receive,
And kind Aſſiſtance bring:
9 Conſider, O our Shie'd; relieve
Thy once anointed King!
10 For in thy Courts, one Day appears
More bleſs'd, more ſweet to me,
Than could a Thouſand Thouſand Years,
At any Diſtance, be.

I'd rather keep thy Temple's Door,
And fiod thy Preſence there;
Than in a Palace reign ſecure,
Where Sins uncheck'd appear.
11 For God, their Sun, their Shield, to thoſe
Will Grace and Glory give,
Who with his Laws ſincerely cloſe,
And on Obedience live.

12 Happy

12 Happy, ô happy that good Man,
Great Lord of Hoſts, muſt be,
Who, through all Worldly Changes, can
Unmov'dly truſt in Thee!

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One God, in Perſons Three,
Be Glory paid, and Homage done,
Through all Eternity.

PSAL. lxxxv.

1 THY Favours, Lord, have kind at laſt
To *Iſrael*'s Captives been;
2 And all thy People's Follies paſt,
And cover'd all their Sin.
3 Thy gentler Thoughts, with tender Love,
Thy Jealous Furies eas'd:
And He who pleads for us above,
Has all thy Wrath appeas'd.

4 To us, ô God, our Saviour, now
From Anger kindly turn!
Some Limits to thy Wrath allow,
Which, elſe, would always burn.
5 On us, dear God, new Life beſtow,
To us new Vigour give;
6 That we our Joys in Thee may ſhow,
And in thy Favour live.

7 To us thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
And thy Salvation ſhow!
8 What God ſhall anſwer, I'll attend,
Who will his Peace beſtow
On all his own: His Saints ſhall find
The Sweets of Heav'nly Peace,
When they, from Sin's foul Droſs refin'd,
From careleſs Follies ceaſe.

9 God's

God's kind Salvation's always nigh
The Wiſe, who fear his Name;
That Glory o'er our Land may fly,
And raiſe our ancient Fame.
Kind Peace and Righteouſneſs embrace,
And Truth and Mercy cloſe:
Truth ſprings from Earth; from Heav'n, her Face
Impartial Juſtice ſhows.

All Good on us ſhall God beſtow,
Our Land ſhall fruitful prove:
And Juſtice, with a wondrous Flow,
Before his Face ſhall move:
While we, who err'd ſo oft before,
Bleſs'd with ſo ſure a Guide,
From God ſhall never wander more,
But in his Paths abide.

nother Metre: As the old 125*th, proper Tune.*

BLeſs'd Lord, thy kinder Thoughts at laſt
Did *Jacob*'s Captive-Tribes reſtore:
And, all the People's Follies paſt,
Their Sins with Mercies cover'd o'er;
Thy Jealous Furies eas'd,
And all thy Wrath appeas'd.

To us, ô God, our Saviour, now,
From thy tempeſtuous Anger, turn!
Shall thy fierce Wrath no Bounders know,
But through Eternal Ages burn?
Us, Lord, again revive,
And in thy Joys we live!

To us thy Mercy, Lord, extend!
To us thy bleſs'd Salvation ſhow!
To God's kind Anſwer I'll attend;
For Peace he'll on his Saints beſtow. His

His Servants ſhall have Peace
When they from Follies ceaſe.

9 To pious Men Salvation's near,
That Glory may poſſeſs the Land.
10 Mercy and Truth conjoin'd appear;
And Peace and Juſtice, Hand in Hand.
11 From Earth, Truth; from the Sky,
Fair Juſtice caſts her Eye.

12 Our God on us ſhall Good beſtow.
Our happy Land ſhall fruitful prove;
13 And Juſtice, with a wondrous Flow,
Before his glorious Preſence move.
And we, with ſuch a Guide,
Shall in his Paths abide.

PSAL. lxxxvj.

8 LOrd, to my Pray'r thine Ears incline,
For I'm diſtreſs'd, and poor!
2 I'm wholly, Lord, and only thine:
Bleſs'd God, my Soul ſecure!
3 My God, thy faithful Servant ſave,
Who hopes thy Grace to ſee:
Mercy, thy Mercy, Lord, I crave;
And daily cry to Thee.

4 To Thee alone my Heart I raiſe:
O make my Soul rejoice!
6 Love, Pardon, Mercy are thy Ways;
Thou hearſt my humble Voice.
6 Lord, hear my Pray'rs, receive my Cry,
7 In Woes addreſs'd to Thee!
8 Thy Might, thy wondrous Works out-vye
The Gods of Vanity.

All Nations, whom thy Hands have made,
Shall fall before thy Face;
And, with pure Worſhip, duly pay'd,
Thy glorious Name embrace.
For Thou art God, thy Works are great;
Thy ſelf art God alone!
To me, bleſs'd God, thy Ways repeat,
And make thy Doctrines known!

I'll walk in Truth; then, Lord, unite
My Heart to fear thy Name!
My Heart ſhall then thy Praiſe recite,
And all thy Praiſe proclaim.
Thy Mercy's great to me; from Hell
Thou brought'ſt my ſinking Soul;
Though Tyrants at me proudly ſwell,
And would my Life control.

No Sence of Thee the Rebels ſhow:
But Pity, Lord, we ſee,
Grace, Patience, Mercy, Truth, we know,
In plenty dwells with Thee.
To me, dear God, with Mercy turn!
Thy Strength on me beſtow!
To him who's of thy Hand-maid born,
Thy kind Salvation ſhow.

With me ſome Mark of Favour leave,
And ſhame my ſpiteful Foes,
When they thy Aid to me perceive,
And all thy Love diſcloſe.

PSAL. lxxxvij. *as the* 113*th.*

WHen God, in his All-ſearching Mind,
To fix his Church on Earth deſign'd,
Deep he her ſtrong Foundations laid.

2 But *Sions* Mount, that ſacred Place.
(Tho' well He lov'd all *Jacob's* Race)
He his peculiar Darling made.
3 How vaſtly wide, how wondrous high,
Shall thy Immortal Glories fly.
Bleſt City of th' Eternal King!
4 When *Ægypt*, *Aſſur*, *Paleſtine*,
And all th' *Arabia's* ſhall be thine,
And Vows to thy Protector bring!

Envy in Them no more ſhall reign,
But Saints to fill thy bliſsful Train,
Shall come from each converted Land.
5 In *Sion* yet thoſe Sons of Peace,
Shall more than other Lands encreaſe,
And in her God ſecurely ſtand.
6 When God ſhall all his Saints enrol,
The *Gentiles* Tribes ſhall fill the Scroul,
From Thee, bleſt God! our Joy ſhall ſpri
7 And all the Sons of Harmony,
Shall tune their chearful Strings to Thee,
And thy Eternal Praiſes ſing.

PSAL. lxxxviij.

1 BLeſt God of my Salvation! I
Call Day and Night to Thee,
2 O hear my Prayer, accept my Cry,
And kindly anſwer me!
3 My Soul alas! is fill'd with Woes,
The Grave attends my Fate.
4 I'me left by Life and Senſe, like thoſe,
Juſt in a dying ſtate.

5 Among the ſlaughter'd dead I ly,
Ith' Grave from Sorrows free,
Where Men thruſt out from Memory,
Are cut from Earth by Thee.

6 Down in the Pits unfathom'd Night,
Thou throw'ſt my trembling Soul,
7 On me thy angry Judgments light,
And all thy Tempeſts roul.

8 Thou mak'ſt my Friends aloof remain,
And leſs than Strangers kind,
Nor can I Liberty obtain.
By Chains of Hate confind.
9 Whole Seas of Tears my mournful Eyes,
Thro' deep afflictions ſhed.
To thee I ſend my daily Cryes,
My Hands ſubmiſſely ſpread.

Part 2.

10 What? Shall thy mighty Works be ſhown,
Where Death triumphant Reigns?
The Dead to make thy Wonders known,
Shake off their Icy Chains?
11 What? ſhall the Grave, the ſilent Tomb.
Advance thy Mercies Fame?
Or ſhall Deſtruction's utmoſt Doom,
Thy Faithfulneſs proclaim?

12 Or ſhall thy wordrous Works appear,
Where all thick Darkneſs hides?
Thy Righteouſneſs be publiſh'd where
Forgetfulneſs preſides?
13 To Thee, dear Lord, I cry, to Thee
My morning Prayers are made.
14 O why's my Soul caſt off? to me
Thy Beams no more diſplaid?

15 From my firſt Youth afflicted I
With conſtant weakneſs preſt,
Have born thy Terrors conſtantly,
In my Diſtracted Breaſt,

16 Like

16 Like breaking Seas with mighty Force,
Thy Terrours bear me down.
17 And with a vaſt united Courſe,
My baffled Comforts drown.

18 Thou mak'ſt my Friends, who lov'd me too,
To mighty Diſtance fly,
And thoſe I intimately knew,
In unknown Darkneſs ly.

PSAL. lxxxix. *Metre firſt; as the* 113*th.*

1 I'Le ever ſing thy Mercy Lord
Thy Truth from Age to Age record,
My Lips ſhall praiſe thy glorious Name,
2 Thy Mercies everlaſting are,
Thy Truths with Heaven it ſelf compare,
Thy Faithful Promiſe I'le proclaim.
3 "A Covenant long ſince I made,
"And to my Servant *David* ſaid,
"(My choſen King,) and firmly ſwore.
4 "Thy ſeed Eternally ſhall ſtand,
"Thy Royal Scepter'd Heirs command,
"Till Sea and Earth and Times no more.

5 The Heaven's, thy Wonders Lord ſhall praiſe,
Thy Holy Congregation raiſe,
Thy Faithful Works above the Skys.
6 For who above's compar'd with Thee?
What God-like Man thy Mate can be?
What Lord to equal Glories riſe?
7 Gods Preſence ſtrikes a reverend Fear,
Where his Aſſembling Saints appear.
And his attending Angels aws.
8 Great God of Hoſts whoſe ſtrenth like Thine,
Whoſe Truth ſo breaks with Beams divine:
Receiv'd by every Worlds applauſe.

Part

Part 2.

9 Thy Hands the mighty Ocean ſway,
And make its angry Waves obey,
Thy Word its ſtormy Tempeſt quells.
10 By that th' *Egyptians* wounded dy'd,
Thy dreadful Arm the gathering Pride,
Of all thy fierceſt Foes diſpells.
11 Thy Hands Heaven's vaulted Arches made.
Thy Hands this Earth's Foundations laid,
And all the World with Plenty ſtor'd:
12 The North and South thy Creatures are,
Tabor and *Hermon* both declare,
Thy Name, and Thee, their mighty Lord.

13 Thy Arm All-mighty ſtrength endues,
Thy Hand reſiſtleſs vigor ſhews,
Thy glorious Hand's exalted high.
14 Juſtice and Judgment make thy Throne,
Thy truth, and ancient mercy known,
Thy Steps to all the World deſcry.
15 Thrice happy they, whoſe Souls are warm'd,
By holy Trumpets ſounds alarm'd,
And live enlightned, Lord, by Thee!
16 They'l always in thy Name rejoice,
With ſolemn Muſicks moving voice,
Thy Righteouſneſs their ſtrength ſhall be.

17 Such happy Men ſecurely ſtand,
And with a ſettled ſtrength Command,
But God is ſtill their Strength and Pride,
Thy Goodneſs, and thy boundleſs Love,
Has rais'd our happy Strength above,
Since thou haſt own'd our ſinking ſide.
18 The Lord is our Defenſive ſhield,
That Holy One can ſhelter yield,
Who's *Iſrael*'s God, and *Iſrael*'s King.

19 But, that thou might'ſt our Hearts uphold,
A ſmiling Viſion, rais'd of old,
Did thus of thy Anointed ſing.

Part 3. *Metre* 2. *Aſtle* 1 *coth.*

20 " Help on a pow'rful Arm I 've laid,
" A Man above the Vulgar plac'd;
" My King my Servant *David* made,
" His Head with holy Unction grac'd.

21 " Him ſhall my ſtrength'ning Hand ſecure,
" My Arm his ſtrong ſupport ſhall be:
22 " No En'my ſhall his Hurt procure;
" No Sinner, his Deſtruction ſee.

23 " I'll daſh his Foes before his Face,
" And batter thoſe who hate him down:
24 " With him my Truth and Mercy place,
" And in my Name exalt his Crown.

25 " No River's Bank, no Ocean's Wall,
" Shall his unbounded Reign confine:
26 " He'll me his God, his Father call,
" His Saving Health, his Rock Divine.

27 " And him, my Firſt-born Son, I'll make
" Above Earth's Kings, exalted high:
28 " With him my Mercy ne'er ſhall ſlake,
" Nor my immortal Cov'nant die.

29 " His Seed ſhall ever laſt; his Throne
" Out-ſhine, out-wear the Rolling Skies.
30 " But if his Sons my Laws diſown,
" Or e'er againſt my Judgments riſe;

31 " If they my ſtated Laws prophane,
" My Precepts or Injunctions ſlight,

32 Wi

32 " With Rods their Follies I'll reſtrain;
" Their Sins, with Strokes deſerv'd, requite.

33 " Yet not my Mercies quite remove,
" Nor break my faithful Word of old;
34 " Expoſe my Covenanted Love,
" Nor change what Prophets once foretold.

35 " Once by my Holineſs I've ſworn,
" And can't my *David*'s Hopes deceive;
36 " His Seed, to Crowns and Scepters born,
" No Time ſhall of their Rights bereave.

37 " The Sun, the Moon, which guild the Skies,
" Thoſe faithful Signs, to Mortals known,
" May ceaſe to ſet, and ceaſe to riſe;
" But nothing ſhock his glorious Throne.

Part 4. *Metre* 3.

38 Such was thy Promiſe, Lord, of old:
But, at a diſtance, now
Terrours thy dear Anointed hold
From thy contracted Brow.
39 Thou'ſt thrown thy ſacred Cov'nant by,
Defil'd his trampled Crown;
40 Let all his Walls in Ruins lie,
And trod *his Fences* down.

41 Him, all who paſs, may ſpoil; and all
His neighb'ring Foes deſpiſe:
42 On him their Troops, inſulting, fall,
And high their Forces riſe.
43 No Wounds his Edgeleſs Sword beſtows,
He flies the Martial Field:
44 His Throne's caſt down; nor can his Brows
Their former Luſtre yield.

45 His youthful Bloom now fades with Woes,
And he's o'erwhelm'd with Shame.
46 How long ſhall we thy Favour loſe,
And feel thy Fury's Flame?
47 Think, Lord, how vain is Man: How I
Have but a While to live.
48 What Man now breaths, but once muſt die?
What Art can Lives retrieve?

49 Where are thy Mercies, Lord, of old,
By Oath to *David* due?
50 Think how our Lives to Shame are ſo'd;
What Scorns thy Friends purſue!
51 Think how thy Foes black Scandals raiſe
On thy Anointed King;
52 While we, to thy immortal Praiſe,
Amen devoutly ſing.

PSAL. XC.

1 THou, Lord, from Age to Age, haſt been
Our certain Reſting-place,
2 Before the lofty Hills were ſeen
On Earth's extended Face:
Before this Earth to Shape was grown,
Before the World was fram'd,
Thee, Lord, the mighty God alone,
Eternity proclaim'd.

3 When Man, fix'd in a glorious State,
With thriving Beauty ſhines,
His proudeſt Shows thy Frowns abate,
And he to Duſt declines.
When grov'ling in the Duſt he lies,
Thy Smiles his Fortunes raiſe.
"Weak Man, *ſay'ſt Thou*, return, and riſe!
Weak Man thy Word obeys.

A Thouſand Years no longer laſt
In thy unbounded Sight,
Than Yeſterday, ſo lately paſt,
Or its ſucceeding Night.
So Floods, with rapid Swiftneſs, ſlide;
So Dreams, in Slumbers, fly;
So Meadow-Greens, with chearful Pride,
Salute the Morning-Sky.

They flouriſh with the Morning's Tears,
And ſhoot their Branches high;
But e'er the ſhady Night appears,
Are mow'n, and ſcorch'd, and die.
When thy impetuous Anger burns,
Our Lives are ſoon conſum'd;
And by thy Wrath's ſevere Returns,
To deep Afflictions doom'd.

Thou view'ſt our wretched Actions o'er;
And thy All-ſearching Eyes
Examine all that ſecret Score
Which now in Darkneſs lies:
Far off our flying Days are blown,
Before thy Fury's Blaſt:
Our Years, like empty Tales, are gone
Which ſcarce one Moment laſt.

Part 2.

Through Seventy Years our common Lives
May hold their conſtant Courſe;
And if to Eighty one arrives,
By Nature's rarer Force,
Yet his declining, batter'd Strength
Meer Pains and Sorrow brings,
And fails, and ſwiftly flies at length
On Time's impatient Wings.

11 But, ô, what wretched Man can know
Thy Anger's utmoſt Might!
Which, as thy Fear, through all muſt go,
With an unbounded Flight.
12 O teach us, Lord, to count our Days,
And ſo our Hearts apply,
That we, through Wiſdom's peaceful Ways,
May reach Eternity.

13 Turn, Lord, at laſt, and grant ſome Reſt
To all thy Servants Woes!
14 Our Hearts, with early Mercies bleſs'd,
To holy Joys diſpoſe!
15 O let us now thy Favours ſhare,
Thy gentler Smiles obtain;
Proportion'd to our long Deſpair,
And Years of conſtant Pain!

16 Lord, to thy happy Servants now,
And all thy faithful Race,
Thy Works, thy wond'rous Glories ſhow;
And ſend thy quick'ning Grace!
17 O let our Maker's Beauty here,
On all our Labours reſt,
Till all our Handy-works appear
By thy Protection bleſs'd!

PSAL. xcj.

1 HE's ſafe from Death, ſecur'd from Harms,
Who to his Maker flies;
And on his kind, protecting Arms,
For Help and Health relies.
2 "Thou, Lord, art all my Hope, my Truſt!
To God I'll freely ſay,
"My ſtrong Defence; on Thee it's juſt
"My Hope ſhou'd firmly ſtay.

5 Do Thou the ſame! He'll reſcue thee
From Death's ſurprizing Snare;
And keep thee from th' Infection free
Of Peſtilential Air.
4 He'll ſhade thee with his gracious Wings,
His Feathers o'er thee ſpread,
While his unfailing Promiſe brings
A Shield to guard thy Head.

5 What though ſtrange Terrours fill the Night?
Death's Shafts obſcure the Day?
He'll guild them both with wholſom Light,
To keep thy Fears away.
6 What tho' fierce Plagues, through horrid Gloom,
With wild Deſtruction reign?
7 Though Thouſands, nay, the gaping Tomb
Ten Thouſand Morſels gain?

Though Death the Day and Night command,
And gaſping Corpſes lie,
Heaps upon Heaps, on either Hand,
And almoſt Mountain-high?
8 Thine Eyes ſhall ſtill ſecurely ſee
How God's revenging Stroke
Diſtinguiſhes, where careleſly
Vile Men their God provoke.

Part 2.

9 Since now thy Heart my God alone
Thy ſacred Refuge made;
And has it ſelf, for Shelter, thrown
Beneath his ſaving Shade;
10 No Miſchief ſhall attempt thee there,
Nor Miſchief-boding Chance;
No cruel Plague, to give thee Fear,
Shall near thy Tents advance.

11 For if in thoſe delightful Ways
Where God and Nature lead,
Thy Feet, through all thy mortal Days,
With Care exactly tread.
He'll give his Angel-Armies Charge
About thy Paths to wait;
To lay their watchful Guards at large,
And to ſecure thy State.

12 Their Hands ſhall waft thee gently o'er
The Rocks of Sin below,
Where ſtrong Temptation's fatal Store
And daily Scandals grow.
13 Let Hell's old Lion roar, enrag'd,
With all th' Infernal Crew;
And Men, in Hell's vile Work engag'd,
Their pois'nous Arts purſue.

His Feet ſhall quickly tread them down,
Whoſe Heart my Loves inflame;
And Freedom ſhall with Honour crown
The Man who knows my Name.
15 To Me ſhall he, in Dangers, cry:
His Cries I'll kindly hear;
Be with him, and exalt him high,
And rid his Life from Fear.

16 Long Life, with ever peaceful Days,
I'll on my Friend beſtow;
And to him, by a Thouſand Ways,
My kind Salvation ſhow.

PSAL. cxij.

1 HOW bleſs'd are we, thy Praiſe to ſing
On all thy Holy Days,
Great God, when all thy Churches ring
With thy exalted Praiſe!

2 To

2 To ſhew thy Mercies e'er the Sun
Unfolds the Morning-Light;
Thy Truth, e'er Clouds have firſt begun
To form the gloomy Night.

3 When, with the Harp and Lute, the Voice
Its chearful Notes can raiſe;
And Organs can with Shalms rejoice,
To ſound thy lofty Praiſe;
4 Thy Works, thy wondrous Works inflame
My Soul's triumphant Joys.
5 To ſhow thy deeper Counſels, Fame
Her ſhrilleſt Notes employs.

6 Poor Britiſh Man can never know
This wondrous Happineſs;
Nor can the Bleſſing's Balmy Flow
The fooliſh Heart poſſeſs.
7 His Thoughts to meaner Subjects move;
And watch the Sinner's Race,
How they like Summer-Plants improve,
Their Branches thrive apace:

Yet think not how, when pleaſant Blooms
Have ſpread the Wicked o'er,
They ſink beneath their weighty Dooms,
And live on Earth no more.
8,9 Thy Foes, ſince, Lord, Thou reign'ſt above,
Thy wretched Foes, ſhall die:
And thoſe who wicked Actions love,
Diſpers'd, confounded, lie.

Part 2.

10 But, Lord, Thou'lt raiſe my humble Head,
With Strength exalt it high;
On me freſh Oil of Gladneſs ſhed,
And fill my Heart with Joy.

11 My happy Eyes my Wiſh ſhall ſee
On all my angry Foes:
My Ears ſhall hear their Doom, who me
With envious Spite oppoſe.

12 The Righteous, with a thriving Pride,
Like Palms, their Heads ſhall raiſe:
Their Seed, like Cedars, multiply'd,
Which *Libanon* diſplays.
13 Thoſe whom their Maker's skilful Hand
His Houſe has p'anted round,
Shall in his Courts ſecurely ſtand,
With conſtant Verdure crown'd.

14 Their Sappy Trunks, in Hoary Age,
Shall ſpring with lively Shoots;
Their thrifty Leaves long Life preſage
To their extended Roots;
15 That they the Lord, my Rock, may ſhow,
His Righteous Works declare;
And make the wiſer Nations know
How juſt his Actions are.

PSAL. xciij.

1 THE Lord, the great *Jehovah*, reigns,
With Majeſty and Glory crown'd;
The Lord Almighty Strength retains
With that, like Garments girt around.

His Hand the World's vaſt Frame ſecures;
He ſtays it with his Awful Nod.
2 Thy Throne from Days of old endures;
Thy Self an everlaſting God!

3 The Floods, great God, the rolling Croud,
At Thee, like mighty Waters, roar;
And daſh, like breaking Waves, aloud,
Which threaten all the neighb'ring Shoar.

4 And

4 And let tempeſtuous Paſſions raiſe
Their Hearts, their ſwelling Furies high;
Their utmoſt maddeſt Rage obeys
That God who rules above the Sky.

5 Thy Promiſes, dear Lord, are true,
And all thy Teſtimonies ſure:
Thy Flocks pure Holineſs purſue,
And ever, like thy Self, endure.

Another Metre: As the 111*th, proper Tune.*

1 THE Lord a King remains,
The great *Jehovah* reigns,
With Awful Glories crown'd:
As with a Robe of Light,
The Lord with wondrous Might
And Strength is girt around.

By his Divine Commands
The World ſecurely ſtands,
From Alterations free.
2 Thy Throne was fix'd of old,
Thy Deity extoll'd
From all Eternity.

3 Great God, th' uncertain Croud
Againſt thy Kingdom, loud,
Like mighty Waters, roar;
And with a ſurly Spite,
As breaking Billows, fight,
And ſhock the neighb'ring Shoar.

4 But let tempeſtuous Rage
Their furious Hearts engage,
And Heav'n it ſelf defy;

His ſtern Command alone
Can beat their Madneſs down,
Who ever rules on high.

5 Thy Teſtimonies true
Thy Promiſes renew;
Both faithful, both ſecure.
Thy Saints, with Holineſs,
Shall tow'rds thine A'tars preſs,
And ever bleſs'd endure.

PSAL. xciv.

1 GReat God, to whom Revenge belongs;
Great God of Vengeance, riſe.
2 The Proud, thou mighty Judge of Wrongs,
With juſt Rewards ſurprize.
3 How long ſhall wicked Workers, Lord,
Uncheck'd, triumphant reign?
4 Their impious Words, and Pride, abhorr'd,
With haughty Boaſts maintain?

5 Lord, ſhall they cruſh thy People ſtill?
Afflict thine Heritage?
6 Their Widows and their Strangers kill?
Nor ſpare their Orphans Age?
7 Yet thus they do; and thus they cry,
"Can God our Actions ſee?
"We *Jacob*'s unknown God defy:
"From his Obſervance free.

8 But think, ye ſtupid Fools, a while!
Think well, ye ſenſeleſs Crew!
9 Can you his ſacred Ears beguile,
Who Ears beſtow'd on you?
What, can't he ſee, whoſe Hands the Eyes,
Thoſe Orbs of Wonders, made?
10 He, whoſe Hand the World chaſtiſe,
From Your Correction ſtay'd? Can't

Can't He who Senſe on Man beſtows,
Their ſecret Thoughts deſcry?
11 Men's Hearts, alas! He throughly knows,
And knows their Vanity.
12 Lord, happy's he, who, taught by Thee,
Has all thy Laws obey'd!
13 He, in ill Times, at Reſt, ſhall ſee
The Pit for Sinners made.

Part 2.

14 Our God his Servants can't deſert,
Nor his Inheritance:
15 But Judgment will to Right convert,
And upright Souls advance.
16 Who'll me from wicked Workers ſave,
Or my Aſſiſtant be?
17 God only help'd me, or the Grave
Had quickly ſilenc'd me.

18 My Foot, ô Lord, which ſeem'd to ſlide,
Thy Mercy's Help enſur'd:
19 In Cares and Fears thy Comforts try'd,
My Soul's Delight procur'd.
20 Wilt thou ſupport the Tyrant-Crew,
Who ſettle Sin by Law?
21 Whoſe Armies righteous Souls purſue;
And Blood of Martyrs draw.

22 Though ſuch their cruel Practice be,
My God will raiſe my State:
My ſolid Rock, my Refuge He;
Whoſe Loves my Faith create.
23 Our God obſerves their Wickedneſs;
Their Malice He'll repay:
With ſudden Strokes their Pride repreſs,
And cut their Hopes away.

PSAL. XCV.

1 O Come your chearful Voices raiſe,
To our Eternal King!
The Lord, our ſtrong Salvation praiſe,
His Goodneſs loudly ſing!
2 With Thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pleaſant Anthems ſing.
3 The Lord's, a God of boundleſs Might,
O're all the Gods, a King.

4 Earth's ſecret Deeps, and Mountains high,
His powerful Hand commands.
5 The Seas were made by Him, and dry,
He laid the riſing Lands.
6 O come let us our Lord adore,
And at his Foot-ſtool low,
Our humbly bending Knees before,
Our great Creator ſhow!

7 For he's our God; his People we,
And in his Paſtures feed,
Thoſe wandring ſheep which kindly He,
From Death and Darkneſs freed.
To day, ô hear his Voice, to day!
8 For thus th' Almighty ſpoke.
No more your own falſe Thoughts obey,
My Wrath no more provoke!

" No more with hardned Hearts refuſe,
" My neceſſary Grace;
" Nor, as in former times, abuſe
" My Word, or Holy Place!
9 " Such Arts your Fathers us'd of old,
" Who all my Wonders ſaw,
" And many Years perverſly bold,
" Deſpis'd my righteous Law.

10, 11

10 " At laſt thus, by my ſelf, I ſwore,
" With juſt Diſpleaſure mov'd,
" This wretched Nation ſin the more,
" The more by Goodneſs prov'd.
" They neither know my ſelf, nor know
" Thoſe Rules to them addreſt,
" Nor will I e're their Souls beſtow,
" In my Eternal Reſt.

Another Metre: As Mr. Sandys's *15th.*

1 COme, ô come, and let us ſing,
To our Lord, and to our King!
Let us make a joyful Noiſe,
To that God whoſe Love employs,
All his ſaving Health, and Grace,
To protect his faithful Race.

2 Let us all, with Thanks, and Praiſe,
Come before his Glorious Face,
And our Pſalms, and cheerful Airs,
Join with Vows and humble Prayers!

3 For the, Lord, our God, is great,
Lofty his Eternal Seat.
Every God to Him ſubmits,
He a King above them ſits.

4 All the Earths Foundations deep,
Solid Rocks and Mountains ſteep,
All their ſtrength's by Him poſſeſt,
And by his Protection bleſt.

5 Him, the rolling Seas regard,
By *his* mighty Hands prepar'd,
Earth to Him, ſubmiſsly bows,
And his forming Power avows.

6 Come, ô come, let's all adore,
And his Footſtool kneel before!
Let us kneel, and proſtrate all,
To our Lord, and Maker, fall!

7 Hee's

7 Hee's our God, our Lord, alone,
We are all his People known;
Us His Hands ſecurely keep,
Hee's the Sheepheard, we the Sheep,
Hear, ô hear, his voice to Day,
And that ſacred Voice obey!
8 Humble let your Hearts appear.
Let no Hardneſs center there,
As of o'd your Father's pride,
All my kindeſt Cares defy'd,
When their wandring Armies paſt,
Tho' the Deſerts ſandy waſte.
9 Oft they tempted, oft they try'd me,
Often to Believe deny'd me.
Tho' my Wonders all they ſaw,
Knew my Power, and heard my Law.
10 All their Follies large Arrears,
Forty tedious rolling Years,
I with wondrous patience bore,
But at laſt in Fury ſwore.
" 11 Theſe a wretched People are,
" All involv'd in Error's ſnare.
" Soon they have my Laws forgot,
" Seen my Works, but know them not;
" By my Self, my Self alone,
" (That's the greateſt Oath that's known)
" Theſe ſhall never, never bleſt,
" Enter my Eternal Reſt.

PSAL. xcvj.

1 NEw Songs to great Jehovah ſing!
Sing all the Earths around!
Your Bleſſings to his Altars bring,
His ſaving Health reſound!
2 Each Day your active Tongues employ,
To ſpread his glorious Name!
3 Thro' all the Nations round with Joy,
His wondrous Acts proclaim!

4 Our

4 Our Lord is great, and greatly prais'd,
More to be feard then thoſe.
5 6 Who by Vain Men to Godhead rais'd,
On Vainer Fools impoſe.
Our God ſtretch'd out the lofty Syes;
How glorious Majeſty,
How ſtrength with lovely Beauty vyes,
We in his Temple ſee.

7 O give to God, ye Nations all,
Give ſtrength and Glorys due!
8 On his great Name with Honour call;
To him with Offerings ſue!
9 Before his Seat of Holineſs,
Let all devoutly bow,
And Fear before his Face expreſs;
And to his ſervice vow!

10 Among the Nations round proclaim,
The great Jehovah reigns!
Through Him the World's eſtabliſh'd frame,
Unmov'd and Firm remains.
Hee'l Judge the People righteouſly;
11 Then let the Skys rejoice;
Let Earth be glad, the Ocean high,
Exalt its roaring Voice!

12 Let all the Flocks, and Fields their Joys,
Expreſs in various ways;
And Forreſts with a murmuring Noiſe,
Their great Creator praiſe!
13 He flys to judge the Earth! He flies
To make the World confeſs,
All Juſtice in His Boſom lies,
And Truth and Righteouſneſs.

PSAL. xcvij. *As the* 100*th.*

1 THE Lord, the Great *Meſſiah*, reigns;
No more to *Jewiſh* Bounds confin'd.
Since all the World the Bleſſing gains,
Let all expreſs a grateful Mind!

O let that ſpacious Continent
Which *Adam*'s num'rous Heirs poſſeſs,
And all the Iſles, with ſweet Conſent,
Their Saviour's wond'rous Love confeſs!

2 Thick Clouds and gloomy Darkneſs hide
The God from Faithleſs, curious Eyes.
On Judgment too, by Juſtice try'd,
His Throne's Eternal Pillars riſe.

3 Bright Flames before his Preſence fly,
And melt the Hearts of angry Foes.
4 His Beams the World with Light ſupply;
And trembling Earth its Maſter knows.

5 Vain Men, blown up with lofty Pride,
Like Wax, before his Flames appear:
And thoſe whoſe Thoughts their God defy'd,
The mighty God of Nature fear.

6 His Righteouſneſs the bending Skies,
Aloud, with wond'rous Signs declare:
His glorious Works before the Eyes
Of all th' aſtoniſh'd Nations are.

7 Shame be their Lot who Images
Adore, and in their Idols boaſt!
Our God with humbleſt Worſhip pleaſe;
Bow to Him, all ye Heav'nly Hoſt!

8 *Zion's*

8 *Zion's* and *Judah's* Daughters true
With Joys thy Judgment, Lord, embrac'd:
9 The Earth her mighty Maker knew,
With more than Angel-Glorys grac'd.

10 O ye who love our Saviour, hate
All Sin for Him, in each Degree!
He'll Safety for his Saints create;
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

11 Light's largely for the Righteous ſown,
And Joys for upright Hearts prepar'd.
In Him ô let our Joys be ſhown;
His Holineſs, with Thanks, declar'd!

Another Metre.

1 THE Lord, the great *Jehovah*, reigns;
Let all the Earth rejoice!
Let all thoſe Iſles the Sea contains
Exalt a chearful Voice!
2 Thick Clouds and heavy Darkneſs hide
Our God from Humane Eyes:
On Righteouſneſs, by Juſtice try'd,
His Throne's Supporters riſe.

3 Fierce Flames before his dreadful Face
Conſume his angry Foes.
4 His Lightnings fright the World: His Place
The Earth, with trembling, ſhows.
5 The Hills, before Earth's mighty Lord,
Like Wax, diſſolving, flow:
6 The Heav'ns declare his righteous Word;
And All, his Glory know.

7 Shame be their Lot who Gods can make,
And in their Ido's boaſt.

But

But for your God our Saviour take,
Ye bright, Angelick Hoſt!
8 *Zion*'s and *Judah*'s Daughters heard
Thy Judgments, Lord, with Joy:
9 For Thou, above the Gods, art fear'd;
O'er Earth, exalted high.

10 O ye who love the Lord, with Hate
All wicked Works purſue!
For He'll ſecure his Servants State
From all the ſinful Crew.
11 For upright Hearts, true Joys and Light
Are ſown: Ye Righteous, all
Rejoice; and God's All-ſacred Might,
With grateful Thoughts, re-call.

Another Metre; to the Notes of the 114*th, as tranſlated by Mr.* Cowley.

1 THE Lord, a King triumphant reigns!
Let all the Earth around,
The Iſles with Joys reſound!
God alone a King remains!
2 Thick Clouds, and heavy Darkneſs, round him fly;
Juſtice ſevere, and Judgment, waiting by.
His glorious Throne prepare.
3 Bright Flames before his Face,
With dreadful Flaſhes, rake the Air;
And all his Foes malignant Race, (embrace.
With all their impious Works, one burning Pile

4 See how the pointed Lightnings roll;
With what a diſmal Glare
They fill the glowing Air,
Soaring tow'rd the frighted Pole!
Shock'd with the Viſion, trembling Nature quakes;
The ſhatter'd Earth a ſtrong Convulſion ſhakes

5 The

The lofty Mountains melt,
Like Wax before the Fires:
Whate'er his ſcorching Fury felt,
Before the World's great Lord retires;
And by his awful Frown diſſolv'd, at once expires.

6 The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs declare;
And all the People ſee
His glorious Majeſty,
How it fills the Purpled Air.
7 May Shame deſerv'd, and dark Confuſion ſeize
Thoſe Fools, whoſe Thoughts their empty Idols pleaſe!
Fools, who abſurdly boaſt
In Gods themſelves can frame!
But, ô ye bright, Angelick Hoſts,
Adore our Great *Jehovah*'s Name; (claim!
And on your bended Knees, the God of Gods pro-

8 His Condeſcenſions *Sion* heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters too;
And at the wondrous Shew,
Extaſy'd with Joys, appear'd:
Thy Goodneſs then before the Nations ſhone;
Thy ſacred Judgments through the World were known.
9 But, though ſo lowly now,
Thy glorious Godhead ſtill
Makes all the World ſubmiſly bow;
Bleſs'd Angels thy Commands fulfil:
And All Subjection yield to thy Immortal Will.

10 Ye who the Great *Jehovah* love,
With God-like Hatred due,
All wicked Works purſue:
Fix your happy Souls above!
He, like a Father, guards his faithful Souls;
And all their Foes, and all their Force, controls.
11 But Mirth and Light to all
The Juſt and Good ſhall ſhine:

12 O,

12 O, then your ancient Joys re-call!
In your *Jehovah*'s Praiſe combine;
And all his holy Acts record in Songs Divine!

PSAL. xcviij.

1 THE Lord, who wondrous Works hath wrought,
With Anthems new proclaim!
His Hand, his holy Arm, hath brought
Himſelf the Conqu'ror's Name.
2 He makes his great Salvation known,
To give the Nations Light:
His Righteouſneſs the Lord hath ſhown,
In all the People's Sight.

3 His Mercies he hath call'd to mind,
His Truth to *Iſrael*'s Race:
And all thoſe Bounds which Earth confin'd,
His Saving Health embrace.
4 Sing to the Lord, ô Earth! aloud!
Sing chearful Notes around!
The Lord, among the grateful Croud,
The Lord's juſt Praiſe reſound.

5,6 To God, with Harps, your Voices raiſe,
And Trumpets Martial Sound:
With ecchoing Cornets let the Praiſe
Of God, the King, be crown'd!
7 Let Seas, with all their Fulneſs, roar!
The World, and all its Hoſt!
8 In Him each River's ſounding Shoar,
And lofty Mountain boaſt!

9 For now the Lord to Judgment's near,
And Earth its Doom ſhall know:
His Righteouſneſs the World ſhall hear,
His Truth and Juſtice ſhow.

Another Metre, as Mr. Sandys's *13th.*

1 O Sing to God, the Lord:
His wond'rous Works record!
Sing, ſing an Anthem new.
Return his Praiſes due,
Whoſe Hand, whoſe ho'y Arm
Diſſolv'd Hell's fatal Charm:
Whom we triumphant ſee,
And crown'd with Victorie!
2 The Lord's Salvation
Is now more clearly known:
His Truth and Juſtice He
Makes all the Nations ſee.
3 But with his *Iſrael*
His Mercies ever dwell:
And though a while a Cloud
His Truth and Mercy ſhroud
From their expecting Eyes,
Off ſoon the Shadow flies,
And both, with Beams Divine
More bright and ſtrongly ſhine.
So all the Nations round
Have our Salvation found;
How God about us waits,
And all our Health creates.
4 Let all the Nations round
Their Maker's Praiſes ſound:
O let the Earth rejoice,
And raiſe its chearful Voice;
And all the World combine
In Thanks, and Songs Divine.
5 Sing to the Lord! ô ſing
To our Eternal King!
To well-tun'd Harps ô raiſe
Your Notes of Heav'nly Praiſe!

6 O let the Trumpets ſound,
Let Cornets Notes rebound,
And with them loudly ſing
To our Eternal King!
7 Let the loud Ocean roar
Its Joys from Shoar to Shoar:
Let Angels, bleſs'd on high,
With Earth in Praiſes vye!
8 O let the Waters ſound,
The ecchoing Hills rebound;
And with a chearful Noiſe,
Expreſs their boundleſs Joys!
9 Let All their Joyfulneſs
Before the Lord expreſs!
For, loe! He comes with Haſte,
And Awful Glories grac'd:
His dreadful Summons all
To his Tribunal call:
His Judgment then ſha'l bleſs
The World with Righteouſneſs:
Truth from his Lips ſhall flow;
And all the World ſhall know
Their glorious Judge, and ſee
His Love and Equity.

PSAL. xcix.

1 CHriſt reigns! Let all the People round
Beneath his Empire quake!
He ſits above the Cherubs, crown'd:
Let Earth's Foundations ſhake!
2 The Lord in *Sion*'s great, and high;
Above the People rais'd.
3 O may his dreadful Majeſty,
His holy Name, be prais'd!

4 Judgment our mighty Monarch loves,
And Equity prepares:

And Judgment with his Juſtice moves
In *Jacob*'s bleſs'd Affairs.
5 O then exalt the Lord our God,
Before his Foot-ſtool bow;
And ſpread his wond'rous Works abroad,
His holy Nature ſhow!

6 So *Moſes* once, and *Aaron* ſo
Among his Prieſts appear'd;
And *Samuel* with his Prophets, who
The God of *Jacob* fear'd.
Theſe at his Footſtool bow'd, and there
To him devoutly pray'd;
And always found his Anſwers near,
And all their Faith repaid.

7 They kept his Teſtimonies ſure,
His Statute-Laws obey'd;
And He to Them from Clouds obſcure
His gentle Anſwers made.
8 Sometimes indeed his Wrath ſevere
Their Follies would purſue,
Yet oft their Cries He'd kindly hear,
His Mercies oft renew.

9 O praiſe our God's exalted Name,
Before his Altars bow!
Our God, our holy Lord proclaim,
With Praiſe his Glory ſhow!

PSAL. C.

1 YE who enjoy Salvation's Light,
To God your Voices raiſe;
2 Appear with Gladneſs in His Sight,
And Sing your Saviour's Praiſe!
3 Our Lord is God indeed; it's He,
Not We our ſelves have made;

Our Shepherd, He; his People, we;
And in his Paſtures laid.

4 O then approach his Courts, his Gates,
With Thanks, and hearty Praiſe:
For Praiſe on his Aſſembly waits
On all his holy Days.

5 O bleſs his Name, for God is good,
And all his Mercies ſure:
His Truth from Age to Age has ſtood,
And ſhall unchang'd endure.

Another Metre. As the old 10*th.*

1,2 O Ye enlighten'd Souls, with Praiſe
Before our mighty Lord appear!
To Him your chearful Voices raiſe;
Adore his Name with humbleſt Fear.

3 He's our Almighty God; not we,
But He, to us our Subſtance gave:
He's ours, we His, thoſe Sheep which He
Di'd, by his own pure Blood to ſave.

4 O then approach his Gates with praiſe,
And in his Courts his Glories ſing:
On all his own appointed Days,
Your Sacrifice of Praiſes ſing.

5 He's always kind, and always good,
His Favour great, his Mercy ſure;
His Truth has ever firmly ſtood.
And ſhall from Age to Age endure.

PSAL. cj.

1 MErcy I'll ſing, and Judgment praiſe,
And ſing my God to Thee.

2 An

And wiſely walk in perfect Ways:
O come, dear Lord, to me!
Then with an undiſſembling Heart
I'll ever juſtly move;
And in my Court, in every part
Thy ſacred Rules improve.

No wicked Actions ſhall mine Eyes
With Satisfaction ſee.
And thoſe who things perverſe deviſe,
Shall ne're be great with Me.
From Me all froward Fools ſhall part;
I'll none that's wicked own:
But cut off thoſe whoſe ſland'rous Art
Againſt their Neighbour's ſhown.

The Heart that's proud, the Look that's high,
I'll ne're at Court endure,
But through the Land my ſearching Eye
Shall faithful Friends procure.
That Man who treads a perfect Path
My Favourite ſhall be;
But Cheats, and thoſe who break their Faith
Shall never dwell with Me.

I'll bear no Liar in my ſight,
The wicked I'll deſtroy,
Till *Salem* freed from Sinners quite,
Shall perfect Peace enjoy.

PSAL. cij.

A Soul with mighty Woes oppreſt,
May thus complaining pray:
And in deep Sorrows Language dreſt,
His weighty Griefs diſplay.

1 Hear Lord, O hear my Prayers and Cries!
To Me thy Face diſc'oſe!
2 My Soul, loſt in Affliction, dies.
O hear! O eaſe my Woes!
3 Grief waſts my Days like Smoke, and dries
My Bones, like Hearths, with heat.
4 My Heart, like Graſs quite wither'd, lies,
And I forget my Meat.

5 My Bones break through my ſhrive'ling Skin:
Through my unceaſing Groans:
6 I'm like thoſe doleful Birds, which in
Wild Deſerts vent their moans.
7 Like little Birds, which ſpent with Grief
About their Neſtlings mourn;
8 While taunting Foes againſt my Life,
With bloody Oaths are ſworn.

9 Aſhes my Bread, my Drink was Tears,
While I endur'd thy frown.
10 Thy Love once rais'd me up from Fears;
Thy Wrath now hurls me down.
11 The Shaddow falls, my Lifes weak Flame
So ſinks; like Graſs it wains;
12 But ſtill *thou art*, thy glorious Name,
From Age to Age remains.

13 Riſe Lord! for *Sions* help return;
In time her Woes relieve!
14 Thy Servants o're her Ruins mourn,
And for her Aſhes grieve.
15 All Nations then thy Name ſhall fear;
All Kings thy Glory ſee:
16 When *Sions* Walls new built appear,
And Glory ſprings from thee.

Part 2.

God hears the ſilent Mourner's Prayer:
O write his Goodneſs down!
So ſhall Poſterity declare
Their mighty God's renown.
God from his Holy Throne, his Eye
Turn'd down on Earth below.
To ſave the Men condemn'd to die,
And let the Priſoners go.

That they in *Sions* Walls might ſhow
His Praiſe, his Name record,
When thither Kings and Kingdoms flow,
To ſerve their Mighty Lord.
My Strength, my ſhortned Days he broke,
Then, "ſpare me Lord! I pray'd.
"Suſpend, dear Lord, thy deadly ſtroke!
"Thy Years can never fade.

Thy Hands this Earth's Foundations caſt,
And ſtretch'd the lofty Skies.
They periſh, but thy Nature laſts,
And Time it ſelf defies.
They like a worn-out Garment fail,
And ſhall be chang'd for new.
Thou'rt ſtill the ſame, Age can't prevail,
Nor time thy Steps purſue.

Our Lands ſhall quickly be ſuppli'd
With thy obedient Race,
And their well-ſettled Heirs abide
Secure before thy Face.

PSAL. ciij. *As the* 100*th.*

1 O Praiſe the Lord with grateful Joy!
My Tongue my Soul his Praiſes ſing!
2 O let his Praiſe thy Powers employ!
His Loves to kind Remembrance bring!

3 'Tis He forgives thy Sins, 'tis He
Thy Weakneſs heals, thy Plagues removes,
4 Redeems thy Life from Miſery,
And crowns thee with his tendereſt Loves.

5 With good He fills the Youth and Age;
Thy Age with vigorous Youth renews.
6 His Arms for Saints oppreſt engage;
His juſt Revenge their Foes purſues.

7 He to his *Iſraels* Race of old,
By *Moſes* made his Precepts known:
He, by *our Jeſus*, ſtill unfolds
His Will and Goodneſs towards his own.

8 Our Lord is kind, his Mercies great;
His Vengance, not his Mercy ſlow.
9 He'll not too oft his Strokes repeat.
Nor let his Angen alway glow.

10 So with our ſe'ves He dealt, our Crimes
Though foul, with Rods he gently laſht.
His pittying Eyes a thouſand times,
Our ſtill repeated Follies paſt.

11 His Goodneſs ſo ſurrounds his own,
As Skies encloſe our humb'er Earth.
12 From us our Sins are farther thrown,
Then Sun-ſet's from the Mornings Birth.

Part 2.

13 More love to pious Souls he ſhows,
Then Fathers to their Darling Heirs.
14 Our frailer Conſtitution knows,
Our mouldring Duſt as gent'ly ſpares.

15 Weak Man, like early Birds may riſe,
Or Graſs which ſhades the cheerful Plains:
16 But ſtruck with blaſting Winds he dies,
And neither Houſe nor Name remains.

17 But Gods unfailing Grace purſues
The Juſt, and all their faithful Seed:
18 Who on his Sacred Covenant muſe,
And all his righteous Precepts heed.

19 On high our God has fixt his Throne,
And thence his boundleſs Empire guides;
And o're the Subject World, alone,
His Arbitrary Will preſides.

20 Praiſe Him, ye Angel-flames, whoſe Might
Does in compleat Obedience ſhine!
21 O praiſe Him all ye Sons of Light:
Bleſs'd Miniſters of Love Divine!

22 O all his Works your Maker praiſe!
Praiſe through his ſpacious Empire ſing!
While I with grateful Anthems raiſe
New Honours to my Glorious King.

PSAL. civ. *As the* 100*th.*

1 O Praiſe the Lord, my tuneful Soul!
How great, bleſt God, how wondrous great.
What Majeſty, what Glories roll
About thy Everlaſting Seat!

2 Light robes Thee with her Radiant Streams;
Thy Curtains are th' expanded Skies.
2 Floods bear thy Chambers weighty Beams.
On humble Clouds thy Chariot flies.

God walks on groaning Winds in State,
4 Attended with his Angel-Bands;
And Servant-Flames around him wait,
And fly to bear his great Commands.

5 He Earth's Foundations ſtrongly laid;
A well-pois'd never moving Load.
6 A wavy Deep its Covering made,
Which o're the higheſt Mountains flow'd.

7 But off the head-long Waters flew,
When his commanding Thunders roar'd.
8 They took their place, and ſtrait in view,
Sweet Plains appear'd, and Mountains ſoar'd.

9 The Floods their Bounds appointed know;
Earth fears no more th' encroaching Deep:
10 Through Valleys Cryſtal Fountains flow,
And round the Mountains ſoftly creep.

11 To Them the Savage Creatures fly,
And kindly cool their thirſty Flame.
12 The Birds above them ſing on high,
And there their curious Buildings frame.

Part 2.

13 His Rains refreſh the parching Hills,
And make our Earth with Fruits abound.
14 Thence Graſs the hungry Cattel fills,
And Herbs for Men are uſeful found.

Through

Through Him rich Corn o're-ſpreads the Fields,
15 And Wine to chear our drooping Hearts.
Fat ſhining Juice his Olive yields;
His Bread a vital Strength imparts.

16 Sap feeds the lofty Cedar-Groves,
17 Where Birds of Prey their Eieries raiſe.
18 The Goat on Rocky Mountains roves;
Through Rocks the Coney breaks her Ways.

19 The Moon, the Sun, their Seaſons know.
And when to riſe, and when to fall;
20 Nights gloomy Clouds our World o'reflow,
And out the Forreſt-Rangers crawl.

21 The Wolves, the Tygers, howl for Prey,
And loud the hungry Lions roar.
God for their Diet finds a way,
And feeds them with his ſecret Store.

22 But when the Sun appears, they fly,
And to their unknown Dens repare;
23 And Men their buſineſs ſafely ply,
Till Night again o're-clouds the Air.

24 How various, Lord, how wiſely fram'd;
Great God, thy Works of Wonder are!
Thy Riches are through Earth proclaim'd;
25 Thy Wealth th' unfathom'd Seas declare.

Part 3.

There Fiſhes, great and ſmall, in ſtrange
Unnumber'd Numbers cut their Way.
26 There Navies float, and Monſters range,
And Whales in boundleſs Oceans play.

27 These All, blest God, depend on Thee;
Of Thee they beg their timely Food:
28 Thy Gifts they catch, thy Hands are free,
And All are fill'd with needful Good.

29 Thou hid'st thy Face, affrighted, They
Sink down to Dust, and Dust remain:
30 Thy Spirit commands, the Dead obey,
And rise and fill the World again.

31 God's Glory lasts; He, pleas'd, reviews
His Works; his Looks, his dreadful Stroke
32 Convulsions through the World diffuse,
And make the trembling Mountains smoak.

33 To God, my mighty Lord, I'll sing,
While Health, or Life, or Breath remains:
34 My Heart in Him with Joys shall spring;
I'll praise his Name in lofty Strains.

35 He'll soon confound the Sinner's Race,
And impious plotting Fools control,
And all their Stock on Earth deface.
O bless, ô praise the Lord, my Soul!

PSAL. CV. *as the* 100*th. or Mr.* Sandys's 8*th.*

1 O Praise the Lord! invoke his Name!
His Acts through ev'ry Tribe proclaim!
2 Sing, sing aloud; your Anthems raise:
Through all the World his Wonders praise!

3 Him, and his holy Name adore;
His Smiles, with chearful Hearts, implore:
4 And seek the Lord, his Strength embrace;
And ever seek his glorious Face.

5 O ye of *Abr'ham*'s faithful Seed,
O ye of *Jacob*'s choſen Breed,
6 His ſtrange, his dreadful Acts relate,
And on his Judgments meditate!

7 He's our great God, our Lord alone;
His Judgments through the World are known:
8 His Covenant, his Word of old,
Shall through a Thouſand Ages hold.

9 What He to *Abraham* ſpoke before,
What He to *Iſaac* firmly ſwore,
10 And as a Law on *Iſrael* laid,
And thus his laſting Cov'nant made.

11 " To you rich *Canaan*'s Land I'll give,
" Where you, its lawful Heirs, ſhall live.
12 Though then their Seed were weak and ſmall,
And deſpicable Strangers all.

13 When they a Thouſand Movements made,
And round the neighb'ring Countries ſtray'd,
14 He them, againſt the World, maintain'd;
And Ill-deſigning Kings reſtrain'd.

15 " From Wrongs be my Anointed free;
" Let no malicious Injurie!
" My Prophets or my Friends approach,
" Or on my choſen Sons encroach!

Part 2.

16 Sharp Famine *Canaan*'s Land annoy'd,
And God the Staff of Bread deſtroy'd;
And *Jacob*'s Houſe, among the reſt,
The long-continu'd Want oppreſs'd.

17 Yet

17 Yet *Joseph*, sold a Slave, he sent
Before, who might their Fates prevent.
18 Chains were the wretched Captive's Dole,
The pinching Fetters reach'd his Soul.

19 Till Time might for his Help provide,
God's Word his faithful Wisdom try'd:
20 Then sent the King, and eas'd him; He
Who rul'd the People, set him free.

21 Him o'er his Royal House preferr'd,
To him his weighty Cares referr'd,
22 That Lords and Senators might know
His God-like Sense, and wiser grow.

23 Then down to *Egypt Israel* went,
And there his Hoary Age was spent:
24 There God his fruitful Seed increas'd;
With Strength, above their En'mies bless'd.

25 But then their ancient Hate reviv'd,
And they his People's Fate contriv'd.
26 But, to divert their spiteful Blows,
God *Moses* sent, and *Aaron* chose.

27 They God's fear'd Will, at ev'ry Stroke,
In Signs and dreadful Wonders spoke:
28 And Hellish Gloom, at his Command,
Imprison'd all the groaning Land.

29 Their Streams were turn'd to pois'nous Gore;
The poison'd Fish o'er-spread the Shoar.
33 Their Roads Frogs freckled Armies choak'd,
And round their Royal Chambers croak'd.

Part

Part 3.

31 He ſpoke, his Word the Duſt alarm'd,
And Lice in all their quarters ſwarm'd.
32 He hurl'd down Monſtrous Hails for Rains:
And burning flaſhes rak'd the Plains.

33 Their Vines, their Figs, their Trees, the ſtroke
Of his prodigious Thunders broke,
34 He ſpoke, the Locuſts marching round,
And unknown Inſects ſwept the Ground.

35 Their Herbs and Graſs, no more appear'd,
The Land of all its Fruits was clear'd.
36 Their Firſt-born fell, Gods fatal ſtroke,
Their early ſtrength and Glory broke.

37 Then out their Vig'rous Tribes he led,
With Jewels, Gold and Silver ſped;
38 Tho' pillag'd *Egypt* joy'd to ſee,
Themſelves from Plagues and Terrours free.

39 He cool'd them with a Cloud by Day,
By Night Flames pointed out their Way.
40 They aſk't, He gave them Quail's for meat;
And let them Bread of Angels eat.

41 He ſtruck the Rock, the Waters flow'd;
And ſtreams on parching Lands beſtow'd,
42 For now his ſacred Oath re-curr'd,
To *Abraham* his unchanging Word.

43 He therefore bade his People be
From Bonds, with joys triumphant, free.
44 And then conſign'd to *Iſrael*'s Hands,
The Neighbouring Towns, and Heathen Lands.

45 He

45 He freely all on them beſtow'd,
That, ſenſible of what they ow'd,
Their Seed, his Statutes might record,
And keep his Laws: O praiſe the Lord!

Pſal. cvj. *As the* 100*th. or Mr.* Sandys's 14*th.*

1 O Praiſe the Lord! his Goodneſs praiſe!
For ſure his Boundleſs Mercy ſtands,
2 The ſtrength of his Almighty Hands,
His Honour, who can juſtly blaze?

3 Thrice happy they, who Judgment keep,
And always righteous Laws purſue:
4 Lord, let me, as thy People do,
By thy Salvation guarded, ſleep!

5 To me thy Favour then ſhall ſhow,
That good thy choſen Friends partake,
That Mirth thy happy People make,
Thoſe Joys thy dear Poſſeſſions know.

6 We, Lord, have, with our Fathers, ſinn'd;
Their Crimes, their impious Crimes renew'd,
7 Who thy *Egyptian* Wonders view'd,
But to Forgetfulneſs reſign'd;

Forgot his Mercies ſtores, and near
The Sea, ſo lately paſs'd, rebel'd:
8 Yet ſtill He all their Fears diſpel'd,
To make his Name and Power appear.

9 He cut the Seas, and dry'd the Sands,
While they through Deeps, as Deſarts, paſs'd;
10 And brought them ſafe to ſhoar at laſt,
Redeem'd from Perſecuting Hands.

11 Their

11 Their Foes the looſned Waves o'erflow'd,
Not one his wretched Life retriev'd;
Then they his Word a while believed,
And Gratitude with Praiſes ſhow'd.

13 But ſoon they all his Works forgot,
Nor his Divine Advice improv'd;
14 Their raging Luſts his Anger mov'd,
And made it in the Deſert Hot.

15 And tho' he gave their Proud requeſt,
Their Stomachs eaſeleſs Hunger tore;
16 On *Moſes* then their Envy bore,
And *Aaron*, God's Anoynted Prieſt.

16 Then *Dathan*'s and *Abiram*'s Crew,
Earths hollow gaping Womb devour'd:
18 Fierce Lightnings on th' Aſſembly pour'd;
And Flames the Godleſs Rebels ſlew.

Part 2.

19 Next, They the Calf in *Horeb* fram'd:
And to the ſenſeleſs Idol bow'd;
20 A grazing Brutes dead ſhape, aloud,
They both their God and Guide proclaim'd.

21 They ne'er on God, their Saviour, more;
Nor *Egypt*'s Slaviſh ſuffrings, thought;
22 What Wonders there his Hand had wrought,
And on the Ocean's Purple ſhore.

23 He then their Ruin had decree'd,
But in his choſen *Moſes* came,
He ſtay'd th' approaching dreadful Flame,
And ſacred Wrath, impetuous ſpeed.

24 Yea,

24 Yea, they the promis'd Land diſdain'd,
His Word with them no Credence found;
25 Baſe Murmurs fill'd their Tents around,
And off they threw their Lords command.

26 Then God againſt them rais'd his Hands,
That they in Deſart-Wilds might die;
27 Their ſcatter'd Race confounded lie,
And periſh all in barb'rous Lands.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, the ſenſeleſs Crew,
Their Souls to *Peor*'s God betraid.
And eating Sacrifices made,
To him; an Idol's Servants grew.

29 Thus they, with ſtudied Art, rebell'd,
And out the Plague among them broke;
30 Till *Phineas*, with a righteous ſtroke,
The Plagues infectious Rage repell'd.

31 That gallant Action rais'd his Fame,
When God's juſt Wrath his Zeal atton'd;
His God the Righteous Action own'd,
And bleſt him with a Deathleſs Name.

32 Nay, more they durſt their God provoke;
At *Maſſah*'s ſprings they miſchief made:
33 *Moſes*, that meekeſt Soul betrays,
Till Paſſion in him raſhly ſpoke.

Part 3.

34 The Nations, to Deſtruction doom'd,
By God's Command, they fondly ſpar'd;
35 And for their Pity's juſt Reward,
Their Sins, and all their Plagues, aſſum'd.

36 Among

36 Among a Thouſand ſnares they fell,
While to their graven Gods they bow'd:
37 Their wretched Sons, and Daughters, vow'd
To Devils, they ſacrific'd to Hell.

38 The Blood of Sons and Daughters round,
Poor Innocents, to Idols flow'd:
Canaan a diſmal ſhambles ſhow'd,
And Infant Gore the Country drown'd.

39 Their Works, and vile Inventions, both,
Them to polluting Whoredoms drew,
40 Till God incens'd againſt them grew,
And could his own Poſſeſſions loath.

41 But God, with juſt Revenge, reſign'd
Them to their domineering Foes;
42 Where, vex't with long oppreſſing Woes,
Their Pride and lofty Thoughts declin'd.

43 Oft ſav'd they ſinn'd as oft, and made
His Vengeance proſecute their Crimes:
44 Yet in their darkeſt ſuffring Times,
He ſaw and heard them while they pray'd.

45 He call'd his Covenant to Mind,
And Sympathiz'd with all their Woes;
46 And ſoon their ſtubborn-hearted Foes,
Grew gentle, pittiful, and kind.

47 O ſave us, Lord! our Captiv'd Race
From Heathen Chains and Lands recal',
That we may ſing thy Praiſe, and fall
With Thanks before thy Glorious Face,

48 The God of *Iſrael*'s Name record,
His Praiſe from Age to Age reſound;
And let the joyful Tribes around
Sing out Amen: ô praiſe Lord!

PSAL.

PSAL. cvij. *Part* 1. *Metre* 1.

1 O Praiſe the Lord! Exa't his Name;
His Goodneſs celebrate!
Let Age to Age reſound his Fame,
His bounteous Acts relate!
2 Sing to His Name, ye whom from Chains
His peaceful Arm redeem'd:
O be his Praiſe in grateful Strains,
His glorious Works eſteem'd.

3 He from Earth's utmoſt Quarters drew
His *Iſrael*'s ſcatter'd Race;
4 And the wild Deſarts wandring thro',
They found no Reſting-p'ace,
5 Tho' pinch'd with Hunger, ſcorch'd with Thirſt,
Their waſting Spirits fail'd;
Yet with their pitying God at firſt
Their humble Cries prevail'd.

6 Thro' all their Streights his careful Hand
Was their unfailing Guide,
7 And ſmooth'd their Ways, and made their Bands
In well-built Towns reſide.
8 O praiſe his Goodneſs! Praiſe his Name!
His wond'rous Mercies praiſe!
Thro' all the World his Acts proclaim!
His boundleſs Glories raiſe!

Part 2. *Metre* 2.

9 Praiſe God! His Springs we ſee
Relieve the thirſty Soul;
The hungry Wretch revives, when He
Beſtows his plenteous Dole!
10 But when they, fooliſh all,
His gracious Laws abus'd,

Deſpis'd

Despis'd their Maker's gentlest Call,
And Love's soft Voice refus'd.

11 Then he the stubborn Crew
In weighty Fetters chain'd;
Death's Chains around the Rebels flew,
And Woes their Souls restrain'd.
12 Yet, when oppress'd, they bow'd
Beneath the dismal Weight;
And when, in vain, they begg'd aloud
For Men to ease their State.

13 When to their God they cry'd,
And at his Footstool laid
Their pressing Griefs, and mortify'd,
The softning Rebe's pray'd.
14 He clear'd the Skies above,
And every Slave unchain'd,
And with warm Beams of gentlest Love
The Sufferers entertain'd.

15 O praise, O praise his Name,
His bounteous Acts declare!
Let all Mankind with Thanks proclaim
How great his Mercies are!

Part 3. *Mitre* 3. *As the* Tooth.

16 Praise God! At his Command the Gates
Of massive Brass their Leaves unfold;
No Bars of Steel, nor sturdy Grates
Against his powerful Words can hold.

17 When Fools, for Sins afflicted, griev'd,
And with their Sins their Judge provok'd,
18 No Meats their Appetites reliev'd,
Nor eas'd their Hunger's sickly Stroke.

Their

Their Stomachs loath'd bleſs'd Angels Food,
Sweet Manna dropping from the Skies;
And Quails diſturb'd their curdling Blood,
Till Nature ſunk without Supplies.

19 Yet when the fainting Sinners pray'd,
He heard, and heard them when they cry'd;
God's Word their dying Swoons allay'd,
And Appetites and Food ſupply'd.

20 New Life, new Spirits he beſtow'd
Where fading Nature's Force declin'd;
To them his healthful Favours ſhow'd,
And their diſtemper'd Blood refin'd.

21 O praiſe our God! Exalt his Name!
Above the Skies exalt his Name!
22 Your Thanks with Sacrifice proclaim,
And Trophies to his Goodneſs raiſe!

Part 4. Metre 4. as the 148th.

23 Such whoſe bold Courage o're
The reſtleſs Ocean flies,
And ſail from Shore to Shore,
For wealthy Merchandiſe.
24 Such Men may ſee
How wondrous there
God's Works appear,
How powerful He.

25 For if in Storms he ſpeak,
The ſwelling Tempeſt roars;
And foaming Billows break,
And laſh the bounding Shores.
While Wind and Tide
On rolling Seas,
Where-e'er they pleaſe,
Triumphant ride.

26 Now

26 Now high the towring Fleet
On Watry Mountains riſe,
As if the Clouds they'd meet,
Or brave the threatning Skies.
Now down they come,
Steep tumbling all,
With dreadful Fall,
To meet their Doom.

27 Strait every ſhatter'd Sail
Reels here, and ſtaggers there,
While horrid Storms prevail,
And Courage yields to fear.
All Hopes are loſt,
And in Black Night,
Ships guideleſs quite,
At random toſs'd.

28 But when on God they call,
He hears their mournful Cries,
29 Loud Storms in Silence fall,
And Light remounts the Skies:
Rough Billows ſlake,
And gentle Gales
Swell all their Sails
Their Port to make.

30 There with Delights unfeign'd
The wearied Sailers reſt:
New Life and Safety gain'd
Warms every fainting Breaſt.
Joys ſweeter taſt,
And the dear Shore
Is va'u'd more
For Dangers paſt.

31 O praiſe, O praiſe the Lord,
His Bounteous Actions praiſe!
Let all the World record
His Mercy's wond'rous Ways.
32 In thickeſt Throngs
Where Princes are,
His Loves declare
With grateful Songs.

Part 4. *Metre* 4. *As the* 113*th.*

33 O praiſe the Lord; At his Commands
Fair Streams deſert the thirſty Lands,
And Springs no more their Waters yield.
34 His Curſe for Humane Crimes deſtroys
Their blooming Hopes and ripening Joys,
And ſows with barren Salt the Field.
35 Yet for his own dear Servant's ſakes
He turns vaſt Lands to ſtanding Lakes,
And makes the Sands with Waters flow.
36 And then their hungry Troops he guides,
And thro' the new-rais'd Fields divides,
And makes new Towns and Cities grow.

37 With nobleſt Grains they ſow their Fields,
Rich Wines the grateful Vineyard yields;
Their Crops are full, profound their Peace;
38 God's Bleſſing on their Labours waits,
Their crowding Offspring throng their Gates,
And all their pregnant Flocks encreaſe.
39 But when his ancient Love's abus'd,
His Counſels, his Commands refus'd,
A ſuddain Change o'returns their State.
Down falls their haughty Pride, their Race
Inceſſant Wars and Plagues deface,
Expos'd to every Neighbour's Hate.

40 Their

40 Their Princes with Contempt he treats,
Confounds them in their proud Conceits,
And lets their Hopes bewildred fall.
41 Then to the Poor deſpis'd before,
Transfers his favouring Mercies ſtore,
And feeds, and multiplies them all.
42 Admire ye living Saints with Joy,
(While ſilent impious Atheiſts ly)
Admire his Providential Ways!
43 Let wiſe Men all their Thoughts confine,
To meditare on Works Divine,
And ſing their great Protector's praiſe!

PSAL. cviij. *As the* 110*th.*

1 MY Heart is fix'd, ô God, my Heart
Is fix'd, thy lofty Praiſe to ſing,
I'me ready with my nobleſt part,
To praiſe my everlaſting King.

2 Awake my Harp, awake my Lute,
While I prevent the Morning's light.
3 And thy dear Praiſes proſecute,
In all the wondring Nations ſight.

4 Swift are the Clouds, and high the Skies,
Above our Thoughts and Meaſures far:
But higher, Lord, thy Mercies riſe,
More ſwift thy Truths vaſt Conqueſts are.

5 Lord, o're the Skies thy Brightneſs ſhow,
Let all the Earth thy Glories ſee.
6 O hear, ô ſave thy Servant! ſo
I'le reſcue thoſe belov'd by Thee.

7 God ſwore once by his Holineſs,
And by his Oath my Joy maintains,

I'le

I'le quick *Shechem*'s Fields poſſeſs,
And meaſure *Succoth*'s fruitful Plains.

8 Fair *Gileads* mine, *Manaſſes* too,
My Head on *Ephraim*'s ſtrength relies,
The Scepter's Royal *Judah*'s due,
My Kingdom He with Laws ſupplies.

9 *Moab*, my meaneſt Slave ſhall be,
And *Edom* proſtrate at my Feet,
And conquer'd *Paleſtina* me
With humble Tribute gladly meet.

10 Who e'l me thro' Cities fortify'd,
Or *Edom*'s rocky Frontiers lead?
11 Lord, let thy Help ſo long deny'd,
At laſt our fainting Armies head.

12 Up Lord! in times of Danger aid!
For Humane Helps are only ſhows,
13 And valiant thro' thy Influence made,
Wee'l trample o're our vanquiſh'd Foes.

PSAL. cix.

1 O Thou, dear God, of all my Praiſe,
No longer ſilent go!
2 For ſinful Men, in ſinful Ways,
And Traitors bolder grow.
Againſt me they their Rage excite,
Their Tongues with Falſhood whet.
3 And me with Words of deadly ſpite,
And cauſeleſs Hate beſet.

4 They, for my kindneſs, prove my Foes,
But I in ſilence pray.
5 Malice to Goodneſs they oppoſe,
And Love with Hate repay.

6 Make

6 Make Him ſome wicked Tyrant's ſlave,
Let Satan bind his hands!
7 And Sins ſevereſt Sentence have,
When He in judgment ſtands!

8 Nay, let his very Prayers be Sin!
9 His Days be dark, and few!
That Office fix another in,
Which to himſelf was due!
No Father let his Children ſee,
His widow'd Wife go mourn!
10 His Off-ſpring common Vagrants be,
Expos'd to Want and Scorn!

Their Bread from cruel Hands intreat,
11 The Griping-Uſurers trade,
Seize all his Wea'th, and every Cheat,
His Pains and Gains invade!
12 No Mercy let his Cries engage,
Nor all his Orphan race,
13 But ſink 'um all! in one ſhort Age,
Their very Names deface!

Part 2.

14 In God's revenging Preſence let,
Their Father's Crimes remain!
No length of Time, or Years, forget
Their Mother's viler ſtain!
15 Let them God's ſleeping Vengeance move,
Their Memory to deſtroy.
16 Since Grace could ne'er his Soul improve,
Nor Love his Thoughts employ.

But the dear Man, to Sorrows born,
With humbleſt Thoughts indu'd;
The broken Heart with Anguiſh torn,
His bloody Hate purſu'd.

17 Curſing, and helliſh Words he lov'd,
His Lot may Curſes be!
His Heart no Bleſſings e'er approv'd,
Let him no Bleſſing ſee!

18 He Curſes for a Garment us'd,
And with their poiſonous draught
His Bowels waſht, like Oil diffus'd,
Quite thro' his Bones they wrought.
19 May He no other Garments wear
But Curſes cloſely bound;
And Curſes for a Girdle bear
To gird him duely round!

20 Be this the Juſt reward of thoſe,
From God's revenging Hand;
Whoſe ſpiteful Words my Life oppoſe,
And who againſt me ſtand.
21 But Lord for thy Names ſake appear!
My Party kindly own!
Thy Mercy's Good; ô let it here
To reſcue Me be ſhown!

Part 3.

22 For wretched and afflicted I
With inward Wounds decay,
23 And like an Evening Shadow fly,
Or Locuſts hurld away.
24 My Knees with tedious Faſtings fail,
And all my Leanneſs ſee,
25 My Foes with brutiſh ſcorn aſſail,
And ſhake their Heads at me.

26 He'p ô My God! ô ſave Me! ſhow
Thy former Mercies now!
27 That all thy Love to me may know
Thy Helps dear Lord allow!

28 T

28 Then let them Curſe me ſtill! on me
Thy Bleſſings Lord beſtow!
Let Them, their own Confuſion ſee,
But me thy gladneſs know!

29 When great they ſeem, like ſome large Cloke
Let Shame be round them roul'd!
30 And I'le thy Name in Crouds invoke,
Thy Praiſe at large unfold:
31 For God ſtill by the Poor Mans ſide,
With ſure aſſiſtance ſtands:
His Soul with ſaving Wings to hide,
From partial Judges Hands.

PSAL. CX.

1 "SIT here on my Right Hand! the Lord
Thus to my Lord, has ſaid
Till thou ſhalt ſee thy Foes abhor'd,
Beneath thy Footſtool lay'd;
2 From *Sions* Hill thy regal claime,
Thy Scepter firſt ſhall riſe,
Thence Reign and with thy awful Name,
Command thy Enemies.

3 When thy Prodigious Might appears,
Thy ready Armies move;
And Preach thoſe happy gladſome years,
The Reign of boundleſs Love:
Tho' at a mighty diſtance now,
The careleſs People ſtand,
To Thee they'l then as ſwiftly flow,
And own thy ruling Hand.

Waſh'd from their Crimes and ſnowy white.
Their Tempers undefil'd,
And cloth'd with Innocence and Light,
And like their Maſter mild.

These Conquests first belong'd to Thee,
E're dewy Mornings rose,
Or Time cou'd thro' Eternity,
Thy sacred Birth disclose.

4 Then by himself thy Father swore,
And shook his awful Throne,
And when swift Time shall be no more,
He'el that Engagement own.
" Thou'rt an Eternal Priest, to Thee
" There's no succeeding Heir.
" And like *Melchisedec* shalt be,
" And Crown, and Miter wear.

5 The Lord shall in his angry Day,
Rebellious Kings destroy.
6 Among the Gentiles fierce'y sway,
And fill his own with Joy.
But where bo'd Opposition reigns,
The slaughter'd Corpses round,
And *dying* Kings shall spread the Plains,
And stain the purple Ground.

7 But he before the Conquest gain'd,
The Rage of Thirst shall know,
With Sorrow's streams be entertain'd,
And drink of deadly Woe;
Till, all those Difficulties past,
His Glory's largely spread,
And all shall see the Crown at last,
On his victorious Head.

PSAL. cxj.

() Praise the Lord! my Heart, prepare
To praise the mighty Lord!
Where-e'er his bless'd Assemblies are
Will I his Name record.

2 Grea

Great are his Works, and earneſtly
By Men of Wiſdom ſought:
His Works are all with Majeſty,
And comely Beauty wrought.

His Righteouſneſs eternally
Shall, with his Works, endure
In grateful Minds; his Clemency,
And his Compaſſions ſure.
For thoſe who fear his ſacred Name,
The Lord at large provides:
His ancient Covenant the ſame
Still in his Thoughts abides.

The Might wherewith his Works are wrought
He to his People ſhows;
And Portions, from the Gentiles brought,
On them at large beſtows.
His Works in Truth and Judgment done,
His Precepts juſt and ſure;
As firſt in Righteouſneſs begun;
Through ev'ry Age endure.

The Lord his People once redeem'd,
And gave them laſting Laws;
And ſtill his holy Name, eſteem'd,
Our Veneration draws.
True Wiſdom ſprings from Godly Fear:
An Underſtanding pure
Will in Obedience beſt appear,
And its juſt Praiſe endure.

PSAL. cxij.

O Praiſe the Lord! All Bleſſings wait
On him who fears his Name;
In whom his juſt Commands create
Pure Love's immortal Flame.

2 Mighty on Earth his Seed ſhall be,
His Generation bleſs'd:
3 His Righteouſneſs ſhall laſt, and he
In Wealth and Plenty reſt.

4 To Men of upright Hearts the Light,
Through gloomy Darkneſs, ſhines.
Mercy's the righteous Man's Delight:
To Love his Soul inclines.
5 He's pitiful to Men diſtreſs'd,
And lends to thoſe in Need:
In Judgment, from his milder Breaſt
No cruel Words proceed.

6 He ne'er ſhall move; his Memory
Shall ever ſweetly laſt:
7 From Fear, through heavy Tidings, free;
His Heart in God be faſt.
8 His Heart, from cold Deſpair ſecur'd,
Can on his God repoſe,
Till of the Down-fall he's aſſur'd
Of all his angry Foes.

9 With plenteous Doles his lib'ral Hand
The needy Poor ſupp'lies:
His Righteouſneſs ſhall ever ſtand;
His Strength, with Honour riſe.
10 Ill Men, enrag'd, his Happineſs
With envious Eyes ſhall view;
And gnaſh, and pine; and deep Diſtreſs
Their blaſted Hopes purſue.

PSAL. cxiij. *Proper Tune.*

1 O Praiſe the Lord! his Praiſes ſing,
Ye Servants of th' Eternal King!
2 Bleſs, ever bleſs his ſacred Name!

3 From

3 From the firſt Bluſhes of the Day,
Till Night her ſable Wings diſplay,
His Name's immortal Praiſe proclaim!
4 The Lord o'er all the Nations reigns:
The Lord's illuſtrious Glory ſtains
The brighteſt Star, the cleareſt Sky.
5 What Man, what God, would we compare
With Him, whoſe lofty Dwellings are,
Above all Heav'ns, exalted high?

6 Yet thence his Providential Eyes
Survey the never-reſting Skies,
And all our humble World below.
7 He helps the Wretched from the Floor;
And from the Dung-hill lifts the Poor;
His Goodneſs, and his Strength to ſhow.
8 Thence, He exalts their meaner Fate
To Majeſty, and Princely State;
And bids 'em Crowns and Sceptres claim.
9 He makes the barren Womb conceive,
O'er-joy'd a youthful Race to leave.
O praiſe! ô ever praiſe his Name.

Another Metre.

1 PRaiſe God! ô praiſe the Lord,
Ye Saints, with one Accord!
His holy Name, with Praiſe, proclaim;
His holy Acts record!
2 His Name with Praiſe attend,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall end!
3 His Fame diſplay, from dawning Day,
Till Night's dark Shades deſcend.

4 God's o'er the Nations, high:
His Glories paſs the Sky.
5 What God's ador'd as our great Lord;
Or with his Height can vye?

6 Yet, condeſcending, He
Through Heav'n and Earth can ſee,
7 The Poor to raiſe, who ſpend their Days
In Want and Miſerie.

8 His Smiles with Honour grace
Thoſe who the Duſt embrace;
With Kings to vye in Majeſty,
And rule his choſen Race.
9 At his All-quick'ning Word
The barren Womb's reſtor'd,
With Joy t'embrace a lively Race.
Praiſe then, ô praiſe the Lord!

PSAL. cxiv.

1 WHen *Iſrael*'s Tribes, when *Jacob*'s Race
From barb'rous *Egypt* went,
2 Then *Judah* was his holy Place,
Iſrael his Government.
3 The Seas and *Jordan* ſaw their God,
Advancing in their Head:
The Seas, amaz'dly parting, ſtood,
And *Jordan* backward fled.

4 The Mountains, at the dreadful Sight,
Leap'd up like frighted Rams:
The Hills, with the ſurprizing Fright,
Skip'd like the trembling Lambs.
5 What terrify'd the parting Seas,
That they divided ſtood?
What Fears could *Jordan*'s Currents ſeize,
Or turn his haſty Flood?

6 What made the Jofty Mountains leap,
So like the frighted Rams?
The little Hills on crouded Heaps
To run, like trembling Lambs?

7 Ne'er ask the Cauſe! When *Jacob*'s God
Appears, with Glories crown'd,
His dreadful Looks, his awful Nod,
The trembling World confound.

8 And when his thirſty Nation prays,
He turns the Rocks to Springs:
And from dry Flints, by wond'rous Ways,
Unceaſing Fountains brings.

Another Metre: As the 113*th.*

1 *Iſrael*, of old, their Maker choſe,
His Empire, and his Name's Repoſe;
And, more than all the Nations lov'd:
And with his own Almighty Hand,
From cruel *Egypt*'s barb'rous Land,
Their happy Tribes in Peace remov'd.
3 The Sea his marching Armies view'd;
The Sea a while, as doubtful, ſtood;
But ſoon, with wild Amazement, fled.
Old *Jordan*'s Streams, with headlong Haſte,
Aſtoniſh'd *Merom*'s Waves re-paſs'd,
And backward flew, to find their Head.

4 The Mountains vaſt, which proudly bore
Their Heads above the Clouds before,
Like Rams, from their Foundations leap'd.
The leſſer Hills, as frighted Lambs
Run trembling to their helpleſs Dams,
Beneath their Parent-Mountains crept.
5 What made the Seas, divided, fly?
What made old *Jordan*'s Waters try,
With backward Streams, to find their Spring?
6 What made the Mountains leap, like Rams?
The leſſer Hills, like trembling Lambs,
Cloſe to their Parent-Mountains cling?

7 Slightly, alas! they mov'd or fear'd!
At him the World amaz'd appear'd;
The World before its Maker quakes:
His look who now in *Jacob* reigns,
And there his holy Houſe maintains,
The ſettled frame of Nature ſhakes.
8 Let then the Seas deſert the Shore,
Let *Jordan*'s Banks be fill'd no more,
Let barren Sands around us ly,
Our God can change with wondrous eaſe
The Flints to Springs, the Rocks to Seas,
And all his Peoples Wants ſupply.

PSAL. CXV.

1 TO us, dear Lord, to us no Praiſe,
But to thy Name is due;
For Mercy days thy gracious Ways,
And all thy Words are true.
2 Why ſhould the fooliſh Gentiles cry,
Where's He whom God they call?
3 Our God's on High above the Sky,
And acts his Pleaſure all.

4 Their Gods of other Tempers are,
Fine Silver, weighty Gold:
And Men with care ſuch Gods prepare,
And then their Gods uphold.
5 They ne're could ſpeak, and ne're could ſee,
Tho' made with Mouths and Eyes.
6 And louder he than Storms muſt be,
Who can their Ears ſurpriſe.

The ſtrongeſt Stench, the nobleſt Sweet
Their Noſtrils can't invade;
7 Their Hands can't meet, nor feel; their Feet
Were ne're for walking made.

With

With all abuſive Scorns appear
Before their Deities,
Yet ſhan't you there one Murmur hear,
So ſtill their Anger lies.

8 Wiſe as their ſenſeleſs Gods are thoſe
Who firſt advanc'd the Trade,
And ſuch are thoſe whoſe Souls repoſe
On what their Hands have made.

Part 2.

9 O ye of *Jacob*'s wiſer Seed,
On God ſecurely truſt!
He'll help with ſpeed in times of need,
And ever ſhield the juſt.
10 O ye of *Aaron*'s ſacred Breed,
On God ſecurely truſt!
He'll help with ſpeed in times of need,
And ever ſhield the Juſt.

11 Ye who with Fear your Maker heed,
In him ſecurely truſt;
He'll help with ſpeed in times of need,
And ſtill defend the Juſt.
12 The Lord has kept us ſtill in mind,
His Prieſts ſhall all be bleſt,
Our Tribes ſhall find his Bleſſings kind,
On all their Dwellings reſt.

13 The Lord will all his Servants bleſs,
The Rich, Poor, Young and old;
14 And Happineſs with vaſt acceſs
Shall you and yours uphold.
15 You're by that great Creator bleſt,
Who bade the World to riſe,
16 And who poſſeſt of ſacred Reſt,
Lives high above the Skies.

17 O're

17 O're Earth, and all that Earth contains,
For mortal Men design'd,
Man freely reigns, and God maintains
The Gift to them resign'd.
18 The Dead, nor those can blaze thy Fame,
Who sink to silence down;
19 But we thy Name with Praise proclaim,
And endless Blessings crown.

PSAL. cxvi.

1 THe Lord who heard my Voice and Prayer,
My Lord my Love shall be;
2 On him I'll call with constant Care,
Who bow'd his Ear to me.
3 The Chains of Death engag'd me round,
Me hellish Pains surpriz'd,
And Troubles oft, and Anguish found,
And Sorrows exercis'd.

4 Then in the Lord's prevailing Name
To God I humbly pray'd,
Thy Help, thy Favour, Lord, I claim,
My Soul, dear Saviour, aid!
5 The Lord is kind, and righteous too,
And Mercy freely shows,
6 He helps the weak, and swiftly flew
To save my Soul from Woes.

7 Turn then my Soul, return to Rest!
The Lord was kind to thee,
8 Thro' him I 'scap'd Death's cold Arrest,
My Eyes from Tears are free.
He keeps my Feet from Falls, and I
My Woes, by him, survive,
9 And in return I'll gratefully,
As in his Presence, live.

Part

Part 2.

10 So I believ'd, and so I spoke,
But sore afflicted I
11 Thus out in hasty Passion broke,
Men sure are sold to lye.
12 But what Returns, Lord, shall I make
For all thy Loves to me?
13 Thy Blessed Cup with Praise I'le take,
And duly call on Thee.

14 My Vows to God I'le offer here,
Abroad in open Light;
15 The Death of all his Saints is dear
In their Redeemer's Sight.
16 Lord, I'm thy Servant, humbly I
My self thy Servant own,
Thy Handmaid's Son, from Slavery
By Thee discharg'd alone.

17 To Thee the Sacrifice of Praise
My Sacrifice shall be;
And in the Lords great Name I'le raise
My suppliant Hands to Thee.
18 Here, Lord, to Thee I'le pay my Vows
In all the Peoples Sight,
19 In *Salem*, in thy holy House;
O praise the Lord of Might!

PSAL. cxvij.

1 O Praise th' Eternal Lord,
Ye Nations all around!
His Goodness thro' the World record,
His glorious Acts resound!
2 On us, and all our Race,
His Mercy largely flows,

His

His Truth no Time can e're deface,
Nor Force his Power oppoſe.

Or thus.

1 PRaiſe God! ô praiſe our mighty Lord,
Ye Nations all around!
His Goodneſs thro' the Wor'd record,
His wondrous Acts reſound!
1 For on our ſelves, and all our Race
His Mercy largely flows,
His Truth no Time can e're deface,
Nor Force his Arm oppoſe.

PSAL. cxviij.

1 THe Lord, the great *Jehovah* praiſe,
He's good in all his Ways:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
His Goodneſs ne're decays,
2 Let *Jacob*'s long protected Race
Adore his wondrous Grace,
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
When Time reſigns his Place.

3 Let *Aaron*'s ſacred Heirs proclaim
The Lords exalted Name:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
His Goodneſs ſtill the ſame.
4 O ye who God's Commands obey,
With grateful Praiſes ſay,
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
His Mercies ne're decay.

5 In Streights I call'd on Him, and He
From Streights ſoon ſet me free.
6 To God I'm Dear, and ne're can fear
What Man can do to me.

7 The

7 The Lord, among my kindeſt Friends,
His own Aſſiſtance ſends.
My longing Eye ſhall ſoon deſcry
My Foes expected Ends.

8 In God the Lord it's better far
To truſt our Hopes and Care,
Then to repoſe our Hopes in thoſe,
Who wretched Mortals are.
9 In God the Lord it's better far
To fix our Hopes and Care,
Then to repoſe our Truſt in thoſe
Who mighty Princes are.

Part 2.

10 I, When the Nations round me ply'd,
In God their Strength defy'd;
11 They compaſſed me, but eaſily
I ſo their Force out-vy'd.
12 Tho' me, like Bees, they cloſely ply'd,
Like blazing Thorns they dy'd:
In Gods great Name I quench'd their Flame,
And all their Strength defy'd.

13 Oft haſt thou puſh'd, unmanly Foe,
To work my overthrow;
But thro' Gods Aid, tho' oft afraid,
I ſtill in Safety go.
14 God by his Might has made me ſtrong,
My God's my daily Song;
Salvation He ordain'd for me,
Who to himſelf belong.

15 Sweet Tunes of Joy and Health abide
Where righteous Men reſide;
Gods Hand is grown renown'd alone,
For Deeds of Valour try'd.

16 His

17 His Hand's alone deserv'dly nam'd;
His Hand on high proclaim'd,
His Hand is grown renown'd alone;
For valiant Actions fam'd.

17 I still shall live, and still declare,
How great his Actions are.
18 I felt his Rod, but still my God
My Life wou'd kindly spare.
19 Let the wide Gates of Righteousness
Now grant me free access;
I'le gladly there with Thanks appear,
And God my Saviour bless.

Part 3.

20 Gods House his holy Gates are near;
The Righteous enter there:
21 I'le praise the Lord, his Help record,
Who would his Suppliant hear.
22 That Solid Rock, that Noble Stone
Off by the Builders thrown;
Now all the Coines securely joyns,
And makes the Building One.

23 The Lords great Work it was, and we
Amaz'd the Wonder see.
24 God made this Day, now Joys shall sway,
And Mirth triumphant be.
25 Hear, Lord, ô save at last, and make
Our favour'd Actions take,
Our Business bless with kind Success,
Lord, for thy Mercy's sake!

26 O blest be He who kindly came
In Gods Almighty Name!
You who before his House adore,
To you we wish the same.

27 Us

27 Us God the Lord with Light ſupplies,
O bind the Sacrifice!
With Cords it nigh his A'tars tie,
Till there it bleeds and dies.

28 Thou, Lord, art God alone to me,
I'le Praiſes ſing to Thee.
By me thy Name, thy glorious Fame
Shall ſtill exalted be.
29 The Lord our great *Jehovah* praiſe!
He's good in all his Ways;
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
His Mercy ne're decays.

PSAL. cxix. *Aleph*, 1. *Beth*, 2.

1 BLeſt are the Men whoſe perfect Ways
Gods purer Laws confine,
2 Who keep his Word, and all their Days
To Him in Heart incline.
3 No Sins to ſuch can p'eaſing be
As by his Orders move.
4 And thou commandedſt, Lord, that we
Thy Rules ſhould keep and love.

5 Oh that my Footſteps guided ſure,
Could by thy Statutes tread!
6 Then ſhould I live from Shame ſecure,
When thy Commands I read.
7 I'le praiſe thee with an upright Heart,
When I thy Judgments know.
8 I'le keep thy Laws; ô ne're depart!
To me no Stranger grow!

9 How may a Youth his Ways improve?
If he thy Word obey.
10 To Thee with all my Soul I move,
O never let me ſtray!

11 I in my Bosom hide thy Word,
From Sin to guard my Heart.
12 To me, b'est God, thy Grace afford,
And all thy Laws impart!

13 Thy Judgments, Lord, my Soul esteems,
My ready Lips declare;
14 To me thy Word more pleasing seems,
Then noblest Treasures are.
15 I on thy Precepts meditate,
Thy Laws before me set;
16 Thy Statutes all my Joys create,
Thy Words I ne're forget.

Gimel, 3. *Daleth*, 4.

17 Oh let me live! my God be kind,
So I thy Words shall keep.
18 Uncloſe my Eyes, by Nature blind,
To view thy Wonders deep!
19 O don't from me a Stranger, Lord,
Thy Testimonies hide!
20 For constant Cares to get thy Word,
My longing Soul divide.

21 Thy Judgments break the curſed Proud,
Who from thy Precepts stray.
22 Me, Lord, from flouting Scorners shroud,
For I thy Words obey!
23 Great Kings in Council curst my Name,
But I thy Statutes choſe.
24 Thy Statutes all my Joys enflame,
My Counsels all compoſe.

25 My Soul, Lord, for thy Promiſe ſpare,
In Duſt which proſtrate lies.
26 Thou hear'ſt how I thy Ways declare,
O teach, and make me wiſe.

27 O

27 O Make me know thy Precepts, ſo
I'le ſpread thy Works the more.
28 My Heart, with melting Cares brought low,
Lord, by thy Word reſtore!

29 From me all lying Ways remove,
To me thy Laws impart.
30 For all the Paths of Truth I love,
Thy Judgments fill my Heart.
31 I to thy Laws adhere, dear God,
From Shame my Life diſcharge!
32 I'le run the Ways thy Saints have trod,
If thou my Heart enlarge.

He, 5. *Vau*, 6.

33 Lord, teach me thy commanded way,
And I'le obſerve it ſtill.
34 My Heart let Underſtanding ſway,
Thy Laws my Heart ſhall fill.
35 By thy Commands, ô make me tread,
For them I dearly love.
36 Let no falſe Luſts my Heart miſlead,
While by thy Rules I move!

37 From Vanity, ô turn my Eyes,
And make me live to Thee!
38 Thy Word on which my Soul relies,
And fears, make good to me!
39 Reproach from me and Scandal take,
But, Lord, thy Judgments give!
40 I for thy Precepts long, ô make
Me by thy Juſtice live!

41 Thy Mercy, thy Salvation too,
As promis'd, Lord, beſtow!
42 So ſhall I huſh the ſcornful Crew,
And yet more faithful grow.

43 Never,

43 Never, ô never, Lord, withdraw
Thy Word and Truth from me!
44 So thy juſt Judgments and thy Law
My conſtant Guides ſhall be.

45 My happy Courſe at laſt I'le ſteer,
In thy Commands ſecure.
46 Thy Teſtimonies Kings ſha'l hear,
Yet I no ſhame endure
47 I'le in thy lov'd Commands delight,
For them my Hands I'le raiſe.
48 Thy Statutes ſtudy Day and Night,
And thy Commandments praiſe.

Zain, 7. *Cheth*, 8.

49 Thy Word once paſs'd, remember, Lord,
In which thou mad'ſt me truſt.
50 Thy Word my drooping Soul reſtor'd,
Reviv'd my ſinking Duſt.
51 The ſcoffing Proud my Soul deride,
Yet I thy Laws purſue.
52 With me thy Judgments paſs'd abide,
And all my Joys renew.

53 I trembled at their dreadful Fate,
Who from thy Precepts ſtray'd;
54 But them I in my baniſh'd State,
My daily Muſick made.
55 Lord, on thy Name I muſe by Night,
And keep thy Righteous Laws:
56 Such Bleſſings from thy favouring Sight,
A juſt Obedience draws.

57 Thou'rt all my Portion, Lord, I ſaid
I'de keep thy ſacred Word:
58 And for thy Grace devoutly pray'd,
Thy Grace, Dear Lord, afford!

59 I weigh'd my Works, and ſo thy Ways
My careful Footſtep trac'd:
60 And that I might thy Laws obey,
I flew with winged haſte.

61 Tho' impious Bands my Wealth ſurprize,
I can't forget thy Ways
62 But I, when I at Midnight riſe,
Thy righteous Judgments praiſe.
63 I love their Company, who fear
Thy Name, and keep thy Word.
64 Thy Mercies round the World appear,
Thy Statutes teach me, Lord!

Teth, 9. *Jod*, 10.

65 Lord, from thy Hands I Good receive,
For all thy Words are true.
66 Teach me, ſince I thy Laws believe,
Good Senſe and Knowledge too!
67 I ſinn'd, till by Affliction taught
Thy ſacred Words to know.
68 For me all Good thy Hands have wrought,
To me thy Statutes ſhow!

69 The Proud aſſau't my Soul with lies,
But I ſincerely move.
70 And while their Hearts with Fatneſs riſe,
Thy Laws entirely love.
71 Laſh'd by thy Rod, my Heart enclines
To keep thy Laws with Care.
72 Thoſe Laws which richer far than Mines
Of Gold and Silver are.

73 Thy Hands have made and faſhion'd me,
Thy Judgments make me know!
74 So thy pleas'd Saints my Care ſhall ſee,
While in thy Paths I go.

75 I know thy Judgments Lord are juſt,
Thy Love afflicted me.
76 Make good thy Word! my Comfort muſt
Alone deſcend from Thee.

77 Lord ſend thy Mercys! quickned ſo
I'le in the Laws delight.
78 Let ſhame thy treacherous Proud o're-throw
But I'le thy Laws recite.
79 O let thy Saints, who know thy Will,
With me as Friends appear!
80 When my ſound Heart thy Statutes fill,
I no Diſgrace can fear.

Caph, 11. *Lamed*, 12.

81 Thy Health my longing Soul deſires,
And on thy Promiſe waits.
82 And while thy Comforts it requires,
My Sight with Woes abates.
83 Dry'd up with Grief my ſtrength appears,
Yet I thy Laws retain.
84 How many are thy Servant's days?
O now my Foes reſtrain!

85 The Proud for me their Pitts have made,
Againſt thy righeous Law.
86 Me from their Wrongs by thy kind Aid,
And Faithful Precepts draw!
87 Lord They'd conſum'd me quite, but I
Ne're from thy Precepts went.
88 In Goodneſs raiſe my Soul! I'le try
To keep thy Teſtament.

89 Firm Lord as Heaven thy Promiſe ſtands.
90 Thy Truth from Age to Age,
The Earth, form'd by thy mighty Hands,
Stands by thy Patronage.

91 All by thine Ordinance enſur'd,
To Thee their Service pay:
92 But Woes my Ruine had procur'd,
But that I kept thy Way.

93 I'le ne're forget thy Precepts kind,
Since oft by them reviv'd.
94 I'm thine, ô ſave me! for my Mind
Has on thy Precepts liv'd.
95 The Wicked watch'd to ruine me,
But I thy Statutes read;
96 And th' end of all Perfection ſee,
But thoſe all Bounds exceed.

Mem, 13, *Nun*, 14.

97 Lord, how I love thy Laws! by thoſe
My ſerious Studies move;
98 By them I far above my Foes,
In Wiſdom's Rules improve.
99 Thy Teſtimonies teach me more
Than all my Teachers know.
100 I by thy Statutes wiſe before
My reverend Elders grow.

101 My Feet all wicked Ways declin'd,
To keep thy ſacred Word.
102 Thy Judgments duly u'd my Mind
With Heavenly Wiſdom ſtor'd.
103 Honey to thoſe pure Sweets muſt yield,
With which thy Words are bleſt:
104 So I with thy wiſe Precepts fill'd,
All lying Ways deteſt.

105 Thy glorious Words my Footſteps guide,
And fill my Paths with Light:
106 I've ſworn, and as by Oath I'm tied,
I'le keep thy Judgments right.

107 I'm

107 I'me much diſtreſt: ô by thy Word,
My fainting Soul revive!
108 Accept my willing Praiſes Lord,
To me thy Judgments give!

109 Tho' in my Hands my Life I bear,
I can't forget thy Law.
110 Nor can the Sinners crafty Snare,
From that my Soul withdraw.
111 Thy Will's th' Inheritance deſign'd,
For my rejoicing Heart,
112 Which to thy Statutes all inclin'd,
From Them can ne're depart.

Samech, 15. *Gnain*, 16.

113 I love thy Laws; but thoſe that own,
All vain Opinions hate.
114 Thou art my Covering Shield alone,
And on thy Word I wait.
115 Begone ye ſinful Crew! for I
At pure Obedience aim.
116 With promis'd Help my Life ſupply,
And guard my Hope from ſhame!

117 Uphold me, then I'me ſafe, and I
Shall all thy Laws reſpect.
118 Trod down by thee thoſe Straglers dy
Who Cheats and Lies project.
119 Thy dear lov'd Word, like Droſs, the Bands
Of Sinners purg'd away.
120 And I the Judgments of thy Hands,
With awful Fear ſurvey.

121 I've done what's Juſt and Right; ô ſave
Me from Oppreſſions Force!
122 Thy kind Aſſurance Lord I crave,
To ſtop the Tyrants Courſe:

123 My

123 My Eyes for thy Salvation fail,
And promis'd Righteousness,
124 With me, Dear Lord, in Mercy deal,
And with Me Statutes bless!

125 Make Me thy Servant Wise; I'll then
Thy Testimonies know!
126 He'p Lord, its time! lest impious Men,
Thy Law should overthrow.
127 For this I love thy Precepts more,
Then heaps of purest Gold;
128 I know their Justice, but abhor,
The Paths which Lies uphold.

Pe, 17. *Tsadi*, 18.

129 Thy Testimonies wondrous are!
My Soul to keep them tries,
130 Thy Words explain'd, the Truth declare,
And make the Simplest wise.
131 Thy Words more sweet than cooling Winds,
To fainting Spirits are.
132 That Pitty those who love Thee find,
O let thy Servant share!

133 If by thy Rule thou fix my Ways,
No Sinn shall conquer me.
134 And me from Mans Oppression raise,
Then mine thy Laws shall be.
135 Smile Lord on me, and let thy Laws
Thy Servants Soul convert!
136 Tears drown my flowing Eys, because
Vain Men thy Laws desert,

137 Essential Justice Reigns in Thee,
Thy Judgments all are right.
138 Thy Testimonies faithfully,
To Righteousness excite.

139 Zeal burns me up becauſe my Foes,
Thy ſacred Word forget.
140 That Word which as it pure'ly flows,
On it my Heart is ſet.

141 I'm Lord deſpis'd and mean, but ſtill
My Soul thy Law retains.
142 Thy Laws, the Truth, thy Righteous Will,
From Age to Age remains.
143 Delight to me, tho' compaſt round,
With Woes, thy Statutes give.
144 Their Juſtice every Age has found;
O make me Wiſe to Live!

Koph, 19. *Reſch*, 20.

145 I cry aloud; Lord, hear my cry,
I'll keep thy Statutes ſure
146 I Pray, ô ſave me, and I'll try
Thy Teſtimonies pure.
147 My Crys Days early dawn prevent,
While for thy Word I Wait.
148 All Night my wakeful Heart's intent,
On them to meditate,

149 O Hear me, and my Spirits by,
Thy Judgments Lord renew!
150 For they approach who virtue Fly,
And Miſchiefs ways purſue.
158 Thou Lord art ever near to Thine,
And thy Commands are True.
152 I knew long ſince thy Laws Divine,
Were ſtrong and laſting too.

153 Weigh Lord, my ſufferings! ſet Me free,
Who don't forget thy Laws!
154 And for thy promiſe quicken me,
O ſave and plead my Cauſe!

155 Sal-

155 Salvations far from Sinners who,
Thy Statutes ne're purſue.
156 But as thy Mercys kindly flow,
My ſtrength, juſt God, renew!

157 Tho cruel Foes unnumber'd are,
I don't thy Laws decline.
158 But ſee with Grief how Sinners dare;
Againſt thy Word combine.
159 See how I in thy Laws delight,
In Love revive my Soul!
160 Truth founds thy Word, thy Judgments right;
Shall Times laſt Force controul.

Schin, 21. *Than*, 22.

161 Purſued by Kings, with Cauſeleſs Hate;
Yet more thy Words I fear'd.
162 In me more Joys thy Words create,
Then Spoils in Battel clear'd.
163 Lies I with Hate and ſcorn diſc'aim,
But Love thy Laws to truſt.
164 Seven times a day I praiſe thy Name,
For all thy Judgments Juſt.

165 They live in Peace, who love thy Word,
No Cares diſturb their Reſt.
166 I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With thy Commandments bleſt.
167 My Soul thy Teſtimonies takes,
And loves exceedingly.
168 Thy Laws its whole Employment makes;
My ways before Thee lie.

169 Lord, let my Crys approach thy Place,
Thy Statutes make me Wiſe!
170 My Prayers aſcend, and from thy Face
My Promis'd Reſcue riſe!

171 My Lips ſhall utter Praiſes well,
When all thy Statutes taught.
172 And on thy Word, my Tongue ſha'l dwell,
And Orders juſtly wrought.

173 Lord help me with thy gracious Hand,
For I thy Precepts choſe.
174 I long for thy Salvation, and
My Joy thy Laws compoſe.
175 O let me live and praiſe thy Name,
Thy Judgments help my Cauſe!
176 And me, poor wandring Sheep, reclaim
Who n'er forget thy Laws!

PSAL. CXX.

1 TO God in deep Diſtreſs, I cry
Who bows his Ear to me.
2 My Soul, Dear Lord, from Lips which lie,
And Tongues deceitful free!
3 What ſhall be pay'd, what done to Thee;
Thou falſe deceitful Tongue?
4 Thy Portion burning Coa'ls ſhall be,
And Arrows from the ſtrong.

5 Wo's me that I conſtrain'd ſo long,
In Forreign Tents abide!
Wo's me who baniſh'd thus among:
Men us'd to Blood reſide!
6 My Soul hath ſojourn'd long with thoſe,
Who hate the Thoughts of Peace,
7 If I the Name of Peace propoſe,
Their Quarrels moſt encreaſe.

Another Metre, proper Tune.

1 TO God in Troubles I
And deep Diſtreſſes cry,
And He receives my Prayer. 2 Lor

2 Lord, ſave my Soul from thoſe,
Whoſe Lips with Falſhood cloſe;
Whoſe Tongues deceitful are.

3 What ſhall be paid to Thee,
Or what thy Portion be
Thou while deceitful Tongue?
4 Hot Coals of Juniper,
Shalt thou from Juſtice bear,
And Arrows of the ſtrong,

5 Woe's me alas! that I
Muſt thro' neceſſity,
In diſmal Tents abide!
Woe's me! who muſt ſo long
In Baniſhment, among
Blood-thirſty Brutes reſide!

6 My Soul has ſojourn'd long
With thoſe who live by wrong,
But hate the Thoughts of Peace.
7 When I for Peace would move
That Peace I dearly love.
Their Feuds and Jarrs encreaſe.

PSAL. CXXJ.

1 UP to the Hills I lift my Eyes,
From whence my Aids deſcend?
2 The Lord who made the Earth and Skyes,
Will ſure aſſiſtance ſend.
3 Hee'l fix thy Foot ſecure: No ſleeps
Thy Watchman can ſurprize.
4 That God who *Iſrael* ſafely keeps,
Ne're ſhuts his wakeful Eyes.

5 The Lord is thy Protector ſure,
And he defends thy Head.

Thy Maker will his ſhade ſecure
O're all thy Dwellings ſpread.
6 So all the Sun's fierce Summer Beams
Shall never make thee ill.
On thee the Moons unwholeſome Gleams
No hurtful Dews diſtil.

7 The Lord from Ills ſhall keep thee free,
Thy Soul from Harms ſecure:
8 Go out, come in, he'll follow thee,
His Loves unchang'd endure.

Another Metre: Proper Tune.

1 ABove the Hills I raiſe my Eyes,
And thence aſſur'd expect,
That God ſhould me protect.
2 From God my certain Aid ſhall riſe
From that God whoſe Word gave Birth
To the Skies, and humbler Earth.

3 No ſtumbling ſhall thy Feet ſurprize,
Thy Guardian never ſleeps,
4 That God who Iſrael keeps,
Can never ſhut his wakeful Eyes;
5 But with his Protection bleſt,
Thou beneath his Shade ſhalt reſt.

6 The ſcorching Sun's directeſt Beams
Unhurt thy Head ſhalt bear,
And no Diſtemper fear:
Nor ſhall the Moon's malignant Gleams,
Poiſonous Vapours, us'd to kill
With her Midnight Dews diſtil.

7 The Lord from Harms ſhall keep thee free,
And all thoſe Ills controul,
Which might affect thy Soul.

8 Go

8 Go out, come in, he follows thee,
And with Goodneſs thee ſecures,
Which from Age to Age endures.

PSAL. cxxij.

1 WIth Joy I heard the Captives cry,
Gods Houſe is all our Queſt.
2 Our wearied Steps ſhall chearfully
In *Salem*'s Entrance reſt.
3 As where ſweet Peace and Beauty join,
So *Salem*'s Buildingss grow;
4 And there God's holy Tribes combine,
And to his Preſence flow.

There Iſraels Teſtimony ſtands,
And Gods great Name they praiſe.
5 The Throne of Juſtice there commands,
And *David*'s Offspring ſways.
6 O pray for *Salem*'s Peace! may thoſe
Who love thee proſper ſtill!
7 May Peace thy Battlements compoſe,
Thy Houſes Plenty fill!

8 For my dear faithful Brethrens ſakes,
O may thy Joys encreaſe!
And where my God his Dwelling makes,
I'll ſeek thy Wealth and Peace.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 I Heard with inward Joys
The Captives cheerful Cries,
Gods holy Houſe is all our Queſt.
Our often wand'ring Feet
In one Deſign ſhall meet,
And in the Gates of *Salem* reſt.

3 As where the Sweets of Peace
With curious Arts increase;
So *Salem*'s happy Buildings rise,
4 For there the Tribes ascend,
And *Israel*'s God attend,
And Thanks and Praises sacrifice.

5 There stands the Judgment-seat,
There *David* once was great,
And still its to his Offspring due.
6 O pray for *Salem*'s Peace!
O may thy Friends encrease!
And good Success their Loves pursue!
7 May Peace and Wealth abound
Thy Walls and Houses round,
And for my faithful Brethrens sakes,
Thy Cause I'le countenance,
Thy Good and Peace advance
Where God his glorious Dwelling makes.

PSAL. cxxiij.

1 UP toward thy Dwelling-place the Skies,
Almighty Lord to Thee
We raise our sad despairing Eyes,
Consum'd with Misery.
2 As some poor beaten Slave would watch
His Master's angry Hands,
Or some corrected Maid dispatch
Her Mistresses Commands.

Yet view each Look, each turning Glance,
To find if Pitty there
Would in their smoother Brows advance,
Or in their Eyes appear.
So justly we, chastis'd for Sins,
In patient Silence wait,
Till God, once more appeas'd, begins
To raise our mournful State.

3 Pitty

3 Pity, ô pity, Lord, our Woes!
O hear our earneſt Cries!
And let thy Vengeance ſilence thoſe
Who our ſad State deſpiſe
4 Enough, dear Lord, enough we've born
The ſcoffing World's Abuſe,
And all that Inſolence and Scorn,
Which Pride and Wealth produce.

PSAL. CXXIV.

1 HAd not the Lord our Cauſe maintain'd,
Sing now, and ſhow a grateful Mind.
2 Had not the Lord our Right ſuſtain'd,
When Men of Blood our Fall deſign'd.

3 Our Land had been at once devour'd,
All ſwallow'd by the barbarous Foe;
4 As Brooks by mighty Rains o're-pour'd,
At once the Neighbouring Meads o'reflow.

5 Thus had our happy Days been paſt,
Our Hopes, our Joys, our Souls Deſtroy'd.
Our Foes yet ſcarce appeas'd at laſt,
Or their inhuman Entrails cloy'd.

6 But bleſt, ô ever bleſt be He
Whoſe careful Love our Souls redeem'd!
And us from cruel Hands ſet free,
His Name be prais'd, his Works eſteem'd.

7 We 'ſcap'd as little Birds eſcape,
When juſt beneath the Fowler's Hand;
Our God diſclos'd the Fatal Trap,
And we, through Him, in Safety ſtand.

8 Let then the cruel World combine,
And Malice private Plots deviſe,
Our Help's at hand, our Hope divine
On God, who made the World, relies.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 THis grateful Song may ſhew a grateful Mind.
Had not the mighty God our Cauſe maintain'd
2 Had not our gracious Lord our Right ſuſtain'd
When cruel Men with barbarous Oaths combin'd
And to deſtroy our hated Land deſign'd.

3 Their Rage which for a proper Morſel ſought,
Their bloody Throats wide as Hell's dreadful Gate
Had gorg'd our Church, & ſwallow'd down the State
4, 5 The Deeps the ſwelling Waves which proudly
wrought
A Flood quite o're our Souls at once had brought

6 O bleſt be God who ſav'd the trembling Prey:
7 Our Souls as Birds from crafty Fowlers freed,
And broke the Snares, and our Eſcape decreed!
8 Our Souls for Help on Him alone ſhall ſtay,
Who made the worlds, and whom the worlds obey

PSAL. CXXV.

1 THey fix'd, as *Sion*'s Mount, endure,
Who in their Maker truſt:
2 As Mountains *Salem*'s Walls ſecure,
So God ſecures the Juſt.
3 Ill Men ſhan't o're the Good prevail,
Or in their Quarters reſt,
Leſt they beneath Temptations fail,
Above their Strength oppreſt.

4 Be good and kind, dear Lord, to thoſe,
Who Peace and Goodneſs love!

To ſuch thy gentle Smiles diſcloſe,
Whoſe Hearts are fix'd above!
But thoſe who tread in Ways perverſe,
Gods juſt Revenge ſhall find:
Who'll Peace among his own diſperſe,
And to his Saints be kind.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1. THoſe who on God have fix'd their Truſt,
Unmov'd, like *Sion*'s Mount, endure:
2. As Mountains *Salem*'s Walls ſecure,
So God Himſelf ſecures the Juſt,
His Mercies endleſs ſtore
Shall laſt when Time's no more.

3 He checks the Wickeds angry Courſe,
When they his holy Saints aſſail,
They may, but never long, prevail:
Leſt Faith cruſh'd by unequal Force,
Should faintly quit the Field,
And to the Tempter yield.

4 To thoſe, dear God, who Goodneſs love,
To Men of upright Hearts be kind!
While thoſe the Sinners Portion find,
Who ſtubborn and perverſely move;
But on God's Iſrael
Shall Peace eternal dwell.

PSAL. CXXVJ.

1 WHen Home the Lord his Captives lead,
At firſt it ſeem'd a Dream;
2 But Joy was quickly round us ſpread,
And Praiſe our glorious Theam.
The very Gentile Nations round
Cry'd out at once, amaz'd:

See-

See how God's Favours there abound;
How soon his Friends are rais'd!

3 God's Loves to Us indeed abound,
Our Joys are truely great;
4 That Work which, Lord, thy Hands have found,
O let thy Hands compleat!
So *Judah*'s long deserted Lands
Shall more Refreshments know,
Then where soft Streams thro' Southern Sands,
With constant Coolness flow.

5 Thus Men may sow in Tears, but hope
To reap their Fields in Joy.
Their precious Seed may give them Scope
For Faith's Divine Employ.
6 Long may they wait, and long may fear
Their Seed was vainly sown;
Yet home their Sheaves triumphant bring,
At last a Burden grown.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 WHen God at last
Return'd his happy Captives home,
We all appear'd
Like those who in their Slumbers dream.
2 Mirth from our Lips,
Praise from our chearful Tongues would come.
Mirth daily was
Our Food, and Praise our daily Theam.
The very Heathens round us wondring, cry'd,
See how God's Love to them is magnify'd!

3 God's Love to us
Indeed is highly magnify'd.
Our present Joys
Are more than former Sorrows great.

4 Thou

4 Thou, Lord, who doſt
Ful Streams for Southern Lands provide.
O let our Re-
ſtitution be at laſt compleat!
5 So Judah's Lands ſhall more Refreſhment know,
Than Sands thro' which thy cooling Rivers flow.

Thus, tho' ſwell'd Grief
Rou's in with an impetuous Tide,
Yet ſliding off,
It ſoon its Place to Joy reſigns.
6 And he who pre-
tious Seed on barren Mountains try'd,
And thro' a fond
Miſtake to cold Deſpair inclines:
Comes home at laſt with Joys triumphant Sound,
With weighty Sheves his fruitful Harveſt crown'd.

PSAL. cxxvij.

1 IF God to build the Houſe denies,
The Workmen build in vain;
And Towns, without Gods wakeful Eyes,
A needleſs Watch maintain.
2 Before the Mornings Bluſhes riſe,
Your daily Works renew,
And till the Stars remount the Skies,
Your daily Works purſue.

Fare ne're ſo hard, it's all in vain,
If yet by God unbleſt;
Do all, and but his Smiles obtain,
You'll ſafely, ſweetly reſt.
3 Lo, Children from the pregnant Womb,
By Gods bleſt Influence grow,
4 Like Arrows, in their youthful Bloom,
Shot from ſome Gyant's Bow.

5 O happy's he, whoſe Quiver's fill'd
With ſuch bright Shafts reſound!
He'll ne're to Force, nor Malice yield,
While theſe his Foes confound.

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 IF God to build the Houſe denies,
The Workmen build, but build in vain,
And Cities uſeleſs Guards maintain,
If God withdraws his watchful Eyes.
Gods Help out-does the Builders Art,
And He performs the Watchman's Part.

2 Before the Morning-Bluſhes riſe,
Your daily painful Works renew,
Your daily painful Works purſue,
Till Night again obſcures the Skies,
Support your ſelves with meaneſt Fare,
The Drink of Tears, the Bread of Care.

In vain you toil, and build in vain,
If God ſtill at a Diſtance ſtands,
And neither bleſs your Heads nor Hands.
But if his Love you once obtain,
Then riſe, or watch, or faſt, or weep,
You'll ſafely live, and ſweetly ſleep.

3 Lo! Children from the pregnant Womb,
By God's immediate Bleſſing grow,
4 Like Shafts ſent from ſome Giants Bow
They ſeem in all their youthful Bloom;
They too can hurl their deadly Darts
With ſteady Hands, and daring Hearts.

5 O happy's he, whoſe Quiver ſounds
With ſuch important Shafts as theſe!
The Man his Foes undaunted ſees.

No Fear his Head or Heart confounds,
Nor will he quit the Martial Field,
While theſe Support and Comfort yield.

PSAL. cxxviij.

1 HAppy, thrice happy Thou,
Who in his own beſt way,
Doſt to thy Great Creator bow,
And his Commands obey!
2 His Bleſſings round thee wait,
And on thy Labours reſt,
Thy meaner, but contented State,
With Peace and Safety bleſt.

3 Like ſome fair ſpreading Vine
With purple Grapes o're-born;
So thy kind Mates chaſt Beauties ſhine,
Her Fruits thy Walls adorn.
The lovely Mother ſhe
With hopeful Iſſue crown'd,
Her Sons, like Olive Plants, ſhall be
Thy Tables planted round.

4 Thus ſhall the Lord his Grace
On thee his Friend beſtow,
5 To thee, from *Sion*'s ſacred Place,
A thouſand Favours ſhow.
Bleſt with a firm old Age,
Thy happy Eyes ſhall ſee
Thy lively fruitful Heirs preſage
A long Poſterity.

6 Thy happy Eyes ſhall ſee
The Churches bleſt encreaſe,
Secur'd by long Felicity,
And univerſal Peace.

PSAL. CXXIX.

1 ME from my Youth may *Iſrael* ſay,
My Foes have oft oppreſt
2 In vain, from Youthful Years have they
Diſtur'd my Peaceful Reſt.
3 Deep o're my Back the Wicked plow'd,
And long their furrows drew,
And would of ſhort ſucceſſes proud,
Their ſpiteful ways purſue.

4 But God, the Righteous Judge, with eaſe
Their Cords in Pieces tore.
5 May Shame and Fear, theſe Wretches ſeize,
Who hate to *Sion* bore!
6 Let them, like Corn on Houſes, dy
Which Springs but quickly dyes,
7 Which Mowers paſs regardleſs by
And Reapers, all deſpiſe.

8 No Paſſengers would kindly call,
To ſuch as labour'd there,
Gods Bleſſing on Your Labours fall,
His Name your Harveſt cheer!

PSAL. CXXX.

1 FRom gloomy Deeps, Dear Lord, to Thee
From gloomy Deeps I cry'd.
1 O hear me! let thy Mercy be
No more to me deny'd!
3 Shouldſt thou our Sinns ſeverely weigh,
Who Lord thy Wrath could bear?
4 But Pardon is thy gentler Way,
The Spring of Godly Fear.

5 My Soul, Lord, waits, it waits for Thee,
And on thy Word depends.

E're I the dawning Morning ſee,
My Soul the Lord attends.
To him ô raiſe your Humble Eies,
Poor *Iſraels* ſcatter'd Race!
With him kind Mercy treaſur'd lies
And never failing Grace.

From Him Redemption freely flows,
And Hee'l redeem Thee too.
From all thy Sinns and all thoſe Woes,
Which juſtly Sinn purſue.

PSAL. CXXXJ.

NO Prides aſpiring Rage,
No ſwelling Thoughts engage.
Dear God my Heart to bear a part
With this corrupted Age.
I ne'r at Empire aim'd,
Nor Crowns, nor Scepters claim'd,
Nor ſoar'd above with wanton Love,
Of Myſteries enflam'd.

But as ſome Babe at Reſt,
Wean'd from its Mothers Breaſt;
Cloſe Silence keeps with gentle ſleeps,
Or Smiling Slumbers bleſt,
So Lord my Soul ſet free
From careful Vanity.
From Earths delights and unknown Flights,
In Silence waits on Thee.

O Ye of *Iſraels* race,
O ſeek his glorious Face!
On Him beſure your Faith ſecure,
And his Commands embrace!

PSAL. cxij.

1 REmember *David's* Troubles Lord,
How in Affliction He,
2 With faithful Vows engag'd his Word,
O *Jacobs* God to Thee!
3 High tho my lofty Palace riſe,
With Cedar nobly ciel'd.
And Beds with Golden Canopyes,
Would downy Slumbers yield.

4 I'll ne'r my Rooms of State approach,
Nor ſtretch my ſelf at eaſe:
No ſleep ſhall on my Brows encroach
My Lids no Slumbers pleaſe.
5 Till I that happy Place have found,
By Heavenly Favour bleſt;
Where *Jacobs* God on Holy ground,
Will fix his glorious Reſt.

It's done! and as our Meaner Race
Of old their Maker choſe.
So rough and mean's that wondrous Place
Where hee'l at laſt repoſe,
6 *Ephrata's* Fields and *Shilohs* Plains,
Are all alas! deſtroy'd!
And *Sions* Mount unſmooth'd remains,
And rough, obſcure, and void;

Yet there his Arke is fix'd, and there
His ſacred Altars ſtand;
Till there his Temples roofs appear,
And all the Mount command.
7 Come let's approach the place! before
His holy Altars bow,
And at his glorious Feet adore,
And due Submiſſion ſhow!

Part 2.

8 Riſe Lord, thy Arke of Glory raiſe,
Aſſume thy choſen Seat!
And on thy flock which humbly prays,
Thy Bleſſings Lord repeat!
9 Thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs inveſt,
Thy Saints for Joy ſhall ſing,
10 For *Davids* ſake his Offſpring bleſt,
To Crowns and Scepters bring!

11 The Lord to *David* ſware of old,
His Oath in Truth was made,
Thy Seed ſhall ſtill the Kingdom hold,
From Heirs to Heirs convey'd.
12 And if thy Sons with prudent Care
My Covenant obſerve.
And from thoſe Rules my Laws declare,
Shall never vainly ſwerve.

I too will them as Kings ſupport,
And thy continued Line:
On *Salems* Throne in *Judæ's* Court
From Age to Age ſhall ſhine.
13 *Sion* is Gods Election, where
Hee'l hold his Reſidence.
14 " Here will I always dwell, and here
" My long'd for Reſt Commence.

15 " I'le their Proviſions largely bleſs,
" Their Poor with plenty cloy.
16 " Their Prieſts with my Salvation dreſs,
" And fill their Saints with Joy.
17 " There *Davids* Branches ever ſtrong,
" Shall fill the Regal Line,
The Lamp of my Anointed long
" With ſettled Luſtre ſhine.

18 Shame

18 Shame ſhall his envious Foes ſurround,
But his illuſtrous Head
With ſtarry Beams of Glory crown'd,
Freſh Honours round him ſhed.

PSAL. cxxxiij.

1 HOw ſweet, how charming is the Sight,
Where prudent Chriſtians move
In peaceful Ways, and all delight
To wear the Chains of Love?
Then Kindneſs fills their tender Hearts,
And ſhoots thro all their Eyes.
Each Tongue a Love unfeign'd imparts,
And Love's their Exerciſe.

2 So when thoſe fragrant Oils of old,
The Head of *Aaron* crown'd,
And down his Head the Baſom roll'd,
And drench'd his Garments round.
From him the pleaſant Odours thro'
The Tabernacle flow'd,
And on the ſacrificing Crew,
A thouſand Sweets beſtow'd.

3 And as ſoft Rains, and pearly Dews
On *Sion*'s Mount diſtill,
And Clouds their Silver Drops diffuſe
On *Hermon*'s fruitful Hill.
So God, where Men his Peace maintain,
His Bleſſing largely ſends,
And Love to all that heavenly Train,
From Age to Age extends.

Another Metre, as the 148.

SWeet Peace, bleſt Charity,
How ſoft thy heavenly Charms,
When that uniting Tye
The Souls of Brethren arms;
And ſoars above
Rough Nature's Jars,
And ſinful Wars,
On Wings of Love!

More ſweet than Balſams ſhed,
By Gods divine Command,
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head,
Which all his Garments ſtain'd:
And thence diſtill'd,
Gods holy Place,
With heavenly Grace,
And Odours fill'd.

More ſweet than thoſe ſoft Dews,
Which ancient *Hermon* crown'd,
Or Drops which Clouds diffuſe
Gods holy Mount around.
And all below
Kind warmth prevails,
And pleaſant Dales
With Plenty flow.

Where ſuch ſweet Concord reigns,
The God of Peace deſcends;
The Church and State maintains,
And every Tribe defends.
His Bleſſings fall,
And Life and Eaſe,
And laſting Peace
Extends to all.

PSAL.

PSAL. CXXXIV.

1 YE who before the Lord,
In nightly turns adore
With Praiſe his wondrous Acts record,
His gracious Smiles implore.
2 Up toward his holy Place
Your Hands devoutly raiſe,
And all thoſe happy Hours embrace,
To ſing his glorious Praiſe.

3 For he at whoſe Command
The World from Nothing roſe,
Great Bleſſings with a liberal Hand,
On all his Church beſtows.

PSAL. CXXXV.

1 O Praiſe the Lord, ye Saints, his Name,
With grateful Anthems raiſe,
2 Who in his Houſe your Stations claim,
And fill his Courts with Praiſe!
3 Praiſe ye the Lord, the gracious Lord,
For 'tis a pleaſant Thing;
When Men with Thanks his Name record,
With Thanks his Praiſes ſing.

4 For God himſelf his Iſrael choſe,
His own peculiar Care;
5 Vain Gods in vain his Strength oppoſe,
With him in vain compare.
6 Thro' the vaſt Deeps, Seas, Earth, and Skies
God acts his pleaſure all.
7 He bids the cloudy Vapours riſe,
And he commands their Fall.

Fierce

Fierce Lightnings on his pouring Rains,
At his Commands attend :
Rough Winds he from his Treaſures dreins,
VVhich thence in Storms aſcend.
God, the Firſt-born, from Man to Beaſt,
Thro trembling *Egypt* ſlew,
Him, by his dreadful Plagues oppreſt,
Diſtracted *Egypt* knew.

Pharaoh and all his Armies dy'd
Beneath his weighty Hand
He many mighty Kings deſtroy'd,
And many a fruitful Land ;
Sihon and *Og*, and all who reign'd
Of *Canaan*'s Realms poſſeſt,
Till *Iſrael*'s Race their Kingdoms gain'd,
And there ſecur'd their Reſt.

Part 2.

Thy Name, and thy Memorial, Lord,
From Age to Age endures.
Thy Juſtice all thy Saints record,
VVhile that their Peace procures ;
For God for all their Sufferings griev'd,
And their afflicted Caſe,
VVill them, from cruel Foes reliev'd,
VVith tend'reſt Loves embrace.

Idols for Gods, the Gentiles blind,
Of Gold and Silver uſe,
VVhoſe Mouths were ne're for Speech deſign'd,
VVhoſe Eyes the Light refuſe.
No ſound could over-reach their Ears,
No Breath their Lives declare ;
Dull as their Gods, their Slaves appear,
And ſuch their Makers are.

19 The Lord, ô ye of *Iſrael*'s Race,
O *Aaron*'s Houſe proclaim!
20 Ye Levites, ye who ſeek his Grace,
O Praiſe his ſacred Name!
21 With Bleſſings from his holy Hill
His Name and Acts record;
Whoſe Glories all his Churches fill,
Praiſe ye, ô praiſe the Lord!

PSAL. CXXXVj.

1 O Praiſe th' Eternal Lord,
2 The God of Gods adore!
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure
A never-failing Store.
3 O praiſe the Lord of Lords,
4 Who Wonders works alone!
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure
To end'leſs Ages known.

5 Praiſe Him whoſe curious Hand
Stretch'd out the lofty Skies:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
When all expiring lies.
6 He made firm Land above
The mighty Waters riſe:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
When Time and Nature dies.

7 Praiſe Him whoſe Wiſdom firſt
Set up the glorious Light:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
As that immenſely bright.
8 The Sun to rule the Day,
9 The Moon and Stars the Night:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure
In all the Nations ſight.

10 He

10 He all their eldeſt Hopes
Thro' *Egypt*'s Land deſtroy'd:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
O're all his Works employ'd.
11 Thence with an out-ſtretch'd Arm
12 He lead his *Iſrael*'s Race:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
When Time reſigns his Place.

Part 2.

13 Praiſe Him whoſe powerful Hand
Made mighty Seas divide:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
Thro' endleſs Ages try'd.
14 VVho thro' the ſandy Deeps
All *Iſrael*'s Armies lead:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
In all his Actions read.

15 But o're proud *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt
Returning VVaves prevail'd:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure
On all his own Entail'd.
16 VVho thro' the Deſert wilde,
His People march'd ſecure:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
And as his Nature pure.

17 He many powerful Kings,
18 And mighty Princes ſlew:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
To all his Servants true.
19 The ſurly *Amorite*,
20 And *Baſhan*'s Gyant Lord:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
As his Eternal VVord.

21 Praiſe Him, who all their Land
22 On *Iſrael*'s Race beſtow'd:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
To all his Creatures ſhow'd.
23 He help'd our mean Eſtate,
24 And us from Foes redeem'd:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
By all his Saints eſteem'd.

25 He feeds his Creatures all;
O praiſe this heavenly King:
His Mercies ſure unchang'd endure,
Let all his Creatures ſing!

Another Metre, as the 148th.

1 O Praiſe th' Eternal Lord!
2 The God of Gods adore,
3 The Lord of Lords record,
4 And all his Wonders ſtore.
For certainly
His Mercies ſure
Unchang'd endure
Eternally.

5 Praiſe Him whoſe curious Hand
Stretch'd out the lofty Skies,
6 And made the ſolid Land
Above the Waters riſe.
For certainly, *&c.*

7 He through Confuſions ſway,
Drew out the glorious Light,
8 The Sun to rule the Day,
9 The Moon and Stars the Night.
For certainly, *&c.*

10 He all the First-born slew
Thro' *Egypt*'s mournful Land,
11 And out his *Israel* drew
12 With his victorious Hand.
For certainly, *&c.*

13 Praise Him, before whose Rod,
The Seas divided fled,
14 And thro' strange ways untrod,
His *Jacob*'s Army led.
For certainly, *&c.*

15 Who drowning *Pharaoh*'s Host,
16 His own thro' Deserts strain'd,
17 And *Canaan*'s ancient Coast
18 With Blood of Princes stain'd.
For certainly, *&c.*

19 The furious *Amorite*,
20 And *Bashan*'s Monster King
21 He slew, that to their Right
22 He might his Servants bring.
For certainly, *&c.*

23 Praise Him who helps our Needs,
24 And gives us Victories,
25 Who all his Creatures feeds,
And reigns above the Skies.
For certainly, *&c.*

PSAL. 137. *Proper Tune.*

ON *Babel*'s Rivers Banks we sate,
O're-whelm'd with Miseries,
And Tears for *Sion*'s ruin'd State,
O're-flow'd our mournful Eyes.

2 Uſeleſs our Harps untun'd, unſtrung,
As our diſorder'd Minds,
On Willows unregarded hung,
Expos'd to wanton Winds.

3 But our too cruel Conquerors there
Diſturb'd our ſilent Woes,
And bad us change our mournful Cheer,
Our Thoughts to Songs compoſe.
"Let's hear, *they cry'd*, that wondrous Song,
" Which once your God could charm,
" Our Ears for *Sion*'s Muſick long,
" Our heavy Hearts to warm.

4 What ſhall we ſing our holy Songs
To pleaſe our haughty Foes?
Shall we, what to our God belongs,
In Heathen Lands expoſe?
5 No, ſhould we *Salem*'s Woes paſs o're,
Her Deſolations ſlight,
O may our skilful Hands no more
The curious Ear delight!

6 O may our Tongues be ſilent quite,
If we her Walls forget;
Or don't, above our chief Delight,
Poor *Salem*'s Sorrows ſet!
7 Think, Lord, on *Eſau*'s barbarous Race,
How at our Fall they cry'd,
Down, down, their mighty Walls deface!
O're-turn their ancient Pride!

8 Nor ſhalt thou *Babel* e're avoid
Our God's revenging Hand,
Since He by whom thy Pride's deſtroy'd,
Shall, bleſt, in ſafety ſtand.
9 Gods Bleſſings on his Arms ſhall reſt,
Who breaks the tender Bones

Of Babes torn from the Mother's Breaſt,
On unrelenting ſtones.

Another Metre: As the 51th. Proper Tune.

1. WHen on *Euphrates* Banks we lay,
Poor ſlaves oppreſs'd with Cares and Fears,
And thought on *Salem*'s fatal Day,
Our Sighs burſt out at laſt in Tears,
We ſaw proud *Babel* firmly wall'd,
Her Buildings fair, ſerene her ſtate,
The ſight poor *Salem*'s Doom recall'd,
Augmenting Sorrows diſmal weight.

2 Thither in vain our Harps wee'd brought,
To calm our Thoughts, and eaſe our Woes,
Such Eaſe, alaſs! in vain we ſought,
Our Wounds no Muſick's Balm could cloſe.
Careleſs, at laſt, we hung them by,
On mournful Willows planted round,
Where the ſad Strings by ſympathy,
Sigh'd, broke, and gave a doleful ſound.

3 But they whoſe cruel Hands had laid
Our Country waſte, our ſelves in Chains,
A ſport of all our Sorrows made,
And call'd for Muſick's pleaſing ſtreins.
"Come take your lazy Harps, they cry,
"Tune well, tune every ſounding ſtring,
"Let's have ſome godly melody,
"Some chearful Hallelujah ſing!

4 Inhumane! ſhould we proſtitute
Our holieſt Things to Dogs, or Swine?
Should we God's ſacred Name pollute,
Or treat his Foes with ſongs Divine?
5 Ah Lord! Ah *Sion*'s ancient Fame!
Ah *Salem*'s ruin'd Walls! ſhall we

Forget Dear *Sion*'s darling Name,
Or Widdowed *Salem*'s Miſery?

No; rather may our Fingers looſe
Their Reliſh on the tuneful Lyre;
Our Hands their ſweeteſt Strokes refuſe
Their ſofteſt Touch, and nobleſt Fire,
6 Oh! may Eternal Hoarſeneſs ſeize
Our Throats! our Tongues be always dry!
No more our charming Anthems pleaſe,
If *Salem*'s ſad remembrance dye.

Nay, ſhould Joys ſudden Extaſies
To Heav'n our drooping Tempers raiſe;
O may we ne'er approach the Skies,
If *Sion* crowns not all our Praiſe!
7 Think, Lord, on *Eſau*'s Sons whoſe Spite
Unnaturally urged our Fate:
Down, Down with *Salem*; Raſe it quite;
Down with that Birthright-ſtealing State!

Our deathful Cries not one kind Look
Could from obdurate Brethren gain;
Our Griefs they for Diverſion took;
Laugh'd at our Cries, and mock'd our Pain.
8 Nor ſhall thy Doom, proud *Babel*, ſtay;
Thy Sword was cruel too; thy Rage
Could brutiſh *Edom*'s Curſe obey,
And againſt Tears and Cries engage.

See where God's dreadful Judgments wait,
To ſtrike the dead revenging Blow!
And bleſs'd be He whoſe mortal hate
Shall make thee taſte of *Salem*'s woe!
9 Thrice happy he whoſe hands ſhall tear
From Mother's Breaſts thy Infant Race;
Nor for their tender Out-cries ſpare,
But daſh their Brains in every place.

PSAL.

PSAL. cxxxviij.

1 WIth all my heart, thy Praiſes I
Before the Gods will ſing,
2 And to thy Temple chearfully
My grateful Offerings bring:
Before thy Holy Place I'll bow,
Thy Truth, thy Mercies praiſe;
For o'er thy Name entirely now
Thy Word it ſelf diſplays.

3 I pray'd; thou heard'ſt my Prayer: reſtor'd
To ſtrength my Soul appear'd.
4 All Earthly Kings ſhall praiſe the Lord,
When they his Words have heard.
5 Joy ſhall enlarge their Hearts, when they
Shall tread thy ſacred Ways:
When they thy Juſt Commands obey,
They'll all thy Glories praiſe.

6 For though the Lord, enthron'd on High,
The World's vaſt Empire ſways,
On humble Souls He caſts his Eye,
And ſcorns the Prides haughty ways.
7 Though I, involv'd in mighty Woes,
As ſunk and loſt appear,
Thy Hand ſhall break my angry Foes,
And ſave my Soul from fear.

8 Since, Lord, thy Mercies boundleſs are,
O don't my Hopes defeat;
But all thy Works, for me, with care,
Thy Handy-works compleat!

PSAL. cxxxix.

1 LOrd, Thou haſt fully ſearch'd me out,
And throughly canvaſs'd me!
2 My Reſt, my Riſe, each ſhapeleſs Thought
Is known long ſince to Thee.
3 Thy wond'rous Art, thy curious Hand,
My private Path diſplays;
By Thee my very Sleeps are ſcann'd,
And all my various Ways.

4 What e'r my ſerious Thought produce,
Before the Words are fram'd,
Before my Tongue can find its uſe,
Is in thy Ears proclaim'd.
5 When I my Shape, ſo c'ean, ſo fair,
Behind, Before, ſurvey;
I know thy Hand, thy ſkilful Care,
Thus built my humble Clay.

6 Would I into thy Secrets pry,
Thy Forming Wiſdom know;
7 For me ſuch Skill is far too high,
And I, alas! too low.
Whither, O whither then ſhould I
Go from thy piercing ſight?
O whither from thy Spirit's Eye
Direct my ſecret flight?

8 If I climb high above the Sky,
Thy Throne of Glory's there:
If in Hell's gloomy Deeps I lie,
In Hell thy Powers appear.
9 If I, on Morning's purple Wings,
Out-ſtrip the fleeting Day,
And toward the Ocean's Weſtern Springs
Find out an unknown way,

10 Yet

10 Yet there thy far extended Hand
Would lead me out at last;
And thy Right Hand my Steps command,
And ever hold me fast.
11 Nay, should I say, the gloomy Night
Shall sure my Steps conceal,
Around me soon a glorious Light
Would all my Walks reveal.

12 Should Night condense its darkest Streams
One dismal Gloom to frame,
That Gloom, with more than Mid-days Beams,
Would Night it self enflame.

Part 2.

13 For in my Mother's Womb, of old,
Thy Hand my Reins possest;
And, in a wondrous Covering, roll'd,
Did all my Limbs invest.
14 Since in my Shape, and round me, all
Thy dreadful Wonders shine;
My Thoughts shall all my Works recall,
And in thy Praise combine.

15 When in the lower Womb, embrac'd,
My curious Texture grew;
Thy Wisdom all that Darkness trac'd,
And all my Substance knew.
16 The Lord my formless Substance view'd,
And in His Book enroll'd;
And as each Day with Shape endu'd,
My growing Members told.

17 How dear thy Counsels, Lord, to me!
How vast their Numbers are!
The Sands we round the Ocean see,
Can't with their Summs compare:

18 On then all Day I closely muse ;
And in my Nightly Dreams,
They through my Soul themselves diffuse,
And are my waking Themes.

19 The Lord shall wicked Men destroy :
Begone, Blood-thirsty Crew,
20 Who against God your Tongues employ,
His Name with Lyes pursue !
21 I with a perfect rage at those
Who hate my Maker, fly ;
22 And such, as if my deadly Foes,
With deadly hate defie.

23 O search me ! Try my Heart ! and see
Which way my Thoughts encline !
24 And all ill Thoughts remove, and me
Conduct in Paths divine !

PSAL. cxl.

1 FRom vile, from godless Men, Dear Lord,
O save ! O rescue me !
2 Whose Hearts in wicked Plots accord,
And quarrel constantly.
3 Their Tongues more pointed much than those
Of angry Serpents are ;
Their Lips more Venome far disclose,
Than fretted Asps prepare.

4 From Sinners, and the Violent,
Me, Lord, in peace bestow !
Whose spite against my ways is bent,
And would my Steps o'erthrow.
5 Their Nets, their Snares, their Ginns they lay
With unsuspected Arts ;
And when they quite surround my Way,
They please their scornful Hearts.

6 Thou

6 Thou art my God, my Lord, a'one:
Then to the Lord I ſaid,
The Prayers, the Supplications own,
By me thy Servant made!
7 Thou art my ſtrength alone; from Thee
My ſafety, Lord, deſcends:
When furious Battels compaſs me,
Thy Hand my Head defends.

8 Lord, let not wicked Workers thrive,
Nor gain their baſe Deſign!
Leſt they their Hearts, if thou connive,
To haughty Pride reſign.
9 But as for all that impious Crew
Who now my Path ſurround,
Let the malicious Lyes they brew,
Themſelves at laſt confound!

10 On them let burning Sulphur rain,
Hot Flames about them fly,
And they, O never rais'd again,
In diſmal Darkneſs lie!
11 Ne'er let the diſmal Wordy Tool
On Earth continue long;
Let miſchief hurt the Griping Fool,
Who ſtill delights in Wrong.

12 I know th'afflicted Poor Man's Claim
The Lord will ſtill maintain:
13 The Righteous then ſhall praiſe thy Name,
And in thy Sight remain.

PSAL. cxli.

1 I Call'd on Thee; Lord, haſte and hear,
And let my Voice, my Cries
2 As Incenſe prove! my Hands appear
As Ev'ning Sacrifice!

3 Lord,

3 Lord, by thy Grace, my Mouth ſecure,
My Lips with Wiſdom cloſe!
4 And let my Heart from Sin be pure,
And wicked Works oppoſe.

Leſt I aſſociate with thoſe
Who only Sin purſue,
And feaſt where luſcious Plenty flows,
Amongſt the ſcornful Crew.
5 Whene'er I ſin, with pity, may
The Good my Sins reprove;
Their Wounds are kinder far than they
Who feign deceitful Love.

Let thoſe, Lord, heal my Head, as Oil
Which heals and mollifies:
And though my Foes attempt my ſpoil,
For them my Pray'rs ſhall riſe.
6 May their Great Men in rocky Ways,
Be trampled under ſo,
That they my prudent Words may praiſe,
And Wiſdom's ſweetneſs know!

7 As Chips from falling Timber fly,
Or Ploughs tear up the Ground;
So, Lord, our Bones unbury'd lie
Our emptied Graves around.
8 To Thee I lift my faithful Eyes!
O don't my Soul reject!
But from thoſe Snares my Foes deviſe,
My Innocence protect!

9 Let not the Sinner's crafty Snare,
Dear Lord, entangle me!
10 But, while I 'ſcape, O let his Care
His own Confuſion be!

PSAL.

PSAL. clxij.

1 LOrd, from a dismal Place
I pray'd, I cry'd to Thee,
2 With earnest Prayers before thy Face,
I lay'd my Misery.
3 My Spirits fainted quite,
But, Lord, thou know'st my Way,
And how my Foes with active spite,
Their Snares about it lay.

4 Where e're I cast my Eyes,
I stand, alass! unknown,
Where e're my Soul for Refuge flies,
It's left forlorn alone.
5 Yet to the Lord, I cry'd,
And said, "My Hope's in Thee,
"Thou, Lord, while I on Earth abide,
"Shalt all my Portion be.

6 "Lord, hear my Cries! my Woes,
"My lost Condition view,
"Save me from those too mighty Foes,
"Who now my Life pursue!
7 "O let my Soul be free,
"Thy holy Name to praise!
"The Just with Songs shall compass me,
"When Thou my Head shalt raise.

Another Metre.

1 I to the Lord devoutly pray'd,
To him I cry'd aloud,
2 And in his sight my Sorrows laid,
And all my Sufferings show'd.
3 When my faint Spirits slowly mov'd,
Thou knewst my certain way,

How Snares by cruel Arts improv'd,
About my Footsteps lay.

4 I look'd for some Assistance round,
But was, alas! unknown,
My wretched Soul no shelter found,
And was esteem'd by none.
5 Then I, in Prayer, to God confest,
In Thee my Hope's secure,
Thou art, since I my Life possest,
My Lot, my Portion sure.

6 O let my Cries thy Ears engage,
My groaning weakness see!
Save me from Persecutor's rage,
Too strong alas! for me.
7 Lord, set my Soul from Prison free,
To praise thy sacred Name,
And when the Righteous compass me,
Thy Bounties I'le proclaim.

PSAL. clxiij.

1 LOrd, hear my Prayers, accept my Cries,
In Truth and Righteousness!
2 And let not Judgments sharp surprize
Thy Servant's Soul oppress!
For when thy searching Eyes begin,
To try our fading Years,
Lord, in thy sight o'rewhelm'd with Sin,
The purest Saint appears!

3 My Soul pursu'd by cruel Foes,
My Life quite overthrown,
I ly in Darkness lost, like those
Who to their Graves are gone.
4 For this my Spirit faints in me,
My Heart deserted mourns,

5 And to my labouring Memory,
My happier Age returns.

On all thy Acts I daily muſe,
Thy Works run daily o're,
6 And as the parching Earth ſoft Dews,
So Thee my Hands implore.
7 I faint, ô quickly, quickly hear,
Thy ſmiles, dear Lord, I crave;
Leaſt I, like dying Men, appear,
Who juſt approach the Grave.

8 Let me thy Mercies early gain,
For, Lord, I truſt in Thee,
To Thee I lift my Soul, make plain
The way of Life to me!
9 Save me from all my Foes, who ſtill
To Thee for ſhelter fly.
10 Teach me to do thy ſacred Will,
My Lord, my God, moſt High!

O let thy Spirit lead me to
The Land of Righteouſneſs,
11 My Soul with active Life renew,
And for thy Glory bleſs!
Juſt Lord, from Troubles ſet me free,
And all my Foes deſtroy,
Thy Mercy, and thy Help, let me,
Thy Servant, Lord, enjoy!

PSAL. clxjv.

1 BLeſt be the Lord, my ſtrength, whoſe Care,
And whoſe victorious Might,
Inſtructs my ready Hands for War,
My Fingers for the Fight,
2 My Goodneſs, Fort, my Raiſer, He,
My Saviour, and my Shield.

In

In Him I truſt, thro' Him to Me,
My willing People yield.

3 Lord what is Man? what Mans weak Race,
Own'd by the favouring Ey?
4 Meer Vanity! His Age, his Grace,
Like Shadows ſwiftly fly.
5 Lord bow thy Heavens, come down, divide
The Hills, the Hills ſhall ſmoke!
6 Shoot Lightnings, break, deſtroy their Pride
With one confounding ſtroke!

7 Lord, from above thy Arms extend,
And ſave and reſcue Me,
From Headſtrong Crouds, my Crown defend,
And Forreign Tyranny;
8 From ſuch whoſe Lips, and Hands in Lyes,
In Deed and Word agree.
9 So I'll new Songs, new Tunes deviſe,
On Lute and Harp to Thee.

Part 2.

10 The Lord his ſtrong Salvation's Guards,
On Royal Heads beſtows,
And from his Servant *David* wards,
The plotting Traitors blows.
11 Save Me my God! ô reſcue Me
From Forreign Enemies!
Whoſe Words and Actions all agree,
In Treachery and Lies.

12 So ſhall our Sons like Plants alive,
In Water'd Gardens ſhow.
And with a kindly vigour thrive,
And daily ſtronger grow:
Our Daughters like fair Marble Coines
Smooth'd by ſome Curious hand;

On

On which the building ſweetly joyns,
The Roofs ſecurely ſtand.

13 All kind of Grain ſhall largely flow,
And run our Garners o're;
Till none by Numbers force can know,
Our never ending ſtore.
Our Flocks their Young by thouſands near,
Our very Gates ſhall lay,
Ten thouſands in the rolling Year
About our Paſtures play.

14 Our Cattel to their Work be ſtrong,
We no Invaſions fear,
No Captives know, no Cries among
Our peaceful Dwellings hear.
15 Happy the Tribes muſt needs become,
On whom ſuch Favour flows!
But, ô more happy thoſe on whom,
Their God himſelf beſtows!

PSAL. cxlv.

1 THy Name, my God, my King, I'll raiſe
Above the lofty Skyes,
2 Each Day thy Holy Name I'll praiſe,
And Pſalms of thanks deviſe.
3 Great is our Lord, his Glory's great,
No Bounds his Greatneſs knows.
4 And Race to Race, his Acts repeat,
His wondrous Works diſcloſe.

5 I'll all my ſerious Thoughts addreſs,
To ſearch thy wondrous ways.
6 The World thy Terrors ſhall confeſs,
While I thy Greatneſs praiſe.
7 Thy Righteous Truth the World adores,
To mind thy Goodneſs brings,

And all thy Loves unfailing Stores,
In grateful Anthems Sings.

8 Our Lord's Compassionate and kind,
To vengeance only slow,
9 His Goodness all his Creatures find,
O're all his Mercies flow.
10 Thee all thy Works, ô God, shall Praise
And celebrate thy Name;
Thy Saints as gladly all their Days,
Thy glorious Might proclaim.

Part 2.

11 Thy Might, thy Kingdom's glorious State,
Thy Servants Talk shall show,
12 Till all thy valiant Acts relate,
Thy awful Glories know,
13 Beyond Times bounds, thy Kingdom stands,
Thy Government endures;
14 Thy Help supports the weak; thy Hand
Their timely Ease procures.

15 To Thee all raise their longing Eyes,
From Thee they beg their Food,
16 Thy Bounteous Hand, their Wants supplies,
And satisfies with Good.
17 How Just, blest God, how gentle all
Thy Ways and Works appear!
11 Kind to those Souls which on Thee call,
To those who seek Thee near!

19 Thou grantst the pious Suppliants Prayers,
Thou seest thy Servants Tears,
Thy Hand relieves their Various Cares,
And Ends their Doubts and Fears.
20 But all the wicked World shall find,
Thy Judgments dreadful weight.

To thy revenging Wrath reſign'd,
And unrelenting Hate.

21 Thy Name bleſt God, my Songs ſhall raiſe
Above the lofty Skyes;
And all to Thee ſhall pay their Praiſe,
Till Times laſt Moment dyes.

PSAL. cxlvj.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! with praiſe my Soul,
Thy Maker's Glories raiſe!
2 While Breath and Life are in me whole,
I'll ſing thy lofty Praiſe.
3 On Kings, on Men of mortal Birth,
For ſafety ne'r rely,
4 Whoſe Breath goes out, who turn to Earth,
And all whoſe Counſels dy.

5 But happy's He whoſe Hopes, whoſe Aid,
On God his Lord depends;
6 Who Seas, Earth, Heaven, and all things made,
Whoſe Promiſe never ends.
7 He for the Poor his Judgment ſhows,
When preſt by Violence.
Does Priſoners free, and Food to thoſe
Of Hungry Souls diſpence.

8 God to the Blind gives Senſe and Eyes,
And with his healing Art
Sets up the ſinking Soul; ſupplies
With Love the faithful Heart.
9 The Widows, Orphans, Stranger's cauſe,
The Lord himſelf maintains,
But o're the Stubborn Sinner draws,
Deſtructions fatal Chains.

10 Thy

10 Thy King, thy Lord, ô *Sion* reigns;
His Actions all record,
His Throne from Age to Age remains,
Praiſe ye, ô Praiſe the Lord!

PSAL. cxlvij.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! its good to Sing
Our Mighty Maker's praiſe,
Its pleaſant, and a comely thing,
His Glorious Acts to blaze.
2 The Lord poor *Salem's* Walls repairs,
Her wretched Duſt removes,
And home her wandring Outcaſts bears
Fenced with his tendereſt Loves,

3 The Lord finds out with pittying Art,
What Man from Man conceals.
And gently binds the bleeding Heart,
Its wounds as gently Heals.
4 He names the Stars which fill the Skies,
And all their Number Counts,
5 But his great Might and Actions wiſe,
All numbring Art ſurmounts.

6 The Lord exalts the lowly Heart,
But caſts the Sinner down,
7 Then Sing to God a grateful part,
Your Harps with Praiſes Crown!
8 With Clouds He covers all the Skies,
Which Rains as duely bring,
And makes the buried Plants to riſe.
The Sun burnt Hills to ſpring.

9 He feeds the Beaſts, and at their Cries
For Birds of Prey provides.
10 But ſtrength of Horſe, and brawny thighs
Of mighty Men derides.

11 But

11 But Loves the Men who fear his Name,
And for his Mercies wait
12 O *Sion*, *Salem*, ô proclaim,
Thy God's Majeſtic State!

Part 2.

13 He ſtrengthens all thy Gates and Bars,
And bleſſes all thy Seeds,
14 Thro' Him thy Borders, freed from Wars,
On Wheats pure fatneſs feed.
15 He ſends his Word, his Word on Earth,
With wondrous ſwiftneſs flies,
16 And gives the Snow its Flaky Birth,
Which all in Fleeces lies.

His heavy Froſts, like Aſhes you
Spread o're the Fields behold.
17 His Ice like Morſels lies, and who
Can ſtand his pierceing Cold?
18 He ſends his Word again, and ſtreight
His Ice, his Froſts and Snow!
Before his Warmer guſts abate,
And all in Waters flow.

19 The Lord to *Jacob's* choſen Race
His Sacred Writings gave;
His Laws, his Judgments, by his Grace,
His *Iſrael* only have.
20 So well no other Nation far'd,
Nor of his ſacred Word,
Nor of his Righteous Judgments heard,
Praiſe ye, ô praiſe the Lord!

PSAL. cxlviij.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! ô Praiſe the Lord!
On High his Glories raiſe!

2 Ye Angel Armys all record,
His Name with Joyful Praiſe!
3 Sun, Moon, and lightſome Stars conſent,
To praiſe his glorious Name;
4 And Heavens high Throne, the Firmament,
Of Waters praiſe the ſame!

5 Let theſe advance his Name, which He
Made by his great Command,
6 And fix'd 'um by a ſure Decree,
Unmov'd, unchang'd to ſtand.
7 Him all ye Earth born Dragons praiſe,
And each unfathom'd Deep.
8 Fire, Hail, Snow, Winds, which Tempeſts raiſe,
Yet ſtill his Orders keep!

9 Vaſt Hills, ſmall Hillocks, Cedars high
And every Fruitful Tree!
10 Wild Beaſts and Tame, and Birds which fly,
And Inſects each Degree.
11 Kings, Princes, Nations, Judges, thoſe
Who rule the World below,
12 Youths, Virgins, ſuch as ſtrength diſcloſe,
And Heads adorn'd with Snow.

13 Let all advance their Maker's Name,
Whoſe Name excells alone,
Whoſe Name is o're the Worlds vaſt frame,
On Winds of Glory blown,
14 He only makes his People great;
His Saints his Praiſe record,
His *Iſrael*, his near Friends repeat,
Praiſe ye, ô praiſe the Lord!

Another Metre. Proper Tune.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! Above
The Skies his Praiſes ſing!

Let

Let Heaven the Seat of Love,
With Heavenly Praiſes ring
Of his great Name,
Ye Angel Hoſt
With Reverence boaſt;
His Praiſe proclaim;

Bright Sun, whoſe Golden Rays,
Fill all the World with Light;
Pale Moon, bright Stars which blaze,
Thro' the dark Fields of Night,
Heavens outmoſt Frame;
Vaſt Deeps which lie
Above the Sky,
His Praiſe proclaim!

Let theſe their Maker Praiſe,
By whoſe Command Divine,
The Sky its Wealth diſplays,
And all thoſe Beautys ſhine.
Fix'd by his Will,
They all ſtand faſt,
And Orders paſt,
With Joy fulfil.

Ye Dragons, Earth-born Race;
And all ye Deeps profound.
With every Natural Grace,
Your Maſters Praiſes ſound.
In Praiſe agree,
Fire, Clouds, Hail, Snow,
And Storms which blow,
At His Decree.

Let Soaring Mountains now,
And ſmaller Hills deſcend,
Fruit Trees before Him bow,
And ſtately Cedars bend.

10 Beasts Wild and Tame,
Birds airy wings,
And creeping Things,
His Praise proclaim!

11 His Praise all Kings on Earth,
And Subject Nations show.
Great Men of Princely Birth,
And such as Judgment know.

12 Each Youthful Tribe,
Each Virgin Throng,
With Old and Young,
His Praise describe!

13 Let them with one consent,
Exalt their Maker's Name,
And various Ways invent,
To spread his glorious Fame.
His Name shall rise,
With Beams divine,
Thro Earth to Shine,
And reach the Skyes.

14 He makes his *Israel* great,
And Praise is comely, where
Before his Mercy Seat,
His grateful Tribes appear.
O all accord,
Who Worship near,
His Presence there,
To praise the Lord!

PSAL. cxlix.

1 PRaise ye the Lord! with Anthems new,
The great *Jehoviah* praise!
His Praise in his Assemblys shew,
On all his Holy Days!

2 With

1 With Joy let *Iſrael*'s Faithful Race,
Their Maker's Power adore,
And *Sion's* Heirs with humble Grace,
Their Monarchs Smiles implore!

3 Where Harp and Timbrel tun'd invites,
Let all his Praiſes ſing!
To th' Meek, in whom the Lord Delights,
Beauty and Safety ſpring.
4 Let then each Pious Soul rejoice,
With lightſom Glories bleſt;
And Praiſe their God, whoſe happy choice
Secur'd their Downy Reſt

5 To them let God's high Praiſes yield,
A Ground for all their Joys;
Then They a two edg'd Sword ſhall wield,
Whoſe very weight deſtroys:
6 A Sword whoſe Point juſt Vengeance bears,
To all the Nations round,
Whoſe glittering brandiſh'd Edge, with Fears
Will all their Hearts confound.

7 Till They their daunted Kings ſhall bind,
With Eaſe in Slaviſh Chains!
And till their Nobleſt Youth confin'd,
Strong Fetters weight reſtrains.
8 To execute that Ancient Doom,
Which Holy Books record,
Such Honour all his Saints aſſume,
Praiſe ye, ô praiſe the Lord!

PSAL. cl.

1 O Praiſe the mighty Lord!
His Holyneſs proclaim!
His wondrous Acts record.
And praiſe his awful Name,

His dreadful might,
O celebrate!
His Power and State,
In Songs recite!

3 Praiſe Him with Trumpets ſound,
With ſweet Tun'd Harp and Lute!
Sing all the Chorus round,
To cheerful Pipe and Flute!
4 Your Voices raiſe!
The King of Kings
With ſounding Strings,
And Organs praiſe!

5 Wind up the Cymbals high,
Till with a Shriller ſound,
Wide as the vaulted Sky,
Your cheerful Notes rebound.
6 With Spritely Flame
Each living thing,
His Glories ſing,
And Praiſe his Name!

Another Metre.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! ô praiſe the Lord!
His ſtrength, his Holineſs adore,
2 His Name, his Might, with praiſe record,
His Majeſty with praiſe implore!

3 Praiſe him with Trumpets Martial ſound,
With Lute and Harp his praiſe advance!
4 With Organs, and with Timbrels round,
And Viols, and a cheerful Dance!

5 With high tun'd Cymbals praiſe his Name,
His Name to loudeſt Cymbals Sing.

And all whom Vital Spirits enflame,
O praise the World's Eternal King!

To Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
One blest, one glorious Trinity,
As it is, as was e're Time begun,
So endless praise, and Glory be!

The End of the PSALMS.

DOXOLOGIES.

For the 1ſt. Metre of the 1ſt. Pſalm, &c.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Immenſe, Eternal, Three in One,
By Us, and all the Heavenly Hoſt,
Be Glory pay'd, and Homage done!

For the 2d. Metre, and all of 8 and 6 Syllables.

To Father, Spirit, Son, Bleſt Three,
In whom we move and Live,
One undivided Trinity,
Unceaſing Glories give!

For the 2d. Metre, of the 8th. Pſal. and all of Ten Syllables.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt, bleſt Trinity,
As is, as was, before the World begun,
Eternal praiſe, Eternal Glory be!

For the 2d. Metre of the 11th. Pſalm.

To Father Holy Ghoſt and Son,
One God, as was e're Time begun,
As now We ſee,
So ever be
All Humbleſt Homage done!

Fo

For the 2d. Metre of the 15th, Pſalm.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt and Son,
Bleſt Three in One!
Eternal Praiſe and Glory pay,
His Word obey,
As was of Old; as ſtill we ſee,
And ſhall, when Times extinguiſh'd, be.

For the 17th Pſal, and all Two Sixes, and Eight and Six.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
One God in Perſons three,
Be Glory paid and Homage done,
Thro' all Eternity

For the 20th. and 122d. Pſalm, 1ſt. Metre and proper Tune.

To that great Lord above,
The God of Peace and Love,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three,
To Father, Spirit, Son,
Each God immenſe alone,
One Undivided Trinity.
To him your Anthems raiſe,
And Holy Songs of Praiſe,
And Glories pay, and Reverence ſhew,
So God of old was bleſs'd
Of theſe he's ſtill poſſeſt,
And theſe will when Time's done be due.

For the 22d. and 124th. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt, Almighty Three,
One only God, one Glorious Trinity,

As ſhall be, is, and was e're Time begun,
Be laſting Glories paid and Homage done.

For the 23d. Pſalm, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
Eternal glorious Three and One,
Be Glory paid.
His Word obey'd.
As was before Times Birth begun,
As is, and ſtill ſhall be,
Thro' all Eternity.

For the 24th. Pſalm, 2d. Metre.

To one great God, one mighty Lord,
One Eternal Trinity,
The Father, the Eternal Word,
And the Spirits Majeſty,
Wee'l gladly raiſe,
Unceaſing praiſe,
And his endleſs Glories ſound.
So Saints of old,
His Name extold.
So we'll keep th' Eternal round.

For the 29th. Pſalm, or 127th. 2d. Metre, or 48th. 2d. Metre.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One bleſt, one glorious Trinity,
Who fram'd this Univerſe alone,
All Honour, Praiſe, and Glories be,
So 'twas of Old, at Preſent too,
And ſhall when Time's run out be due.

For the 33d. Pſal. 2 Metre.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
By us, and all the Heavenly Hoſt,
Be equal Glories paid!
Great Three in One! thus bleſt of old,
They ſtill their ancient Honours hold,
And muſt be ſtill obey'd.

For the 43d. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

To the Father, Spirit, Son,
One glorious Trinity,
Perſons Three, in Eſſence One,
Eternal Glory be!
Thus e're Time begun its race,
The Godhead was obey'd,
This when Time reſigns its place,
Muſt to our Lord be paid.

For the 3d. Metre of the ſame Pſalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One bleſt Eternal Trinity,
By us and all the Heavenly Hoſt,
Be Praiſe aſcrib'd and Majeſty,
So 'twas at firſt, and ſtill ſhall be,
When Time expires, and Nature's loſt.

For Pſal. 45th. Metre 3d. &c.

To that great Lord who rules above,
The God of Might, of Peace, and Love,
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three!
To Father, Holy Ghoſt and Son,
Each God Himſelf, immenſe alone,
One undivided Trinity.

To

To Him with Hearts exalted raiſe,
Your Holy Hyms and Songs of Praiſe,
And Glories pay, and Reverence ſhew.
So He before Time's Birth was bleſs'd,
Of theſe He's now by Right poſſeſt,
And they'l, when Time's no more, be due.

For the 50th. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt, coæqual Three;
Three Holy Perſons, but ador'd in One!
All equal Honours, equal Glories be,
His Glory ſhone e're Time's firſt Springs could move it,
And vaſt Eternity ſhall more improve it.

For the 51ſt. Pſal. and 137th. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

All Glory to that Mighty Lord,
Who made the World, and all its Hoſt!
The Father, the *Begotten* Word,
And the *proceeding* Holy Ghoſt.
As was e're Time's firſt Race begun,
As was when Time commenc'd his Score.
As is, and ever ſhall be done,
When Nature ſinks, and Time's no more.

For the 53d. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

To one Almighty Lord,
One glorious Trinity,
The Father, Spirit Word,
Eternal Glories be,
So happy Angels Sung,
Before the World begun,
So ever Lord among,
Thy Servants ſhall be done.

For

For the 58th. Pſal. 3d. Metre.

To God alone,
The Mighty Father, Mighty Son,
And Holy Ghoſt,
Bleſt Trinity, great Three in One,
Be Homage done.
As was before the World begun,
When th' Angel Hoſt!
O're Rebel Mates the Conqueſt wonne,
So we at preſent Sing his glorious Praiſe,
So All ſhall Sing when Time it ſelf decays.

For Pſalm 60, and 121ſt. Metre 2d.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt and Son,
One God, in Perſons Three,
All Praiſe and Glory be!
As was before Time's race begun;
As is now, and ſha'l be paid,
When ſwift Time its ſelf is laid.

For Pſal. 69, 2d. Metre.

To Father and Son,
And Pure Holy Ghoſt,
One bleſt Trinity,
All Glory be paid,
As e're Ttime begun,
By the Heavenly Hoſt,
And by All muſt be,
When Time's motions are laid.

For Plal. 72, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Holy Ghoſt and Son,
Bleſt Trinity, Great Three in One,
Be Glory paid and Homage done,

So 'twas before this All was made,
Nor ſhall God's Honours ever fade,
But ſhall when All's conſum'd be paid.

For Pſalm 76, or 148th. Proper Tune.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
The glorious Trinity,
In Sacred Eſſence One!
All Praiſe and Glory be,
As now We ſee,
As was Time paſt,
And ſhall outlaſt
Eternity.

For Pſalm 85, 2d. Metre. Proper Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One bleſt one glorious Trinity,
From all the World's Created Hoſt!
Eternal Praiſe and Glories be,
So 'twas e're Time begun,
And ever ſhall be done.

For Pſalm 93, 2d. Metre.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Three in One!
All praiſe and Glory be,
As 'twas in Times of old,
And we ſhall ſtill behold,
And thro' Eternity.

For the 95th. Pſal. 2d. Metre.

To the Father, Spirit, Son,
God Eternal Three in One,
Be all Praiſe and Glory paid,
When the World in Duſt is lay'd.

For Pſal. 97. 2d. Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three,
A glorious Trinity,
In Eternal Eſſence One.
By all the bright Angelic Hoſt above,
By us the Sons of Grace, and Heirs of Love,
Be Praiſe and Glory paid,
As was in days of old,
As is where God's Command's obey'd,
And ſhall as long as Nature Hold,
And when the World's conſum'd and all its ruins [cold

For the 98. 2d. Metre.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Three in One,
One glorious Trinity,
Unceaſing Glory be,
As was e're time begun,
And ever ſhall be done.

For the 119th. Pſal. Proper Tune.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt,
Be Glory paid, and Homage done,
By all the Heavenly Hoſt:

By us, and all Mankind, as was,
Before Time's Courſe begun,
As is, and undecay'd ſhall paſs,
When Time's laſt Moment's run.

For Pſal. 127, *Metre* 2*d.*

To Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Son,
One glorious God, in perſons Three,
One Undivided Trinity,
Be glory paid, and Homage done,
'Twas ſo e're Time's firſt race begun,
And ſhall be when his laſt is run.

Si malè quid Cecini me Culpa redarguet Ipſum,
Si bene quid, redeat Gloria Sola Deo.

FINIS.